

THE DOME

New Series . .

Volume Four .

August-October .

mdcccxcix . .

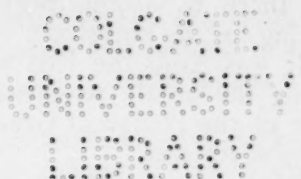
37A9.00
Y71283V710
Y7A9811



THE DOME

*An Illustrated Magazine and Review
of Literature, Music, Architecture,
and the Graphic Arts. Volume Four
of the New Series, containing the
Numbers for August, September, and
October mdcccxcix. Published at
The Sign of The Unicorn, VII Cecil
Court, St. Martin's Lane, London*





HAEGON THE KING

ALL day long the din of battle echoed in the waste land by the sea. Toward evening, when the mists crept on the Hills of Kell, and the tide turned to the sea, and the far west shore of the Machars of Galweithia lay like to a vast grey-blue ribbon encompassing the Waters of Luce, the clamour died away; the fierce roars and yells, the clashing of swords, the hissing of arrows and javelins, sounded fainter and fainter as the Northmen drove all before them into the black mosses and dim woods of Challoch at the head of the Bay of Luce.

Some of the yellow-haired Fingalls came back with news of victory to Haegon their king, who, sorely wounded, lay alongside a gnarled, wind-crooked thicket of stunted hazel and sloe. He did not heed them; his being had strayed where the receding waves beat white against the grey sandy beach low down before his eyes. Never again would he stand on the wet forecastle of his long galley, and watch the *Raven's* great iron beak thrash through the green surges of the stormy Minch, and feel the salt spindrift on his cheek; nor listen to the streamers cracking like whip-thongs in the roaring wind; nor see the rising sun change into molten silver the forty shields shining along the black gun-wales of each of his four vessels: never again would his battle-axe crash through the clanging, splintering shield, and his ears hear the gasping cry of his stricken foe. The king was dying. The darkness of death was enwrapping and chilling his senses, every one, save memory.

His wandering sight caught on the gathering corbies, as in flocks they swooped round and round and down on the dead lying on the heughs and the brown moorland behind; oftentimes to soar up, black against the red sunset sky, when some of the wounded

strove to ward them off. Arud the Red was his corbie. Who was there to defend Sigvald, his fair-haired lad, from Arud seeking for the kingship?

It was Arud the Red who spake to King Haegon stretched among the bristly sea-grass beside the sheltering brake on the brow of the Heugh of Grenoch, that overlooks the Bay of Luce to the south-east.

"It is a hard thing for a man, and a king, to die when the day is his; a very hard thing!" he cried, bending down to him. "Yet who can gainsay the welcome of Cruth-loda to his cold abode?"

Haegon gave no answer; the pains of his many wounds had shot so sharply into him. He writhed, and clutched with stiff fingers the skins beneath him, and gulped in noisily the air.

Arud grew glad. Now that would come to pass for which long he had plotted. He would be king. None were there to withstand him, save Sigvald,—an unfledged lad, timid of war!

"There is a time, and a time, for a passing king to call together the people for the Naming, and bid his oncomer reign," Arud cried. "To him is given the golden bracelet wrought by the Nine Elves in the dip of the Nine Hills of Crathlun; that amulet of fortune so long as life lasts!"

King Haegon gazed at the circle of gold spanning his blood-besmudged arm. It glittered in the last sunbeam that streamed like to a light yellow radiant mist over the flat wrist of the Mull,—glittered as if all the flashing eyes of the gnomes of the dark hills of Stivamore were peering out of it. The eyes of Arud filled with greed as he gazed on it: but Haegon's were dim because of recollection; had not the amulet won for his love Breda, the mother of Sigvald, the son of his loins? This remembrance pricked him; it aroused a lurking thought.

"These words are true, O Arud Lamderg," he replied slowly, breathing heavily as he leant upon his elbow, "but, first, another matter is between us! The spoils are for the warrior's gain; yet the over-lord claims his rights, the which no one can deny! Hasten, then! Bring before me Aona, the daughter of Olaf the King, her whom ye captured in the slaying at Terally: that she may be for choosing her man between Sigvald my son and thee."

Arud turned for fear of Haegon's wrath, that even yet could

burn, and, whistling angrily to himself, strode down the green scarp of the heugh to the dunes, where lay the spoil safe in the maze of the sandhills. He smiled grimly when the javelin of Haegon fell singing among the bracken and whins, a foot's breadth behind him : over Sigvald his cup of bitter hatred would be well emptied !

Haegon knew this, and watched him with evil eyes till he disappeared among the high dunes that stretch down in high successive waves of brown bent and silver-grey sand to the long shelving beach, from which the western tide withdraws with many a monotonous sound as its pale blue waves curl and fall and plash sibilous towards the naked shore.

"O King," Evar the Wise Man said sadly, standing at his side, "the shadow of Cruth-loda lies heavy on thine eyes. Who can stand against his approach?" And, sorrowing sorely for the King's going, Evar clipt his hands together and bowed himself to the ground.

Haegon's one hand strayed blindly on the Wise Man's twain. His sight held yearning over the broad straggling line of brown seawrack, belting the wet sands, to his heaving galleys that lay moored near the shore ready for flight if the Gallgaidhel had prevailed; and over to the far-distant Machars of Galweithia, dimly discernible through the dull golden haze of sunset and the gathering thickness of night. He answered in a swithering voice :

"Even so, O Evar the Wise, whose counsel no man can hear and deny, for is it not from the years themselves? Hard it is to leave the green, sweet-smelling grass and the cool, fresh winds; to hear no more the voice of the swirling waters; nor the cry of the petrel and gannet as they breast the rising wave far out in the open sea, what time the strong breeze blows and the salt foam flecks the reeling kyul's side. Hard it is to leave the earth, and those I know, and go whither none can follow; where the bright sword never gleams, nor sun nor moon is ever seen, nor the kindly voices of the land break the air; where all is—what no man knows, wise or foolish! For who hath ken of Loda?"

Evar bowed his head. "For sure, it is very hard! Who can tell whether or no that even I will live after death?" he said mournfully.

"Yet worse it is," cried Haegon, "to see no more my steading

at the sea-cliff's foot in the far north land, to hear no more the ceaseless thundering of the torrent near by, nor the rustle of the mountain pines. And woe it is, for that little weak lad of mine, who sits in my silent hall listening to the grey dogs' howling, and through the gaping smoke-vent sees the clear stars shine, to him full of the memories of his dead; even as I, too, have done. Woe, woe it is! Soon the Sisters weave the battle-web for him: Arud will seek his life. May the curse of Haegon the Raven rest on Arud Lamderg the son of Calmar, whom I slew in fair fight for the Kingship! The father I cursed; the son I curse three times!"

The King of Crathlun cursed fiercely Arud Lamderg with the Runes of Hatred and Fear and Fell Dismay. And aye Evar took up the saying, and cast it into the ears of the Winds, to find out thereby a way (and a speedy way) for the killing of the son of Calmar.

Far gone with his outburst, the King cried faintly, "Bend close, O Evar! Look into mine eyes that have now the second sight of the dead. Is it well or woe for that little fair-haired child, my Sigvald?"

The Wise Man sent all from him. He tenderly laid the dying Fingall straight on the sparse turf, and closed his wan eyes; and, having picked up four handfuls of loose earth from north, south, east, and west, therewith sprinkled the King from the tip of his toe to the hair of his head. He took four twigs from the hazel tree, four old sapless twigs; and, having snapt them in two, placed one on the mouth, and one on the forehead, and one on each of the King's eyes; thus staying the passing mysteries of life and death to his call. Three times he walked round the body; and the first time he repeated the Rune of Life; and the second time the Rune of Birth; and the third time the Rune of Death. Then Evar, the old offspring of the earth, bowed in stature with man's sore burden of life,—him whom the Master bade the Norns teach to fulfil His earthly task, when no more after Adam's Fall He could walk the lands and try the hearts of men,—Evar stooped, and, having opened the sleeping eyes of the King, read therein the future of Sigvald.

Even then Arud returned, leading Aona. When he saw it all he was wroth that the Wise Man should have questioned the

Norns in his reading of the eyes. He leapt forward with an angry shout, and jerked him away.

"Ay, Arud of the Bloody Hand, bitter in hatred as the sloe is to the sweet tongue, well art thou named! Many are the evil deeds done through thy self-seeking and greed," Evar cried as he regained his footing. "Who art thou for being to set at nought the bidding of the King? Behold, for sure, the time cometh, I say, when no man will have stirred nor will have gone forth; yet then thou shalt be slain suddenly as a sleeping roe knived in the night."

Arud let him go unanswered. Evar the Wise, ever old yet ever young (no man knows his birth nor forebears), is one potent in witchcraft and the lore of the Mysteries, is to be shunned by all evil-doers on the earth. For his hand is the Hand of Fate.

But Haegon knew well the dread of Arud: that the Old Man would now tell of the purposed treachery against Sigvald and the Kingship: and his hatred became the sharper and the hungrier as Death pressed on him. Yet who could stay the sword of Arud but he?

The King cast about wildly in his mind to gain his ends. Yet what could a man do? His life-blood ebbed from his guttering body and from his shattered arm; it clotted on the deerskins; it stained the sandy soil with red, deeper than any winter sun.

His dimming sight fell on her whom men called Aona, the daughter of Olaf the King, him whom the Gallgaidhel called Anlaf Cuaran. Fairer was she than the sea-foam beaten by wind and rain, fairer than the sloe blossom bleached with the wet sea-winds; her eyes were blue as of the blue untroubled heavens in the east at evening tide; her voice sounded like the soft lapping of the cool sea on a hot day to the weary of foot. She was of the sunshine and free winds; was a thing of very perfect delight. Haegon gazed at her: once more life stirred within his body.

The maid stood behind Arud the Red with a free and careless carriage. She did not feel the shackle about her willowy body; nor did she observe anyone; she stood idly plaiting together the dry driftweed and the bent and the flowers of the broom. She did not heed the crackling sea-tangle that broke beneath her fingers, nor the prickly blooms. With empty roving eyes she just aye plaited and plaited.

"Come, O woman of the Gallgaidhel," said the King in a weak voice. "Come, and be for choosing between Sigvald my son and Arud Lamderg for thy man."

Aona never stirred. She only twisted together her stuff, and, swinging her body from side to side, broke out into a little wild crooning.

But Arud shook with anger at the King's bidding, because he doated on and desired her. Haegon noted this, and hatred burned his heart.

"For sure, she is fair," Evar cried, "exceeding fair! Yet has Arud done a despite to thee, O son of Thorfinn. The maid is witless now from much fear and his cruel handling!"

Arud spun himself round, to strike her heavily. "She is not witless," he cried in a fury. "She has made it so!"

All affright, the maid escaped from him, and fled to the kind-eyed King, and crouched at the hem of his garments, as a dumb thing crouches for fear.

"She is not witless," Arud cried again furiously, and strove to seize her. But Evar stepped between, and baulked him.

"The skirt of the King covers her," he said sternly. And Arud Lamderg stepped quickly back. For who can withstand the secret, terrible look of Evar, that Old Man who arraigns the hearts of men?

Then Arud cried, scowling darkly at the Wise Man, "Cinaedh the son of Echach, King of Scots—him to whom Olaf gave Aona—he lies fast among these taken in the fight. Have him up, that we may find out if she be witless or no."

Evar looked at the King. He lay silent, stroking the long yellow tresses of the Gallgaidhel that cowered by his side, and seeking vainly, in a vague way, how to save his crown and her for Sigvald. Well he knew that the folk were parted: some for his son, some for Arud Lamderg skilled in war. But now the whist of Death was stilling all his cunning. He was as a blind man groping in terror along the thin lip of a deep unknown pass.

Evar looked narrowly at the King.

This was the Old Man's time for the giving of the Choice of Good and Evil: Man's meeting with him at the two ways of Life.

Haegon stared at Evar. A sudden anxious hope swirled up within him: Cinaedh was a mighty man, vehement in hatred and

strength, quick of hand like to a left-handed man, and agile as an otter in the river; was a good and likely man to deal a sudden blow at a venture. Who was like unto Evar his Wise Man?

"Go, O Evar," the King bade weakly, "unbind Cinaedh the son of Echach, and bring him that he may see his woman. Then will we know if she be witless or no." Without a word the Wise Man went from him, down the sloping haunch of the heugh to its west foot, where the new captives lay bound among the bushy ling and thick undergrowths of alder fringing the south-west moors.

Arud remained behind, fingering his sword-hilt; he secretly breathed vengeance against Sigvald, because of the crown and Aona, the fair woman of the Gallgaidhel; and was for slaying the feeble and prostrate King, but for the presence of those who had brought the tidings of victory. Already he felt the Kingship pass to him. As the heather-scented inland wind rose and sang faintly in his ear, it was to him looking out to the shimmering sea as if already he gripped the *Raven's* tiller while the black kyul winged its way northward to his golden crown. Was it not his by right? Did not Calmar his father win it long years ago at the Fight of the Summer Fiords; and Haegon, by treachery, when the two met at the Island of Mist, and drew their swords to the fight? Arud looked into the North where the ash and oak climbed the craigy steepes of Challoch, looked into the South where the darkening back of the broad Mull lay speckled with green woods and gaunt ridges of grey moorland: the lands would be his, and all therein: the Kingship and the glories of the crown. He would be King! Who could stand against him? But he had forgotten the Old Man, because that he handles no sword, nor indeed do the foolish know of his inevitable Hand until at the Last-of-all.

As the Fingalls were gathering in from the slaying of the Gaels, Evar came back with Cinaedh the Scot from North Eirè.

He was a King's son, and feared no man. Well did he love the sight of the sun, the snarl and the roar of the wild sea waters, the frosty smell of snell north winds, and the hoarse cries and bloody stress of battle; better than these, the lightning sheen of plying spears. Yet more than all did Cinaedh love Aona the daughter of Olaf: she was his woman.

He walked loose by the side of the Wise Man. For who can escape from him? And no man but the Old Man knew of the little dagger which the Scot had kept, hidden safe in his left armpit.

"O King," Evar cried, "here is Cinaedh the Scot of Eirè!"

He looked subtly, with cunning, wide-open eyes at the King, who peered in wonder at him from betwixt his falling ashy pale eyelids, for Cinaedh was unarmed. Verily, thought the King, Evar's wits are now a fool's!

Cinaedh, in whom fear had no part, called boldly, "Is it death, O Haegon? Slay me as ye list: even as ye have slain Anlaf Cuaran, King of the Gallgaidhel, whom, though dead, for sure ye will soon meet again in Loda's misty wood."

Cinaedh the Fearless laughed loudly for gladness; and Arud laughed too, softly.

With all his strength Haegon lifted up his spent voice, and bade his murmuring men hold their hands from the bold Scot. Then he said moaningly, "O Cinaedh of Eirè! It is not death; it is life for her, thy woman!" And, dragging aside the covering, he showed to him Aona hid close at the hem of his garment.

With a great cry the Scot was leaping to her. But Evar held him back.

"Call on her," he said.

Cinaedh called once, "Aona!"

The maid dropt her circlet of withered stuff; scanned vaguely the neighbouring faces; then with a child's empty smile to the King, once more began her idle task.

"Call two times," Evar said, and brought him nearer.

Cinaedh stretched out his naked arms to her. With the full yearning voice of love he called, "Aona! Aona!"

She looked and saw him. With a leap she was up, and ran to him; and, hiding her face on his bosom, wept for very joy.

Bursting with the swollen spleen of jealousy, Arud Lamderg sprang forward, and tore them apart.

The right hand of Cinaedh slipped in and out from under his armpit. In the ruddy sunflare the cold blue-green of the dagger flashed into life as he drove it deep between the right ribs of Arud Lamderg; so deep, that the haft went in after the blade; no one could have pulled that dagger out. Afore he could breathe twice,

the swords of the Fingalls slew Cinaedh the Fearless, the one son of Echach, King of North Eirè. But Evar, standing before Aona, saved her from them. Then Haegon, though Death weighed down his eyelids, yet, knowing his two foes were dead, Haegon smiled, and bade them sound the horn to win in all the folk for the Naming.

About the end of the hour, when the first wind of night was hushing the storm-beaten grey land of Galweithia to sleep, the King of Crathlun died, died with a grim smile on his pain-twisted mouth. The Northmen buried him in the Tor of Grenoch with his dead: the mound thereof remains unto this day, upon the spot where Haegon died.

Evar the Wise Man (the Fate of the Earth, for he is the fosterling of the Norns) guided Sigvald the son of Haegon (as he guides all men), even as he had his father, and gave him for his love and his woman Aona the daughter of Anlaf Cuaran, King of the Gallgaidhel. The last of whose house, Eachred the Dreamer of Lefnollo, when an old man, told these things in that woeful Telling of the Last Gallgaidhel, his *Pol n' inbhar*.¹

Nigel Tourneur.

¹ *Water of the Yew Trees.*

STILL LIFE

THERE were tulips, crocuses, and daffodils in the neat flower-beds in front of the small red-brick villa. Each bulb had been carefully planted and watched over, as the child of a well-ordered house, and now each perfect flower stood ready on its stem, waiting, as it were, in an expectant attitude. The whole world, indeed, seemed newly swept and garnished for a festival. The villa, having emerged from a searching spring-cleaning, found itself particularly in order, neat, cosy, irreproachable.

A woman stood in the middle of the path, shading her eyes with her hand, for the sun was sinking fast and sending out a flood of level rays. Her figure suggested youthfulness, for it was girlish and slender, but the bright spring sunshine showed lines in the face and treacherous white hairs among the soft masses of brown. A middle-aged woman, but one who suggested faded youth rather than vigorous middle age. Youth had stolen away apologetically, and there was no brilliance of autumn to take youth's place.

She stood until the sun's glory vanished, and her quiet eyes watched the increasing greyness. All at once a pale star glimmered into sight over the gate, just exactly in the middle, between the two trees which stood on either side. She recognised it, remembering how every year she had noticed the star, how it hung in its place just over the middle spike, year after year. . . . She remembered how it had thrilled her, the first time she had noticed it, with a vague sense that the star had some message for her, some subtle meaning, some promise. That was when she was a sentimental girl of sixteen, and her heart used to leap at flowers, stars, sunsets. She remembered the vague longings, yearnings, dreams of something beyond, unspeakable, something

high as the stars, wild-rushing as the wind. How she had felt herself akin to these things, longing to merge herself in them and be one with them,—to fly with the wind and soar to the stars. Above all, her thoughts had spurned the Beaten Track abhorred of youth.

But, instead, through all the years her feet had walked with measured steps exactly on that same Beaten Track; and, little by little, the longings to fly had died out.

"Even the stars have their appointed courses, they come round as regularly as postmen. The very comets, too, have their orbits. As for meteors? Well, they fall and are extinguished. Order, and order, and order, *c'est le dernier mot*. The universe, as a whole, is monotonous."

"Althæa! Althæa!" called a shrill, faint voice. "Althæa!"

She turned and went into the house.

In the drawing-room by the fire sat two old ladies in easy-chairs, spectacles on noses and noses buried in books; the tea things were ready on the table, waiting for Althæa.

The old ladies roused themselves, put down their books, and scolded her gently for staying out without a hat. To them she was, and always would be, the young girl to be looked after.

"Spring air is treacherous, you know, dear," said the mother.

"Drink some hot tea at once," said the aunt, "it will counteract the effect of any chill you may have taken."

Then the old ladies drank their tea, and observed how much longer the evenings were growing, and gave the pug-dog his milk. Afterwards, when conversation languished, their hands stole out gently to their accustomed books, and they settled again to their reading. For their mental life was really an empty stage, across which flitted a constant procession of interesting persons. Gentlemen of France, Aramintas, Nansens, Mesdames Chrys-antheme, even Noras . . . all these figures glided through the neat villa one after another. Shadowy presences, weak phonographic voices, dim echoes from the world of real deeds far off, where real people of flesh and blood lived and loved and sinned and suffered.

Within the villa life was furniture, the canary, Fido the pug, refined conversation, tea-drinking. And all was strictly of the feminine gender, that is, when it was not neuter. The masculine

element was as completely excluded here as in a convent or a ladies' school.

Althæa, the middle-aged girl, had grown up in this atmosphere, and was growing old in it. Men had never got into the habit of calling at the villa, not even when she was young and pretty. Nowadays princes do not ride up to the doors of villa residences and demand the hand of princesses to whom they have never been introduced. Swiftly the golden years had sped while she was still counting them, and now the silver ones were fast fleeting.

Althæa left the tea-table and the old ladies buried in easy-chairs, spectacles, and light literature, and stole outside again. Spring was stirring without and within her. And the pain was so sharp that tears welled up in her eyes.

"So long I have lived . . . and have never really lived. It has been only still-life, vegetating. How I used to rebel—and there was nothing to rebel against, nothing but emptiness. You can't rebel against feather beds." She looked back at the villa. "Dear souls! they never knew—and they would not have understood. I am a 'good' daughter. Because I have not disturbed them . . . and if I *had* disturbed them, if I had gone away? . . . Well, they would just have settled down again, and I—perhaps I should have lived my life in some sort of way and not only vegetated. But now it is too late. Spring in the world, and with me, autumn—until I sink into winter, Aunt Julia's winter, only hers is unconscious, and mine—mine is so terribly conscious!"

She stood motionless on that spring evening, musing. The air was grey and clear; a cold silver crescent hung in the sky. The flowers stood still and expectant, and the world awaited its festival.

"Althæa! Althæa!" a gentle old voice called; "come in, Althæa, you will take cold."

And Althæa went in.

Mary Hargrave.

THE BREADWINNER

WHEN Theophilus Brant married Louisa Chanter he thought he was doing a good thing for himself. He was thirty-three years of age, and she was thirty; he was managing clerk to a firm of solicitors, with £250 a year, and she had a small income of her own, with the prospect of a little more on the death of a relation.

Theophilus Brant, therefore, thought that he was doing well, and looked forward to a long vista of life, in which he should do a small amount of work for a gradually increasing salary, which, with his wife's income, would amply suffice for his simple needs. There were not many things which he wanted, and he told himself that a house in the neighbourhood of Tollington Park which should be something superior to those occupied by his friends in the city, the opportunity to be able to talk of his garden and his trips to the seaside in the summer, and the chance of being the leading spirit in the public-house parliament in the neighbourhood of his own dwelling, would satisfy all his earthly cravings.

Unfortunately for these imaginings, Theophilus Brant was not a man of business. His strong points did not lie in the management of the details of a solicitor's office. His luncheon hour was unduly prolonged, and clients waited indignantly in the outer office till 2.30 or 3 o'clock for his return. When he did come, his aspect was not one to inspire them with any confidence in his legal acumen, nor did his airy way of treating them give them the solid feeling of gratification which a man expects to have after paying a visit to his solicitor. And when, in conducting a most delicate negotiation in which urgency was of the highest importance, Theophilus Brant addressed a letter in an absent moment to his own firm instead of the one in Yorkshire, to which it ought to have gone, Messrs. Skinner & Slater, his employers, intimated

to him kindly but firmly that his connection with their business must cease.

This event occurred nearly a year after his marriage, and shortly afterwards Mrs. Brant presented him with a son and heir.

It may be stated at once that Mrs. Brant had not found Theophilus to be everything that her fancy had painted him during the days of courtship. She had discovered even on the honeymoon, that his views of life did not tally with her own. She took life seriously, while he viewed it with a sense of irresponsibility which no lectures from his wife availed to remove. In fact, he was much more careless of her likes and wishes than she would have believed possible before her marriage, and within six months after this event had taken place she began to think that her original estimate of him had been completely false.

The thought was bitterness to Mrs. Brant, for she disliked to be obliged to recognise that her penetration had been at fault, and she had idolised Theophilus before her marriage. From being disappointed she grew to be angry, and Mrs. Brant was not one to hide her anger in her heart. On the contrary, she vented it upon Theophilus in many and bitter speeches, which, to do him justice—for he was a good-tempered man—he never answered with anger. He merely continued to act in the same way as before, and concealed his doings as much as possible from his wife.

But when his dismissal from Messrs. Skinner & Slater, and the consequent loss of £250 a year, was followed by the advent of the baby and its consequent expenses, times grew very hard both for Theophilus and Mrs. Brant. They were saddled with a house larger than they could afford on their now reduced income, and the result was that they speedily got into debt. Mrs. Brant's money was not tied up, but she was fully resolved to have the entire control of it. And when they moved into cheap lodgings, and a small account was opened in the local bank, she supervised Theophilus' drawings with such vigilance that only the most meagre sums found their way into his pocket.

And then Theophilus Brant's purgatory began. He had so little recommended himself to Messrs. Skinner & Slater that their testimonial was less than no good to him, and as month by month

went on and he still remained without work, he grew disheartened, and applied for new positions with less and less energy.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Brant made him useful in the lodgings. He was too easy under her reproaches for his non-success, and too weak to resist her energetic disposition. And when, harassed as she was with a fractious infant, in two dingy rooms, and wearied with sleepless nights and days of intolerable struggling to do everything at once, she told Theophilus her real opinion of him six times a day, he said nothing, but began to cherish in his inmost soul a hatred of his wife that surprised himself.

Still endurance was all that was possible to him, and, making the best of a bad business, he posed as a private gentleman of fortune to the *habitués* of the Blue Ball public-house, and they respected him because he did no work.

If they had seen him at home under the rigours of Mrs. Brant's tongue, clearing up the débris after the baby's bath, or being sent out in the dead of night to the nearest chemist to buy infantile remedies, they would have thought less of him, perhaps. And yet on these occasions there was something almost heroic in his humiliation, for Theophilus Brant could not see his way out of the situation. To a man differently constituted and in the health which Brant enjoyed, it would have been easy to take any work that offered—and some must offer to an able-bodied man. But Brant cherished the fact that he was a gentleman by Act of Parliament (his parents had not been of the most distinguished origin), and he would take what he chose to think was gentleman's work, or none. And so, as no such work was offered him, he preferred his pittance and domestic slavery.

Thus the years went on, and Brant was as far from a situation as ever, and his wife and her friends had accustomed themselves to the idea that he would never work again as long as he lived. As his child grew up and the debts were paid off, money matters grew a little easier, and the death of his wife's relation gave her a lump sum of £3000.

When this event occurred, Brant congratulated himself that it would give them £100 a year or so more income, and that his allowance of pocket-money would be increased. But things were ordered otherwise.

Mrs. Brant's relations advised that the money should not be

invested in securities, but that she should use it as capital with which to start a boarding-house at St. Tudnos-on-Sea. Mrs. Brant jumped at the idea, for more reasons than one. It seemed impossible to hope that Theophilus would ever earn another shilling, the income from her invested funds seemed always to be decreasing, and she had the future of her boy to think of. She was told that large sums could be made in seaside boarding-houses, and the chance of supplying the deficiencies of Theophilus was not to be despised. Besides, the prospect of the bustle and life of a boarding-house attracted her managing soul, which had languished for so many years in the cheeseparing economies of her small household.

A good house was secured at St. Tudnos-on-Sea, an arrangement entered into with a flourishing firm of tourists' agents, who, for a consideration, agreed to recommend their clients to patronise Mrs. Brant's establishment; and the world was informed, by means of advertisement, that the best accommodation in St. Tudnos could be obtained at Cymric House—a name chosen as savouring of respectable antiquity.

In the innumerable arrangements arising out of the new venture, neither the consent nor the advice of Theophilus was asked, and when the day of moving came, he was taken to St. Tudnos as one of the impedimenta of the household, nor did he offer any resistance.

He had long become accustomed to having matters settled for him, and though he resented it secretly when they interfered with his convenience, he was in no position to resist, as he did not care to imperil his quiet by arousing the virulence of Mrs. Brant's tongue, while there was always the possibility of the reduction of his income, if he made himself disagreeable.

He therefore had acquired the habit of effacing himself as much as possible when at home, and was such a nonentity in the house that even his son treated him with less respect than he showed to the maid-of-all-work, who acted occasionally as his nurse. Brant loved his son in his own way, and the child's indifference pained him. He put it down to his wife's account, and it did not detract from his growing hatred and desire to be relieved of her, but his energies did not extend to the taking of any active measures towards this end.

So, when the boarding-house scheme was announced to him, he acquiesced in it with his usual submission, and looked forward to his life at St. Tudnos as likely to be the same as that which he had hitherto led, with the advantage of having a better house to live in, and the possibility of billiards, and even drinks, in the evening with his wife's clients. He felt, on the whole, that the move would be to his advantage, and it was in better spirits than usual that he awoke the first morning in the new house facing the sea.

But his spirits were suddenly dashed when his wife desired to speak with him in a dismal little room down stairs, which was to be devoted to accounts, and had already acquired the name of the business room.

In accents somewhat milder than her usual tone, she told him that she had been talking matters over with her relations, and that they and she were agreed that now she was making a new start in life, he ought to do something to make up for his deficiencies in the past. She pointed out that for five years he had done nothing to augment the resources of his wife and child, and that now an opportunity had arisen for him to redeem his character. When he suggested that he did not see in what way he could be of use, she told him that she should expect him to see after the accounts of the establishment, and to make himself generally useful by ordering the provisions from the shops in the morning, and organising excursions, conducted by himself, to the various places of interest in the neighbourhood, for the amusement of the boarders and the profit of the establishment.

When he looked as if these occupations were not congenial to him, she closed the interview by hinting at the diminution or total forfeiture of his allowance, if he failed to comply with her wishes.

Theophilus Brant felt that, with these duties to fill his day, life would be absolutely valueless, and for some time he struggled against his wife's requirements; but when her friends intervened, and threatened a separation, with no provision for himself, he consented to attempt to perform the hateful tasks.

After a time Cymric House began to fill with boarders, and Mrs. Brant's energy soon made the experiment a complete success. But the dreams of Theophilus were not fated to come true.

There was a billiard table, but no one wanted to play with him, and whenever Mrs. Brant saw him enter it she came in and fetched him out; and as for drinks, there were none, for Cymric House was conducted on temperance principles, and no liquors but water or effervescent draughts were ordered by the boarders.

St. Tudnos is patronised much by the inhabitants of the Midlands, and Theophilus Brant, as a Londoner, despised his visitors as provincials, while they despised him for his position in the house as the dependent on his wife. So that even if the opportunity of fraternising with his guests had been allowed him, Theophilus would not have cared to take it. And, indeed, his time was otherwise filled up, and his days became so hateful to him that he contemplated more than once the possibility of going away secretly and taking to any labour—manual or otherwise—that offered, instead of undergoing such a daily purgatory.

What time was not spent in the dismal seclusion of the business room, in writing down long accounts of meat and vegetables, was occupied with shopping or, worse still, the boarding-house excursions.

Mrs. Brant would plan one of these on the Tuesday, and on the following morning at breakfast it would be Theophilus's task to announce, in as loud a voice as possible, that at eleven o'clock a waggonette would start for a day's excursion to Pont-y-Glas Castle or Dan-Goch Waterfall, or some other object of tourist interest in the neighbourhood, and that he should be glad to take the names of those who wished to go.

When eleven o'clock came, it would be his business to collect the party, arrange them suitably in the conveyance, mount the box himself, and be ready to point out the objects of interest as the waggonette drove along. He would have to arrange the lunch at the inn when they arrived, and convey the party back again in the evening.

How Theophilus hated this work only himself knew. He took no interest in scenery or ruins, and yet it was his sempiternal task to act as cicerone to never-ending parties of excursionists. He hated publicity and noise, and yet he must always be in the thick of it on these occasions. It was bitter to him to have to listen to the jokes of such friends as he had about "Brant's lambs," as the excursionists were called. He had a soul above

petty gains, and detested to receive commissions from the various inns to which he took his parties, and every time he rose at the breakfast table to make his speech, or mounted the box among his tourists, he felt that he was derogating from the status of a gentleman, which had formerly been his proudest possession.

The meals, too, were a source of perennial discomfort to him. He was by nature of a convivial turn, and his idea of a pleasant dinner was to sit down in a tavern with three or four men of his own way of thinking, and discuss the questions of the day from what he considered to be the larger standpoint. He would have liked to consider himself something of a Bohemian, and the solid respectability of the boarding-house was poison to him. The black tail-coat and black tie which Mrs. Brant insisted on his wearing, at meal times, made him feel like a Sunday-school teacher, and he was dimly conscious that such attire was more befitting a waiter than a member of the higher class to which he felt that he belonged.

He was a careful reader of the newspaper, and had views on politics which he would have been delighted to impart to an appreciative circle, but how could he express them to the spinsters and widows of doubtful age who were specially placed round him at the table? It was to these that he was expected to make himself agreeable, and many were the complaints of Mrs. Brant at his inattention. Sunday was his worst day. Dinner took place in the middle of the day, and at the long and stuffy meal it was the habit of the old ladies to discuss the merits of the rival places of worship which they had attended in the morning; and Theophilus, who was of an irreligious turn of mind, had to profess an interest in the details of their spiritual experiences, for Mrs. Brant prided herself on the sectarian nature of her house, and she was gradually getting an extended connection among the Baptist and Methodist centres of the Midlands.

For five years Theophilus Brant endured this life, and Mrs. Brant told him time after time that if he did not like it he deserved his lot. She pointed out to him that the whole duty of man is to support his family, and she asked him whether at any time during his married life he had done anything whatever to perform it.

This was a question to which he could not frame a satisfactory

answer, though he secretly thought that he was absolutely justified in not taking any work that would lower him from the position which he had obtained by becoming an admitted solicitor, and so every day he took up his daily tasks with a resignation born of despair, but with an ever-increasing detestation of his task-mistress.

But his redemption was to come in an unexpected and even incredible manner.

In his bachelor days he had been an exceedingly expert billiard player, and one winter evening during the slack season, when Mrs. Brant had taken the opportunity of a nearly empty house to pay a flying visit to her relations, he had won a couple of sovereigns from a novice at the local hotel. He did not confide his success to Mrs. Brant, and when, two or three days afterwards, a flimsy paper reached him by the post announcing that a new drawing would shortly take place in the State Lottery of Schweigstein, and inviting the investing public to take shares, Theophilus took heart of grace and posted his winnings to the agent.

The State lotteries of German principalities have not the best of reputations, and a wiser man than Mr. Brant would no doubt have thrown the tempting proposal in the fire. But Theophilus, among his other characteristics, had a childlike belief in the honesty of his fellow-men, a trust which had helped to his ill success in the employment of Messrs. Skinner & Slater.

The three months which passed between the sending of the money and the date fixed for the drawing in the lottery were spent by him in feverish imaginings of what he would do if he won a prize. Even his sanguine disposition did not count upon a large one, but £100 or so would, he thought, give him a temporary opportunity for withdrawing from the thralldom of Cymric House, and he hugged the notion to his soul. The day of the drawing came and went, and for the next week Theophilus watched for the advent of the postman with increasing vigilance. He felt that if a letter came, and Mrs. Brant saw the foreign postmark, his chance of keeping any money that he might have won would be a poor one. So he rose early in the morning, and hung about the door during the day at the usual post hours, till he excited the curiosity of the postman, who one day, as he delivered his budget, asked Theophilus if he were expecting a fortune.

Theophilus looked hastily over the letters, and there at last was one directed to himself, with the Schweigstein stamp on it. "Yes," he said simply, "and I believe it has come." The postman laughed, thinking that he was joking, but Theophilus, as he carried his letter down to his dismal sanctum, the business room, felt sure that he was the possessor of at least £100.

He opened the letter with trembling fingers, and the words danced before his eyes as he read that Theophilus Brant had won the first prize of 200,000 marks, and that that sum now stood to his credit at the banking establishment of the Widow Krause in Schweigstein.

Theophilus made a hasty calculation, and found that he was the owner of £10,000.

Whether the managers of the State lotteries in Schweigstein had thought it expedient to allot the prize to an Englishman, after the articles in the *Daily Express* directed against their system of conducting business in this country, or whether chance alone was responsible, cannot be known, but as Theophilus went upstairs to breakfast he blessed the Widow Krause and the financial necessities of the principality of Schweigstein from the bottom of his soul.

It was an excursion morning, and as Theophilus came into the dining-room and smelt the reeking atmosphere of food which always hung about that apartment, and gazed at the familiar spectacle of the boarders hurrying to their places, he prepared himself for revolt.

Mrs. Brant sat opposite to him at the end of the long room, and when breakfast was nearly finished and the moment passed when Theophilus usually rose and made his announcement, she gazed at him with a meaning look. Theophilus, however, carefully looked at his plate.

Thinking that he had forgotten his duty, Mrs. Brant sent him a reminder by one of the servants that if he did not make his announcement at once the guests would be leaving the table.

For the first time in nine years the joy of battle gleamed in Mr. Brant's eye. "Tell her that I'm not going to-day," he said.

When breakfast was over, Theophilus retired to the business room, where he was soon joined by his wife. They had an hour's conversation, from which Mrs. Brant at last retired in perplexity.

She had poured all the vials of her wrath on her husband, had threatened him with the loss of his allowance, had even condescended to persuasion, but for the only time in his married life Theophilus had been firm. He refused to go, and would give no reason. He did not even say that he was ill; and Mrs. Brant went to her manifold household duties with the uneasy feeling that she had been unable to understand her husband. However, as the morning wore on, she comforted herself with the thought that the emptiness of Theophilus's pockets at the end of the week would bring him to his senses.

In the meantime Theophilus went out and paid a visit to a young solicitor in the town with whom he was acquainted. He told him the position of affairs, borrowed ten pounds, and in three hours' time was on the way to Schweigstein *via* London, having left a note behind for his wife to say that he had gone away for a change.

That same night the young solicitor, who had been bound to secrecy, but was fond of whisky, confided Theophilus's good fortune to the editor of the local paper in the bar of the Blue Lion, and that was the reason why, two days afterwards, Mrs. Brant read the following paragraph in the *St. Tudnos Courier* :—

"We have it on the best authority that our valued townsman, Mr. Theophilus Brant, has won the first prize in the Schweigstein State Lottery, amounting to £10,000, and that he is now on his way to claim his prize. He has the congratulations of his fellow-citizens."

The effect of this news on Mrs. Brant was twofold (apart from the pleasure she felt in such an access of good fortune). Her opinion of Theophilus went up fifty per cent., and she felt mortified that she had not been told of his good fortune by himself. But when she called on the editor, as she immediately did, and heard his account of how he had obtained the news, she came to the conclusion that Theophilus had kept it from her in order that he might come home when matters were all settled and greet her with the joyful surprise.

There are few women who could live with a man for ten years without having some feeling of affection for him, and as she sat down at home, after her interview with the lawyer, to think over the future, Mrs. Brant took Theophilus into the

picture with kindly feelings that would have surprised him if he had known. It is the fault of such women that they do not know the power of their tongue, and Mrs. Brant was under the impression that she had made Theophilus as good a wife as the circumstances and his incapacity had permitted. That he should resent the events of the past nine years did not occur to her as possible, and she imagined that he looked upon her as his benefactress; but now, she said to herself, these things were changed. Theophilus had proved himself a man by making £10,000, and she pictured to herself the future, in which he should take his proper place in his household as the head of the family. She had found herself somewhat overtaxed lately with the trouble of the boarding-house, and when Theophilus returned she felt sure that with what he would bring and she had saved they would be able to retire together to a house in the suburbs of London, and take up again the life of ease which they had intended to live when they were first married.

She only waited now for Theophilus to return or write.

But no message from Schweigstein ever came, nor did Theophilus ever appear again at St. Tudnos, and when Mrs. Brant had written several fruitless letters to the care of the Widow Krause, and had even employed a private detective, whose efforts were unavailing, she came to the astounding conclusion that Theophilus had deserted her. In talking it over with her friends, she put it down to the natural ingratitude of man, and they agreed with her that such conduct was almost incredible after all that she had done for him.

But Theophilus lives in Pesth as a retired English gentleman of fortune. The gay Bohemian life of that capital suits him, and he has become Herr Brandt, and if he ever regrets the fact that he cannot see his son grow up, he consoles himself by remembering that he has also lost the society of his wife.

H. J. Essex.

MOREEN THE MUSICIAN

Two parallel mountain ranges, like extended arms, running east and west, enclosed a wide valley. The hills swept up from the plain like the long curve of a wave before it breaks, and about the bases they were rich with tillage. Higher up, the rock broke through the green, and there no plough had ever turned the brown earth to the sun ; but laborious hands, through generations of patient labour, had left their record in scattered fields and patches of garden land. Beyond this belt of cultivation the mountains shot up into clean air and freedom, rejoicing equally in storm and sunlight, the changeless guardians of the changing lives that came and went in the cities and hamlets of the plain.

Almost at the summit of the northern range, in a region where clouds were close as friends, lived a dwindling race who had no knowledge of the people of the plain. They spoke a different tongue, were held by other traditions, and were bound by simpler laws. They cherished life because it was good to feel the blood straining at the pulse, because it was happy to rear children, because it was a man's work to battle with wind and storm. They measured time by seasons rather than by hours, and in their simplicity had no need of arbitrary restraint. It was a rule of life among them that no man should fear death ; when it was near, they lay down and waited for the end as others would wait for sleep. But when children died they mourned deeply ; not for their own sakes, but because the children had missed the joy of life.

Only once or twice in the history of the people had any of the hill-folk gone down into the valley, and these had never returned. No rumour of them had ever reached the place they had forsaken, and though there were some who mourned, they mourned in silence. As has been said, there was no restraint,—anyone was

free to go down into the valley mists, either at night or morning or full noonday : yet those who had so departed had gone stealthily, mingling with the evening shadows, gliding warily from rock to rock and from slope to slope, and at last vanishing into the unknown country without benediction or farewell. They were free to go, but the going was a crime against the union and polity of the State.

But at last one went forth who was mourned openly, and did not go empty of benediction, and that one was the girl Moreen, the musician. And it fell in this wise.

One evening, between dusk and the breaking forth of stars, Moreen walked with her lover along the green back of the great mountain of the hill-people. They walked hand in hand, now looking into the rising shadows of the valley, now to farther summits like black signals against the sky, and again, and for a longer time, into each other's eyes. They went in silence, but Gabriel knew, by the straining of her fingers, that Moreen presently would speak. After a time they came to a bare rock, hollowed by storm and rain into a great cup ; and at its edge they rested, and saw the lights in the valley cities and in the sky plain above come out and shine upon the night. Then Moreen turned to Gabriel, and, laying both hands on his shoulders, kissed him twice softly upon the lips.

"What would'st thou say," she asked, "if I went down into the valley and made music for the people who labour there?"

"I would say 'Go not,' and thou would'st not go."

"Nay," she said, "thou art over certain, Gabriel. If I went it would not be because I did not love thee. Thou knowest I love thee, Gabriel?"

"My bosom-bird," he said, "I know thou lovest me. Love is in thine eyes, in thy hands, upon thy lips. Thou art all love."

"And how can the plain-dwellers know what love is? I am troubled for them. I would go down and make music for them."

"They live their own lives as we live ours," said Gabriel doggedly ; "leave them to their own ways."

"But I would teach them our ways."

"They would never learn, Moreen."

"If they have ears," she said proudly, "I will make them learn."

"If thou goest down into the valley, Moreen, I and the hill-people will never see thee more."

"I promise, Gabriel—I promise to come back."

"Thou wilt not be able to keep thy promise. Down there are wicked men, and dungeons, and such things as a girl should never see."

"But how canst thou know, Gabriel? No one has ever returned to tell."

"And thou would'st never return!" he cried passionately. "Moreen, thou shalt not go!"

"Gabriel, at sunrise to-morrow I set out. Would'st thou have the girl thou lovest shrink from fear?"

"Then I go with thee."

"No, my heart,—for the dream said, 'Go alone.'"

"Hast thou dreamed of this?"

"Three times,—at dusk, at midnight, and at dawn. Can I disobey a dream?"

Now a belief in dreams was part of the religion of the hill-people, and a dream thrice repeated was as law. Gabriel drew Moreen to him, and she leaned against his breast.

"How can I let thee go?" he cried.

"Think," she said, "of the time when I shall come back."

It was true that Moreen had dreamed thrice, as she had said, but there was nothing wonderful in that, since she had had the plan in her mind for many weeks. It was also true that she wished to do good to the valley-dwellers; like all people who possess a rare gift, she wished to use it. But there was more than this,—she not only had pride in her art, but also in herself. Hers was a simple vanity, the vanity of a flower that turns its face to the sun, and bows daintily in the wind that sings of youth and spring. She knew no more than that she was beautiful, that she loved Gabriel, and that she loved her harp. But because she was very young, she thought less of her love for Gabriel than the other two. The gods, knowing that human love, to be enduring, is best of slow growth, left to mortals the cultivation of that immortal seed, that through suffering they might attain to peace.

Gabriel, too, was young; but in the way of men he had fuller knowledge than Moreen. Seeing that he could not move her, he set himself to bind his love more firmly upon her, and she listened

to his words as to a music sweeter even than her own harp could produce. She began to understand how much he loved her, for in all he said there was a clinging pathos of farewell, a reaching of empty hands into darkness, a straining as of blind eyes towards the light. But like a child she thought, "He will love me even more when I come back, and Gabriel and Moreen shall be types to all true hearts."

When Gabriel left her at her father's house, she went to rest with her harp beside her, and as she slept her fingers touched the strings and struck a chord which had the soul of change and sadness in it. But Gabriel did not sleep; all night he sat or walked beneath the stars, and in the silence seemed to hear the spirit of the valley crying like an imprisoned soul. He seemed to see Moreen, changed and wistful, gazing towards the hills which she had left; but every upward step was upon a flinty road, and her tender feet left the marks of blood behind.

At full dawn she went. Her harp was garlanded with green, and as the multitude of hill-people watched her dropping down towards the valley, they lifted their voices in a great shout of farewell. She turned and cried for answer, "I will come back!" But only Gabriel had hope, for his was the last hand which she had touched.

All that day she journeyed, and at night rested at the fringe of a wood. Everything was strange to her: up on the hills there were no trees,—only a few sparse, windblown bushes, all bearded with lichen and crouching near the earth. As she lay amongst these new tall giants and saw their great stems stretch up and up until they seemed to touch the sky, she laughed for joy at their beauty and strength; they brought the stars nearer. And then they talked together; every time she awoke, she heard their voices far above her, now whispering, now singing, now crying triumphantly like her own people when Shahn, the silver-tongued, rose in council. She heard curious noises all about her, little rustlings, sudden snappings of twigs, stealthy padded footsteps; once she saw a pair of fiery eyes, and for a moment felt afraid, but when they disappeared she remembered that it might be no more than a wandering hill-fox: she knew nothing of wolves and the forest creatures of the plain. Her dreams were full of wonders; it was as though she had awakened out of the old, and entered

into a new existence ; even her body felt changed. But her harp remained always the same.

When day began to glimmer through the edges of the wood, she took her harp and played "The Welcome to the Dawn." The notes were the same, but a new meaning shot through the music, like a thread of silver in gold brocade,—a sense of loneliness, of strangeness in a strange land. The thought of the hill-people, her own race and blood, made her heart flutter ; but Moreen was brave through ignorance, and knew nothing of the wisdom of the backward foot.

Towards evening of the third day she reached a village. She was weary and hungry, the food she had carried with her having been exhausted many hours before. Her dress was stained and torn, her hands scratched with brambles ; from the shadow of floating black hair her face looked out pale and wistful, and her eyes were large with pleading for tenderness and help. So strange a figure had never set foot in the village before, and soon a little crowd had gathered about her. She spoke, but no one seemed to understand. They appeared to question her in turn, but only a word here and there conveyed any meaning to her. She pointed towards the hills that lay like resting clouds on the horizon ; then she signed that she was hungry. But Moreen had to learn that she was now in a world where food had to be earned before it was eaten. A woman touched her harp. She understood, and took it in her hands and played.

It was sad music that she played, and bitter, for she said to herself, as her fingers clipped the strings, "These people see that I am hungry, and they make me work ; they see that I am tired, and they let me stand." But she found some comfort in her music, and told them in that what she could not put into words ; they listened, standing round her in a circle in the twilight, but they did not understand. Then someone, this time it was a man, signed to her to dance. Tears stood in her eyes, but pride rose up like a second strength, and she swept a space clear with outstretched hands, and did his bidding. When she ended there were marks of blood upon the stones, but the shadows hid them.

It was thus that Moreen made her entry into the new world.

She went from village to village, playing and dancing everywhere, and, after a time, came to find some pleasure in the life.

The message of beauty and freedom which she had intended to deliver, the message of the hills, faded into the background of her thoughts, and as her own loveliness increased, the true passion for her art declined. It was easier to move the people by music which set their feet a-jogging, or made them laugh, and they welcomed her as a lightener of labour or maker of mirth. It seemed to Moreen that to do this was as great as to make the valley-people sad with longing after better things,—and perhaps it was; but she herself changed with her playing, and became more and more a creature of the moment, loving flattery and the bright surfaces of life. Sometimes, when she looked at the distant hills, she felt ashamed; then she would turn away petulantly, and drown the memory of Gabriel and her own people in some fantastic melody that earned her applause and gifts.

It was not long before she learned the language of the plain, which was, indeed, only a debased form of the hill-tongue, for, many ages before, the peoples had been one. Her fame went before her, and soon she was met at the entrances to villages or the gates of towns by companies who conducted her to the chief house, where she was entertained and rewarded for her art. She forgot the pitifulness of her first coming, the hunger and the bleeding feet; she did not think that what the world had done once it might do again; she took the present to her heart, and never considered that to-morrow might be different from to-day.

Because Moreen was beautiful, men loved her. But though she was thankful for their homage, and took pride in it, she gave them nothing in return. It was at such times that she remembered Gabriel; when his face rose before her, she turned away from other lovers, and thought vaguely of the time when she should return to the hills. This was her sole cause of sadness, a cloud that came and went, but it grew ever lighter and lighter as she wandered farther and farther into the heart of the plain. Still she carried with her everywhere the torn and travel-stained dress, and though she now had robes of fine spun silk, and jewels, and a hundred pretty things to make a girl's eyes bright, she thought tenderly of the old hill gown.

And Gabriel, grown weary of waiting and the length of lonely nights and days, left the hill-country and journeyed down into the plain.

At the heart of the valley-kingdom was a great city, rich and wonderful, where temples and palaces rose into the air like living things. The colour of them was like a sky at evening, all gold and purple, sapphire and amber, clear blue and crimson. The great windows shone like suns, the gilded points of the topmost spires were like fixed stars. The city was built in the curve of a river, and all about it were green water meadows and gardens and blowing flowers. The wide streets and squares hummed with life, the markets overflowed with merchandise, the temples were thronged with worshippers, who piled the altars with costly gifts.

But to all this there was another side ; for out of sight of the temples and palaces, hidden away in darkness and narrow lanes, lived the poor and the weak, the vicious and the oppressed. These were forgotten until they rose and demanded bread. The temples and palaces were not for them.

To this city came Moreen, and was carried to the palace of the King's son.

She played and danced before him, and her skill and beauty took him captive as they had smaller men. He desired her love, and she answered him as she had answered others. But he was more importunate than they, and every morning sent servants to her with offerings : silk and gems, furs of strange beasts, dyed woollen stuffs soft as the underfeathers of birds, laces like sea foam, and wines and spices that had the spirit of the sun in them.

She could not refuse the gifts of a King's son, and by and by she began to regard him with kinder eyes, and to play to him more as a friend than as a servant who lived by his grace. Moreen did not love him, but she was a woman and had vanity, and his constant kindness touched her heart. As for him, he could afford to wait so long as he might make sure of her in the end ; in the meantime there were other singing and dancing women whose love could be bought at a lower price.

It happened that one of these, who had great influence with the King's son, and was always near him, fell sick, and afterwards he himself fell sick. The woman recovered, but the man still lay helpless, and all the physicians in the city could not raise him up. Then it began to be rumoured about the court that Moreen had cast a spell upon him, and she was avoided and eyed askance. At first she could not understand the meaning of these signs, but after

a time she was accused in the presence of others of having bewitched the King's son. It was the dancing-woman who accused her.

Moreen was too proud to answer; she lifted her head and went from amongst them without a word. Then it was said that she had been seen talking to poor and wretched people in the hidden parts of the city, which was true,—she had shown some kindness to those whom everyone else forgot. This was accounted to her for a crime; she was in league with some foul magician to kill the Prince.

At last there came a day when she found herself a prisoner, and on that same day Gabriel came into the city, and heard the story of the strange woman who had bewitched the Prince. He knew it could be none other than Moreen, for he had traced her from village to village, and where she had passed his feet had trod, and where her head had lain his had rested. But he had no gift of music or of song,—nothing but his love for her,—so that whereas she had prospered more and more as she advanced, he had grown poorer and poorer with each night.

It was decreed that if Moreen would not remove the spell, she should be put to death. She stood up before her accusers in all innocence, and held out her harp. "This," she cried, "is my only gift,—I can work no spells save with this. I have done the Prince no wrong."

Then the harp was taken away from her and broken into pieces, and she was condemned to die if the King's son did not recover before dawn. But the cry that Gabriel heard as he stood without was not for fear of death, but for sorrow that her harp was ruined; with it went her pride, her hope, her last hold, as it seemed to her, on the old time before she had left the hill-people to make music for thankless souls. So the dancing-woman, who was skilled in poisons, saw her rival led away, and she knew that the Prince would not recover before dawn. But there was something that she did not know, and that was the strength of a down-trodden people, and the fire that may blaze up from the spark of a good deed.

Gabriel saw Moreen led forth. She walked with hands clasped before her, looking neither to right nor left, dressed in one of the shining robes which was the Prince's gift. He saw the change in her, and realised that something of what he had conjectured had

come to pass ; but she still walked with the old free hill step, and under all the outward shows he seemed to see that she had kept her youth unsoiled, as the pure unchanging gold of the altar gleams through the fading flowers that deck it. He had an impulse to give a call that she would understand, but checked himself, and turned away to seek council with himself and with the gods.

Because he was poor and ragged, Gabriel had sought shelter in the hidden city, and there, when the sentence on Moreen reached it, he found murmurings and threatenings that quickly grew into a storm of rage. Moreen had never scorned the poor, she had been generous, she had spoken friendly words ; she was innocent, she should not die. Gabriel went from alley to alley, from den to den, quickening the fever of revolt. He knew nothing of the right or wrong of the people's discontent,—so long as Moreen were saved, he cared little for others' lives,—he had always before him a vision of the hills and the child Moreen, whose fingers plucked gladly at the harp-strings.

That night the hidden city rose and swept like a flowing sea through temples and palaces, slaying and destroying as it passed. The life of the King's son went out, not by poison, but in blood ; the dancing-woman never saw the dawn which was to quench her rival ; the King himself was put to death by the hand of a man whom he had wronged. And in the midst of all the turmoil Moreen sat waiting for the day. She had put off the silks of the King's son, and dressed herself in her old torn robe, that she might go out to die without any sign of the false life of the valley upon her. She had become the child Moreen again, but they had robbed her of her harp.

For some time, in the fury of their rage, the people forgot the immediate cause of their rising, and left Moreen a prisoner. But Gabriel gathered a faithful band about him, attacked and killed the guards, and himself went alone to set her free. Suddenly, as she sat waiting, she heard the clear cry of the hill-people ; it seemed to her no human call, but a voice from heaven, that bade her arise and flee to her own country. She rose, found the door unlocked, and in a moment had fled into the night,—past Gabriel, through the seething streets, across the water-meadows, and away towards the hill-country and peace. She escaped unrecognised, for such

as knew her had never seen her in the ragged and discoloured robe.

Gabriel followed the course of her flight, and soon he too was clear of the city and away under the quiet sky. He turned to see destruction shoot sheets and spires of flame into the air; great clouds of smoke rolled on the wind; the cry of the tortured city came to him like one human voice. And she who was the unknowing instrument of the gods fled on and on, straining towards the place of the call with all her strength of soul and body, if so be she might once more look upon Gabriel and the hills.

She had the force of a strong man to pursue her way. Gabriel followed, taking only such rest as served to keep him from failing, but still she kept ahead of him by so many miles, that he never caught a glimpse of her flying feet. He began to fear that she would reach the hills before him, and, hearing that he too had gone down into the plain, die of grief that she had missed him. He toiled harder and harder in pursuit, the terror lest he should lose her gripping at his heart like a strangling hand.

At last Moreen reached the edge of the wood where her first night away from the hills had been passed. The trees seemed to welcome her and talk kindly of the poor wanderer who had escaped from the dominion of the plain. She lay down with a greater sense of peace than had been hers since she first played and danced for bread; it seemed so long ago that her memory was weary to dwell upon it. And as she rested Gabriel came upon her and saw her sleeping.

He would not waken her, but sat for an hour and watched. In the silence of the night, remote from habitations of living men, with nothing about them but the breath of summer and great depths of sky, he felt that she was his at last, although neither his hand touched her nor did his voice break her rest. She was as ragged as a beggar-maid, barefooted, worn with travel, dark lidded as a midnight watcher, pale as winter twilight. Yet, because she was Moreen, her beauty shone through all, and because she had suffered, the woman in her had gained strength.

Gabriel left her two hours before dawn, and took the straight path to the hills. He told the people that Moreen was coming, and a great multitude assembled to give her welcome. Gabriel alone went out to meet her, carrying the tribe's Cup of Peace.

At the heart of the valley-kingdom was a great city, rich and wonderful, where temples and palaces rose into the air like living things. The colour of them was like a sky at evening, all gold and purple, sapphire and amber, clear blue and crimson. The great windows shone like suns, the gilded points of the topmost spires were like fixed stars. The city was built in the curve of a river, and all about it were green water meadows and gardens and blowing flowers. The wide streets and squares hummed with life, the markets overflowed with merchandise, the temples were thronged with worshippers, who piled the altars with costly gifts.

But to all this there was another side ; for out of sight of the temples and palaces, hidden away in darkness and narrow lanes, lived the poor and the weak, the vicious and the oppressed. These were forgotten until they rose and demanded bread. The temples and palaces were not for them.

To this city came Moreen, and was carried to the palace of the King's son.

She played and danced before him, and her skill and beauty took him captive as they had smaller men. He desired her love, and she answered him as she had answered others. But he was more importunate than they, and every morning sent servants to her with offerings : silk and gems, furs of strange beasts, dyed woollen stuffs soft as the underfeathers of birds, laces like sea foam, and wines and spices that had the spirit of the sun in them.

She could not refuse the gifts of a King's son, and by and by she began to regard him with kinder eyes, and to play to him more as a friend than as a servant who lived by his grace. Moreen did not love him, but she was a woman and had vanity, and his constant kindness touched her heart. As for him, he could afford to wait so long as he might make sure of her in the end ; in the meantime there were other singing and dancing women whose love could be bought at a lower price.

It happened that one of these, who had great influence with the King's son, and was always near him, fell sick, and afterwards he himself fell sick. The woman recovered, but the man still lay helpless, and all the physicians in the city could not raise him up. Then it began to be rumoured about the court that Moreen had cast a spell upon him, and she was avoided and eyed askance. At first she could not understand the meaning of these signs, but after

a time she was accused in the presence of others of having bewitched the King's son. It was the dancing-woman who accused her.

Moreen was too proud to answer; she lifted her head and went from amongst them without a word. Then it was said that she had been seen talking to poor and wretched people in the hidden parts of the city, which was true,—she had shown some kindness to those whom everyone else forgot. This was accounted to her for a crime; she was in league with some foul magician to kill the Prince.

At last there came a day when she found herself a prisoner, and on that same day Gabriel came into the city, and heard the story of the strange woman who had bewitched the Prince. He knew it could be none other than Moreen, for he had traced her from village to village, and where she had passed his feet had trod, and where her head had lain his had rested. But he had no gift of music or of song,—nothing but his love for her,—so that whereas she had prospered more and more as she advanced, he had grown poorer and poorer with each night.

It was decreed that if Moreen would not remove the spell, she should be put to death. She stood up before her accusers in all innocence, and held out her harp. "This," she cried, "is my only gift,—I can work no spells save with this. I have done the Prince no wrong."

Then the harp was taken away from her and broken into pieces, and she was condemned to die if the King's son did not recover before dawn. But the cry that Gabriel heard as he stood without was not for fear of death, but for sorrow that her harp was ruined; with it went her pride, her hope, her last hold, as it seemed to her, on the old time before she had left the hill-people to make music for thankless souls. So the dancing-woman, who was skilled in poisons, saw her rival led away, and she knew that the Prince would not recover before dawn. But there was something that she did not know, and that was the strength of a down-trodden people, and the fire that may blaze up from the spark of a good deed.

Gabriel saw Moreen led forth. She walked with hands clasped before her, looking neither to right nor left, dressed in one of the shining robes which was the Prince's gift. He saw the change in her, and realised that something of what he had conjectured had

come to pass ; but she still walked with the old free hill step, and under all the outward shows he seemed to see that she had kept her youth unsoiled, as the pure unchanging gold of the altar gleams through the fading flowers that deck it. He had an impulse to give a call that she would understand, but checked himself, and turned away to seek council with himself and with the gods.

Because he was poor and ragged, Gabriel had sought shelter in the hidden city, and there, when the sentence on Moreen reached it, he found murmurings and threatenings that quickly grew into a storm of rage. Moreen had never scorned the poor, she had been generous, she had spoken friendly words ; she was innocent, she should not die. Gabriel went from alley to alley, from den to den, quickening the fever of revolt. He knew nothing of the right or wrong of the people's discontent,—so long as Moreen were saved, he cared little for others' lives,—he had always before him a vision of the hills and the child Moreen, whose fingers plucked gladly at the harp-strings.

That night the hidden city rose and swept like a flowing sea through temples and palaces, slaying and destroying as it passed. The life of the King's son went out, not by poison, but in blood ; the dancing-woman never saw the dawn which was to quench her rival ; the King himself was put to death by the hand of a man whom he had wronged. And in the midst of all the turmoil Moreen sat waiting for the day. She had put off the silks of the King's son, and dressed herself in her old torn robe, that she might go out to die without any sign of the false life of the valley upon her. She had become the child Moreen again, but they had robbed her of her harp.

For some time, in the fury of their rage, the people forgot the immediate cause of their rising, and left Moreen a prisoner. But Gabriel gathered a faithful band about him, attacked and killed the guards, and himself went alone to set her free. Suddenly, as she sat waiting, she heard the clear cry of the hill-people ; it seemed to her no human call, but a voice from heaven, that bade her arise and flee to her own country. She rose, found the door unlocked, and in a moment had fled into the night,—past Gabriel, through the seething streets, across the water-meadows, and away towards the hill-country and peace. She escaped unrecognised, for such

as knew her had never seen her in the ragged and discoloured robe.

Gabriel followed the course of her flight, and soon he too was clear of the city and away under the quiet sky. He turned to see destruction shoot sheets and spires of flame into the air; great clouds of smoke rolled on the wind; the cry of the tortured city came to him like one human voice. And she who was the unknowing instrument of the gods fled on and on, straining towards the place of the call with all her strength of soul and body, if so be she might once more look upon Gabriel and the hills.

She had the force of a strong man to pursue her way. Gabriel followed, taking only such rest as served to keep him from failing, but still she kept ahead of him by so many miles, that he never caught a glimpse of her flying feet. He began to fear that she would reach the hills before him, and, hearing that he too had gone down into the plain, die of grief that she had missed him. He toiled harder and harder in pursuit, the terror lest he should lose her gripping at his heart like a strangling hand.

At last Moreen reached the edge of the wood where her first night away from the hills had been passed. The trees seemed to welcome her and talk kindly of the poor wanderer who had escaped from the dominion of the plain. She lay down with a greater sense of peace than had been hers since she first played and danced for bread; it seemed so long ago that her memory was weary to dwell upon it. And as she rested Gabriel came upon her and saw her sleeping.

He would not waken her, but sat for an hour and watched. In the silence of the night, remote from habitations of living men, with nothing about them but the breath of summer and great depths of sky, he felt that she was his at last, although neither his hand touched her nor did his voice break her rest. She was as ragged as a beggar-maid, barefooted, worn with travel, dark lidded as a midnight watcher, pale as winter twilight. Yet, because she was Moreen, her beauty shone through all, and because she had suffered, the woman in her had gained strength.

Gabriel left her two hours before dawn, and took the straight path to the hills. He told the people that Moreen was coming, and a great multitude assembled to give her welcome. Gabriel alone went out to meet her, carrying the tribe's Cup of Peace.

She came slowly, halting upon wounded feet, but when she saw Gabriel dropping down the mountain-side, she gave a great glad cry and ran and fell into his arms.

He carried her to the hill-top and laid her down. She smiled into the familiar faces and tried to speak; then she signed to Gabriel to bring her a harp. But when he put it into her hands her fingers failed upon the strings, and only one thin note sounded before she died. Thus the Cup of Peace became the Cup of Mourning, and Moreen was laid to rest in the silence of the hills.

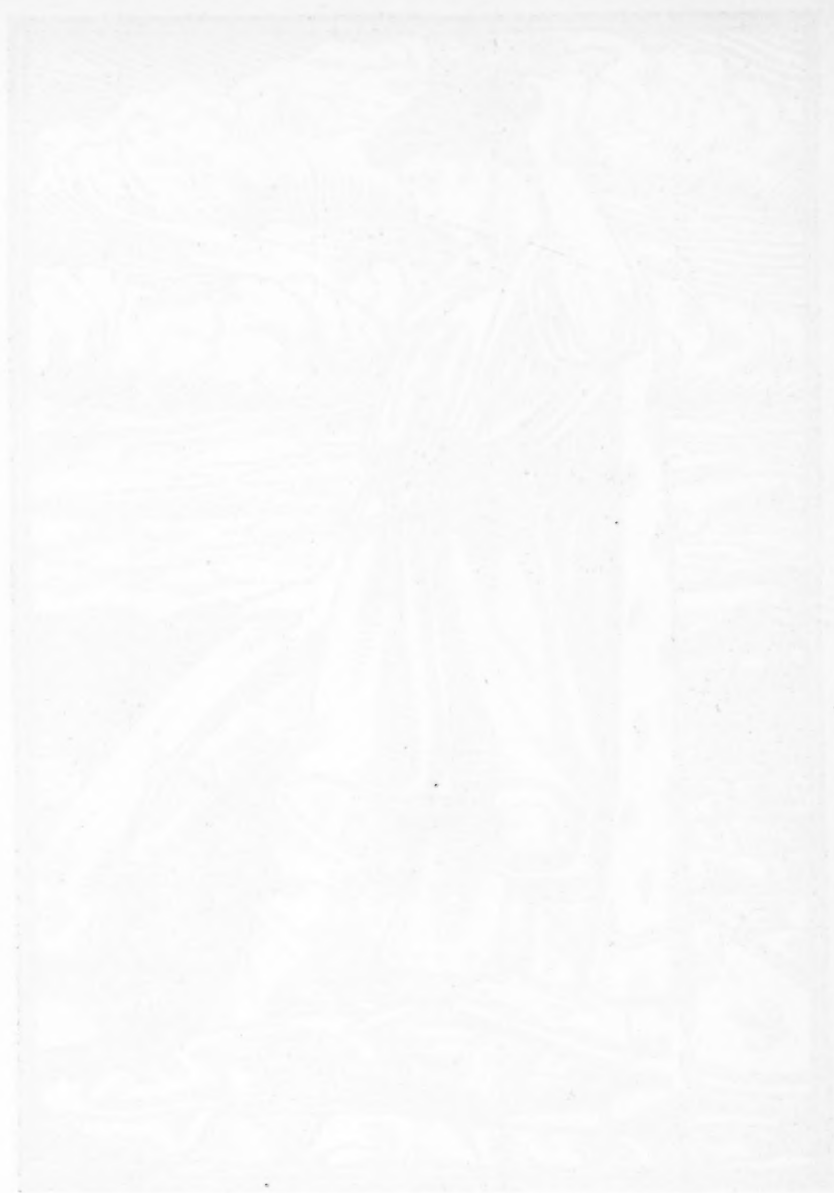
But she had come back, as she had promised, and Gabriel and the hill-people sorrowed not as those without hope. She was with him always, part of the life of the seasons, of wind and sun. He cherished his last sight of her and the cry of gladness until he himself passed into the unknown country which is beyond the stars.

Charles Kennett Burrow.

SIX WOODCUTS
By BERNARD SLEIGH

1. THE KING'S LESSON.
2. SPRINGTIDE.
3. CHEVY CHASE.
4. A FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.
5. EDMOND O' GORDON.
6. THE MILESTONE.





















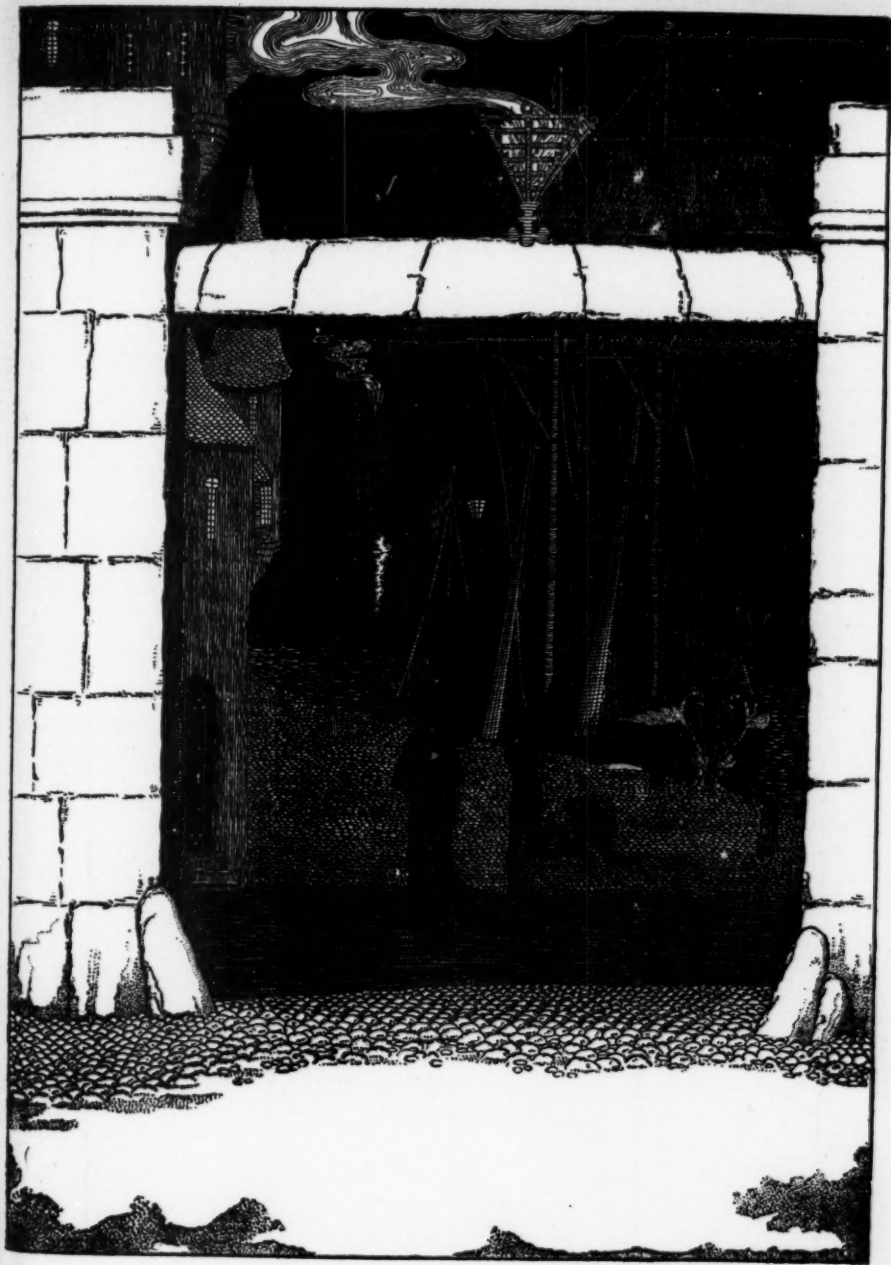
FIVE ARCHITECTURAL PLATES

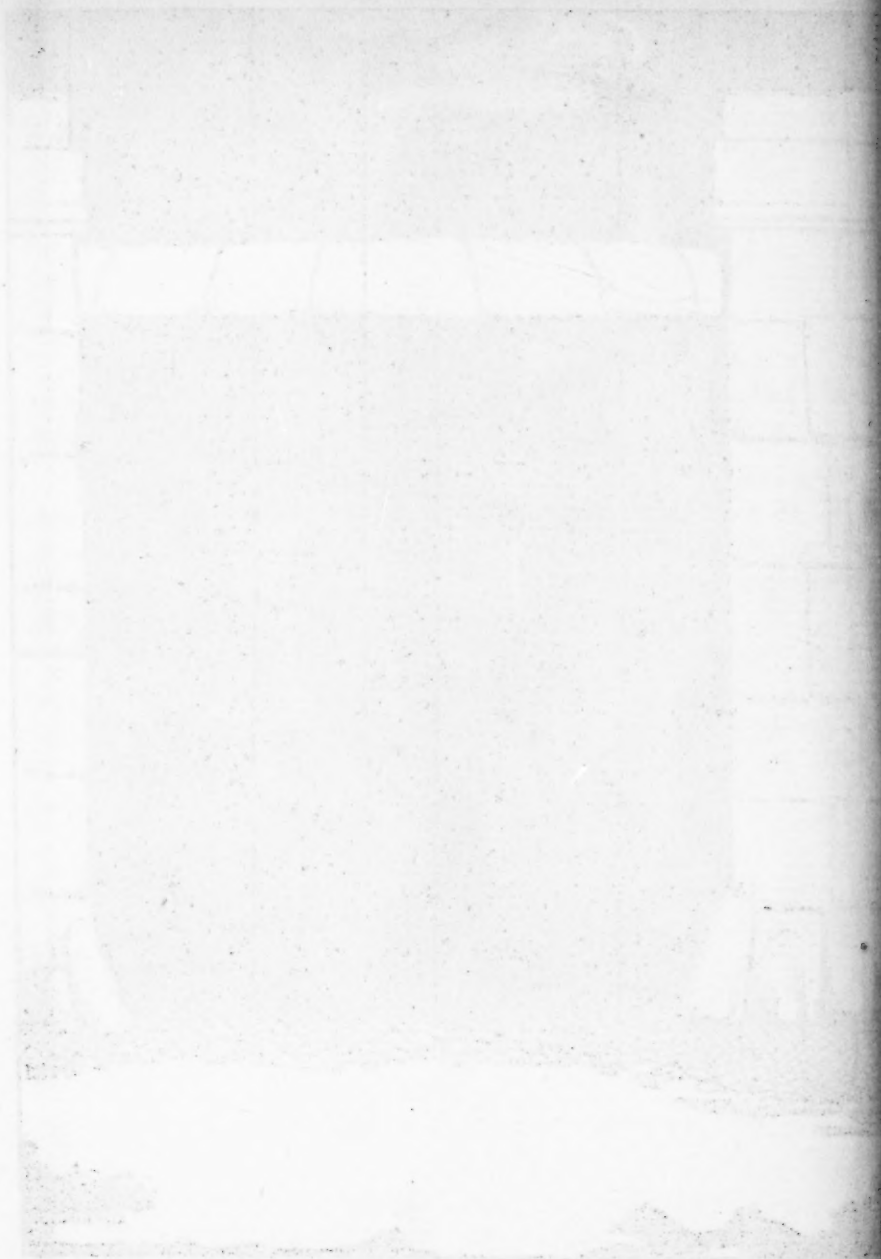
1. THE HARBOUR GATE. After a Drawing by WILL G. MEIN.
2. PART OF A FRIEZE. After BENJAMIN CRESWICK.
3. LA RUE GRENIER SUR L'EAU, PARIS. After an Etching by
A. HUGH FISHER.
4. GRAY'S INN (CHRISTMAS). After an Etching by A. HUGH
FISHER.
5. THE CITY BELFRY. After a Drawing by H. W. BREWER.

THE HARBOUR GATE and THE CITY BELFRY add to the number of Architectural Fantasies and Inventions which have been a leading feature of THE DOME from its foundation.

THE FRIEZE, of which a greatly reduced section is here given, measures about sixty feet by two feet. It is the work of Mr. BENJAMIN CRESWICK, whose friezes over "Heath's," in Oxford Street, and in Cutler's Hall, are well known. The original was printed by the designer himself.

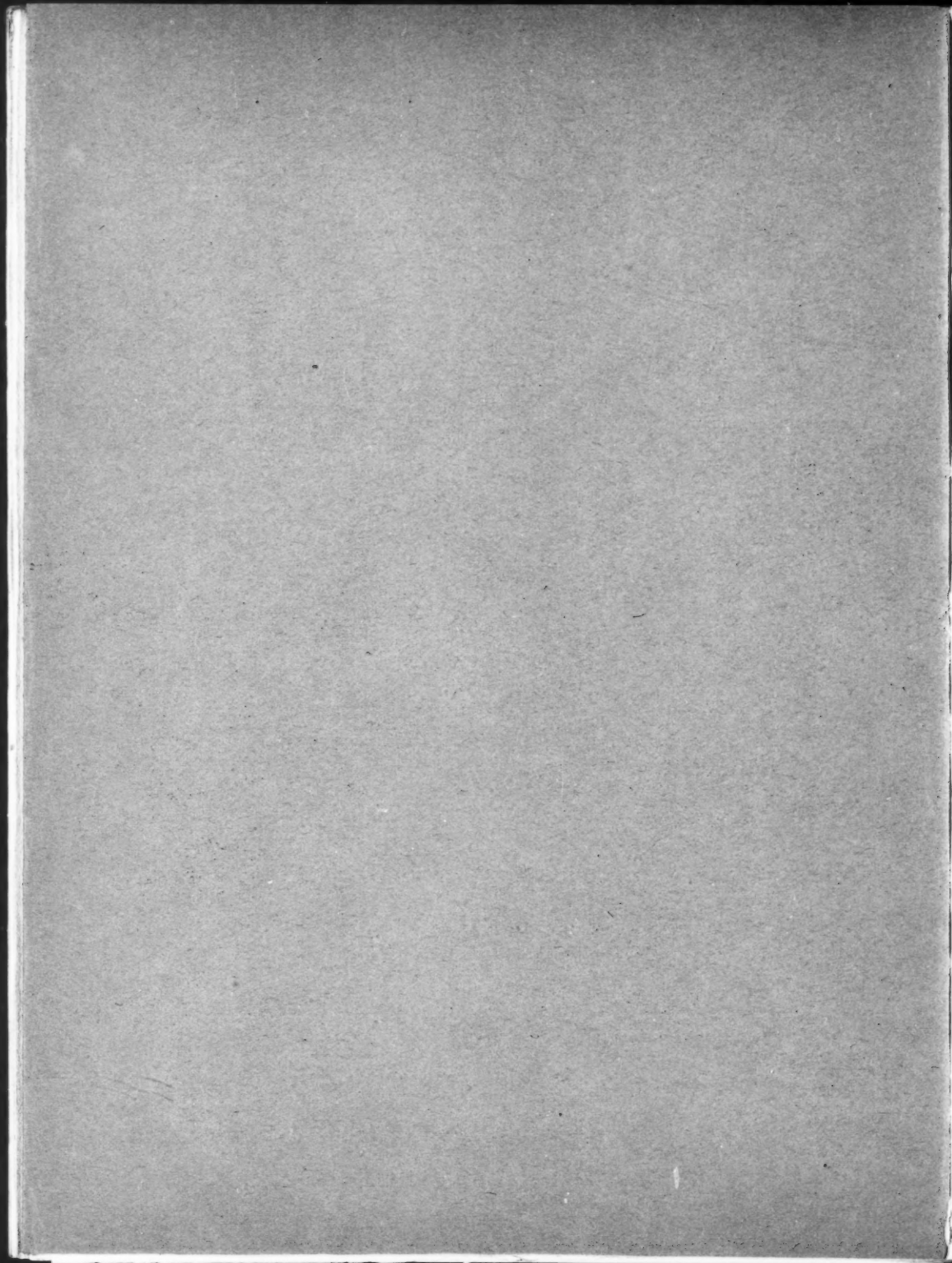
The pen drawings of pastoral subjects by Mr. A. HUGH FISHER in recent numbers of THE DOME have aroused so much interest that the Editor has pleasure in reproducing two Architectural Plates which illustrate the Artist's treatment of other subjects, and his command of another medium.

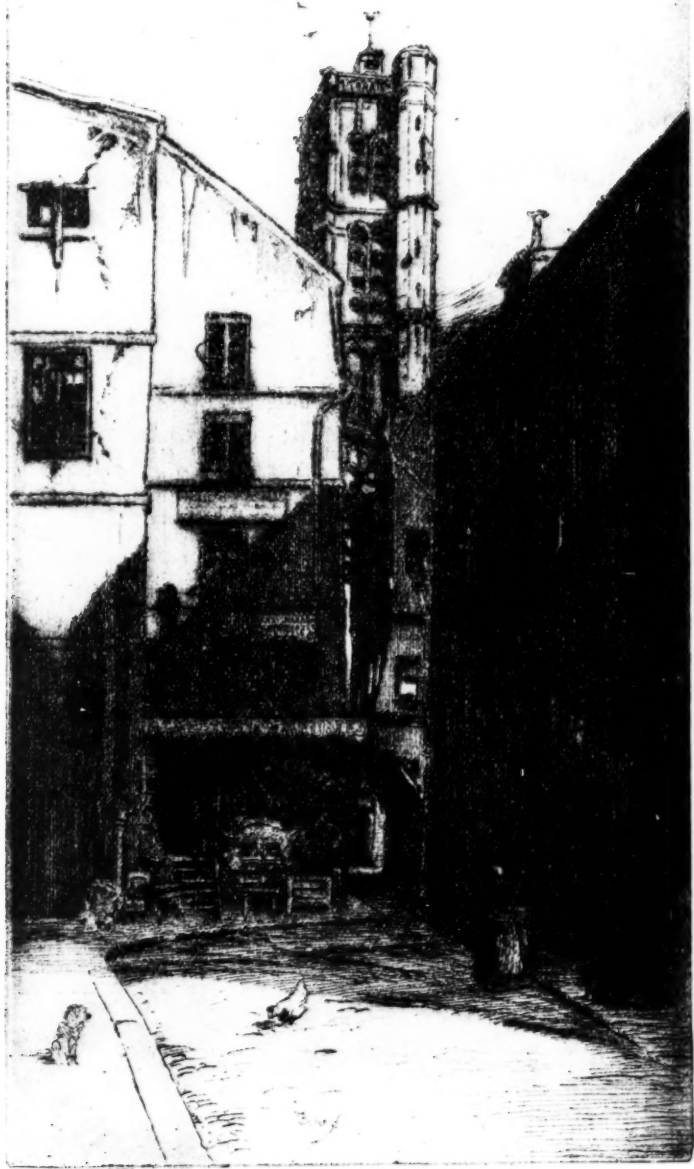


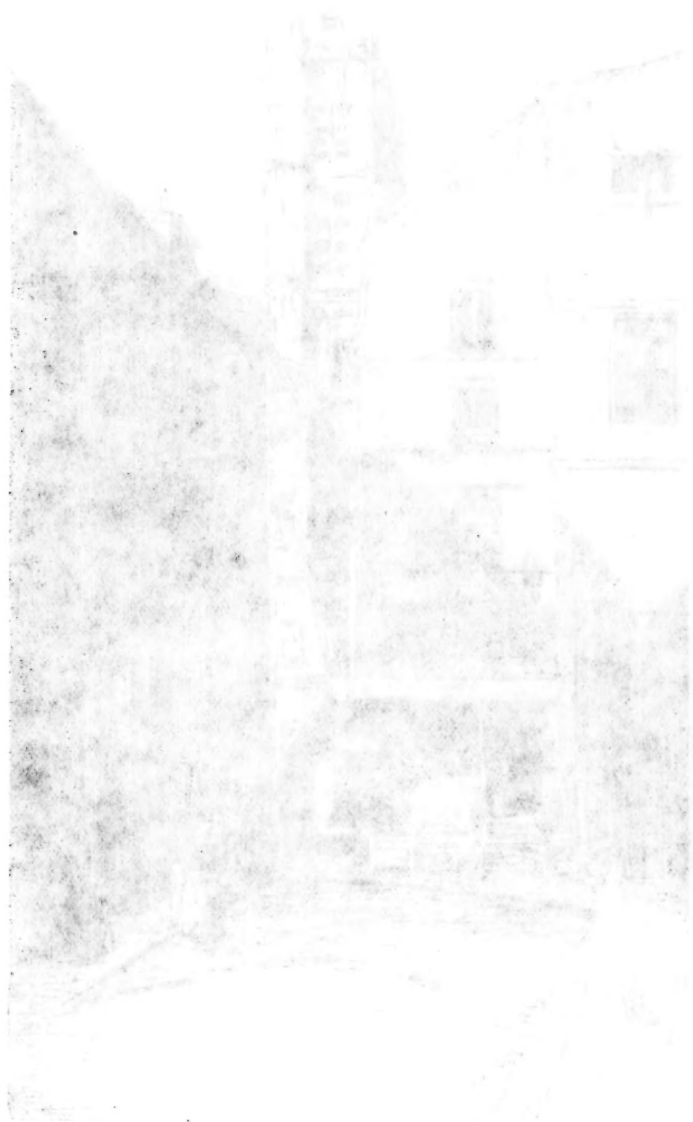








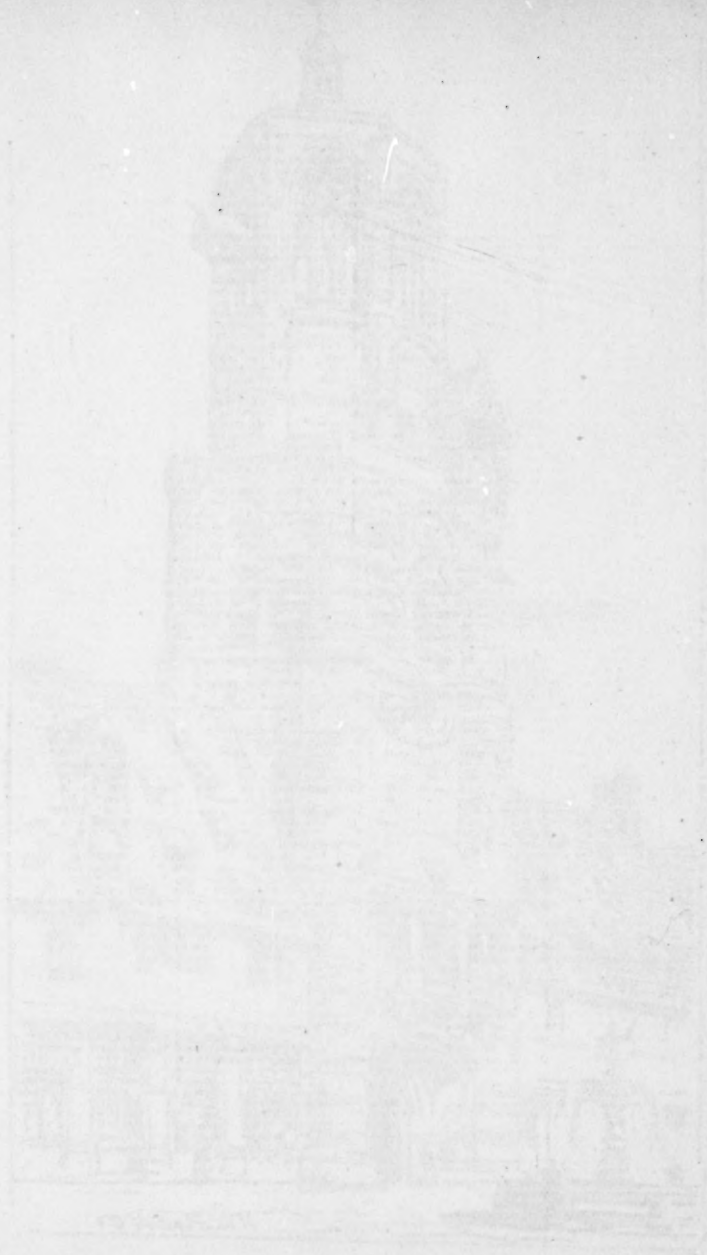








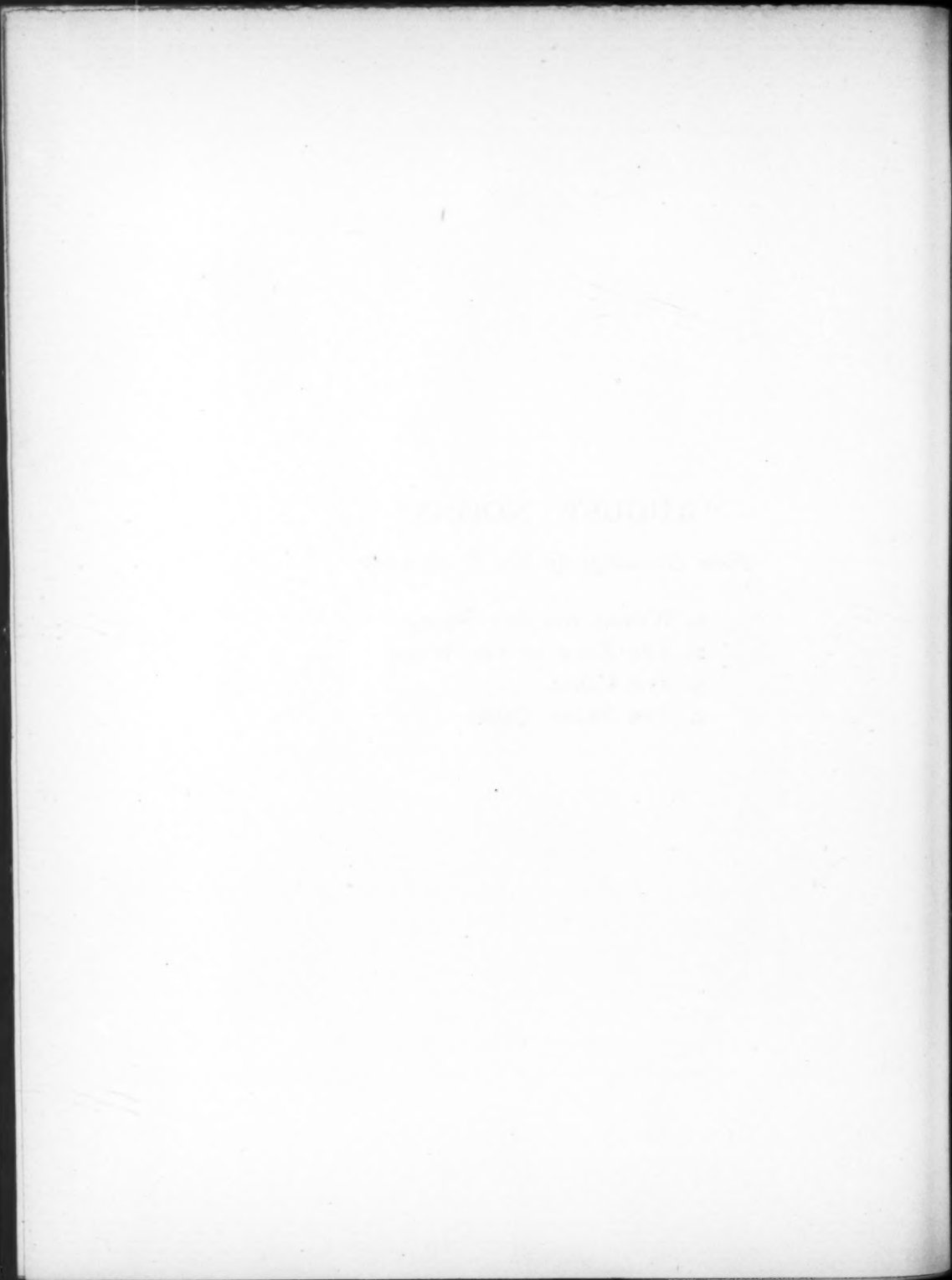


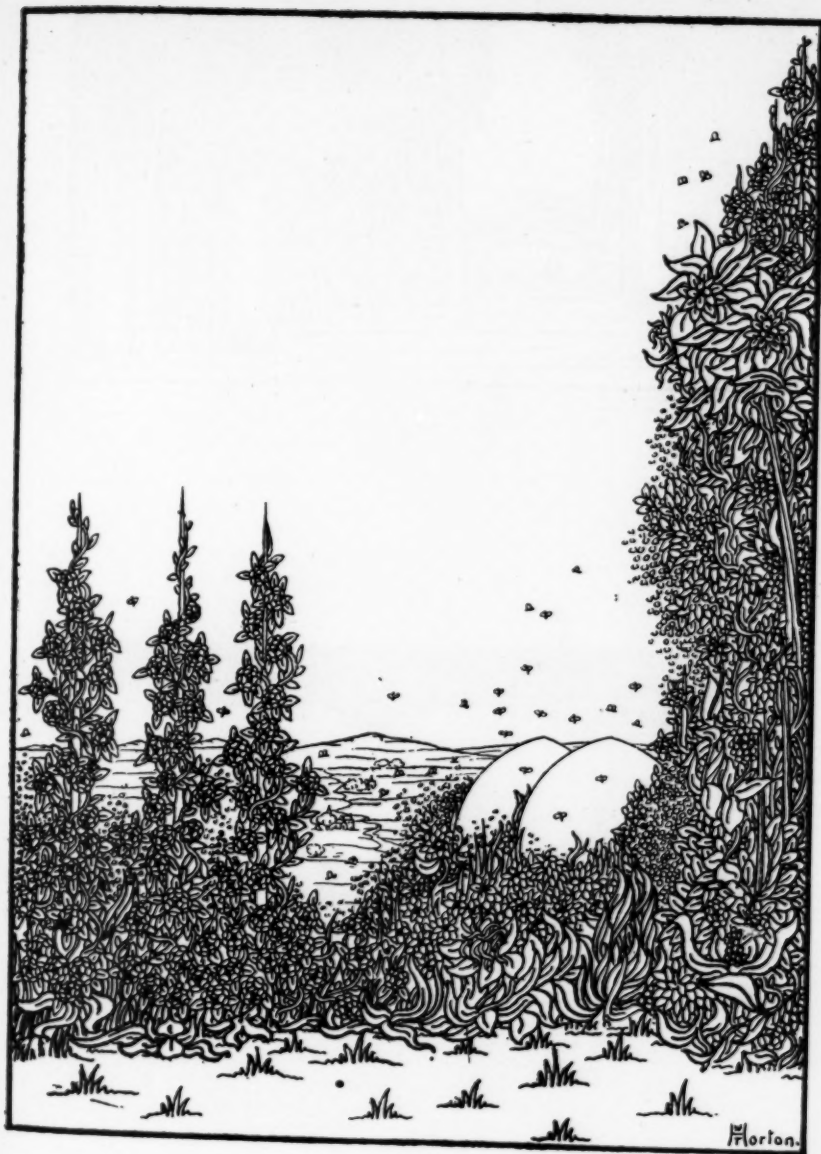


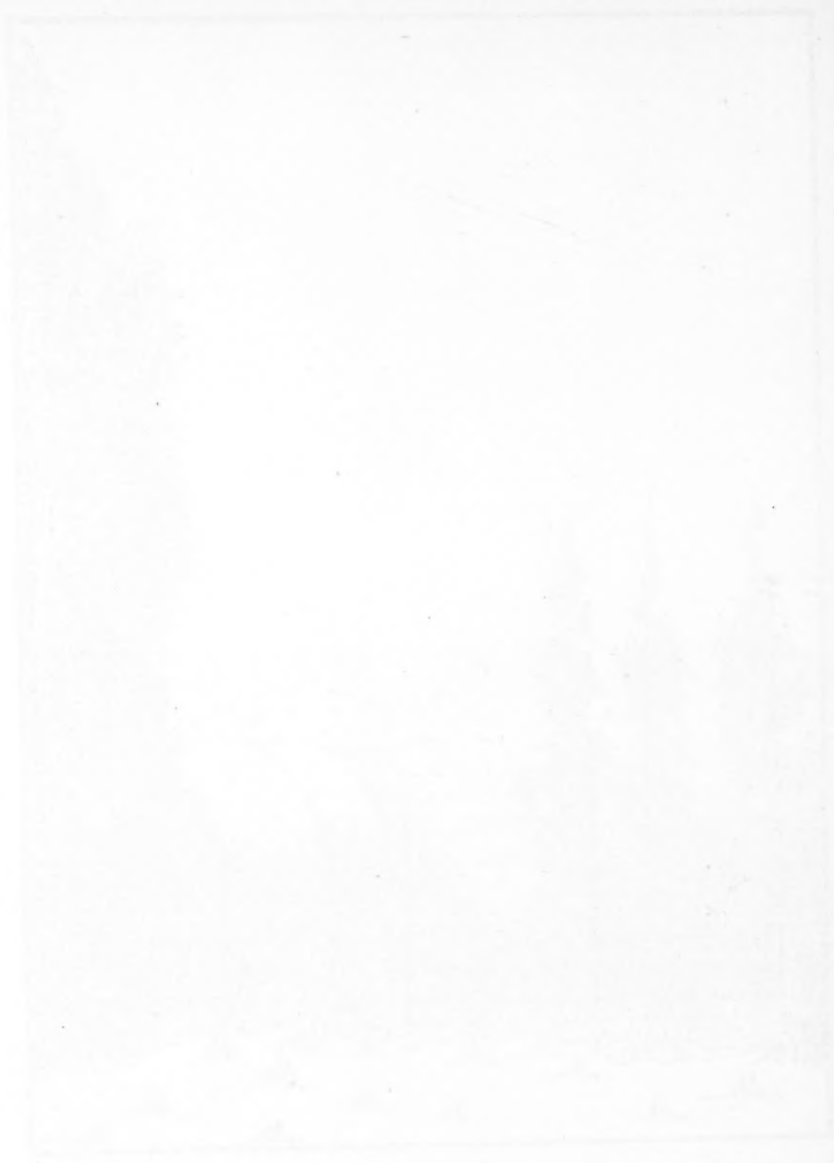
"AUGUST NOONS"

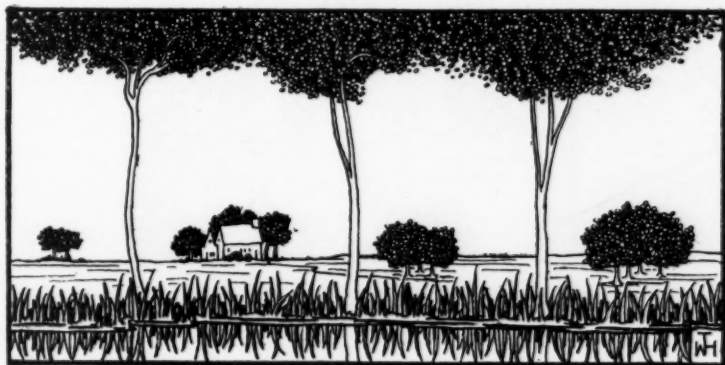
Four Drawings by W. T. HORTON

1. WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.
2. THE EDGE OF THE WOOD.
3. THE CANAL.
4. THE SEVEN TREES.

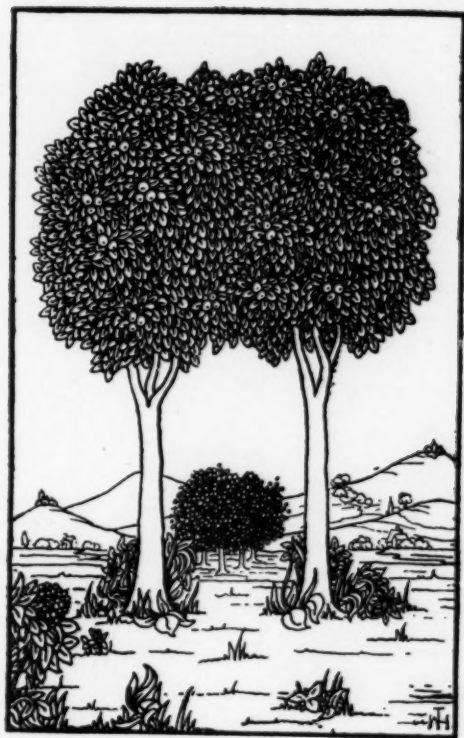


















那古浦屋敷

四日市

徳島



"A VIEW OF TEMPLES," BY HIROSHIGE

PROUD owners of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (*Times* reprint), and persons who will be owners of it, without being so proud, when they have paid the last of the stipulated guineas, may set about reading through its twenty thousand pages with no more fear of encountering the uncouth word at the head of this page than of finding the names of du Paty de Clam or Mr. Dan Leno. Hiroshige was born in the eighteenth century, and he has been dead forty years. The work he did, and the influence it has exerted upon Western painters, are leading facts in the history of modern art. Yet a fine print, or even an original drawing, by this master can be bought for a third or a quarter the price regularly paid for a photogravure of the Widower's Deathbed, Tea-drinking Pup, or Young Nun's Vision, which happens to be a "picture of the year."

To the third number of the old series of *The Dome* (Michaelmas, 1897) Mr. C. J. Holmes contributed a short note on Hiroshige's place in Japanese art. The note was illustrated by two colour prints, necessarily very much reduced; and, since their appearance, so many requests for another example have reached the editor, that no apology need accompany the *View of Temples* here reproduced. It is not pretended that this print is thoroughly characteristic of Hiroshige; but it has the advantage of needing only very slight reduction in order to come within the limits of *The Dome* page. The Japanese printer would smile pityingly if he heard that to preserve the refinement of the original (which must surprise those who have associated Hiroshige only with showier and more riotous schemes of colour) nine printings have been necessary; but the Japanese printer practised hand-colouring rather than colour-printing as we understand it, applying his

colours with exquisite taste and skill to the blocks before printing, instead of to the copies afterwards.

The charm of this little piece will be felt by many people to whom the prints of such men as Harunobu and Outamaro make but a faint appeal. The craze for Japanese prints and "art-objects" has abated considerably of late, but this is not to say that the art of Japan no longer repays study. Indeed, it is only when the hobby-rider gets bored and quits the field that the genuine amateur comes to his own again. The slump in Japanese prints which dealers are bewailing just now means that the fine things which were in danger of falling into the hands of mere prize-hunters may still be acquired without great sacrifices by people who will love them for their own sake. And wherever this, rather than the collector's, is the motive, the works of Hiroshige will be found the pleasantest and easiest way into Japanese art. In his landscapes, though not conspicuously in this *View of Temples*, his realism both as draughtsman and colourist makes him intelligible to the Western eye where the conventions of his great predecessors would often produce bewilderment, or at least fail to carry conviction. Indeed, one sometimes hears Hiroshige spoken of as a second-hand person, who, while posing as an independent artist, only broke through the native tradition to accept the European instead. But while it is true that European ideas were at work in Japan (Hokusai's comparison of Eastern with Western methods and his experiments in perspective are well known), the grounds for deriving Hiroshige from such ideas are both slight and shaky. He meets the West, not as a disciple, so much as on the common ground of realism—that realism with style which should make Holbein as delightful and intelligible to the Japanese as Hiroshige is to us. Even if it be admitted that Hiroshige owes something to the West, he no more descends on that account from the level of a fine and original artist than does Mr. Whistler, to whose making this very Hiroshige has contributed so remarkably; and however much of the West there may seem to be in him, the preponderance of truly Japanese qualities is such that to be familiar with Hiroshige is to be on the high road to an understanding of the great classics of Japan, as well as to know a master splendidly worth knowing simply for his own sake.

THREE SONGS IN EXILE

I

ROUND this dark ship that bears me on
There broods a wasteful calm ;
As though it breathed from Avalon,
The sea-breeze pours its balm.

And night and day beside the ship
There walks upon the wave
A form I know, with prayer on lip,
And hands too weak to save.

Yet, should I stoop my lips to drain
The draught they long for best,
Those hands would have me fast again
And snatch me back from rest.

II

DARK to its nest the light has gone ;
An unseen force prevails,
And hands of storm lay hold upon
The rigging and the sails.

High heaves the heart of night, and loud
The water sobs and breaks,
And overhead one helmet-cloud
Its cap of darkness makes.

Strong wants whereto the welkin moves,
They are but waifs like me ;
And all a storm of severed loves
That strain across the sea !

III

THE death-white horses crest and turn,
Their gleaming saddles glide:
Have I no senses to discern
The riders as they ride?

O death-white horse, in this dark race
Outcresting all your crew,
With foaming flank, and furious pace,
Who is it rides on you?

Nay, follow not so hard on me,
Who ride to death alone:
White horse, pace gently, lest I see
Your rider overthrown!

Laurence Housman.

IRRESPONSIBILITIES

III. HENRY WOOD

I now address myself to the charming task of considering the critic as humbug. The theme is an inexhaustible one, and my instinct for selection can hardly cope with the crowds of pressing facts that surround the critic in this capacity. I wish, however, to exclude the more ordinary phases of the critic as humbug—if Criticism be Elucidation, a man's every act is a subtle, usually a false, criticism of himself—and to deal with the ideal humbug, the ideal critic—the man who sees what isn't there.

Anyone of average intelligence who has been educated at a Kindergarten can see the thing that exists, but it needs a fine, oh, a delicate! sympathy to apprehend the non-existent. So out of tune with Peter Bell is the ideal critic, that a primrose, so far from suggesting only itself to him, to him suggests everything but itself. Show him an October sunset dying redly behind a lattice of flaming, fantastic leaves, and he will see Tschaikowsky. Show him an exquisite work of art, and he will see himself. Now by reason of this latter fact, the critic as humbug is best exprest in the interpretative artist, that charming feminine person who is ever under the influence of someone else: as musician, a tone-appreciator: as writer, a seer and a plagiarist. What, after all, were the seers and soothsayers of old? Interpretative critics. They read their own ideas into the cabalistic signs and the pictured dreams—and everyone was, rightly, satisfied. Thus they were perfect types of the critic as humbug. What can be a more delightful task than that of orchestrating another man's thoughts? The plain bald theme is given us, and 'tis ours to cover it with red-gold diction, curled with heated adjectives.

Now I think that the orchestral conductor, of all interpretative critics, comes nearest the seer as a critic as humbug. He is a better type than any of his colleagues, because he has to put his own ideas not only into his instruments, but into his performers as well, so his result is twice as humbugging and artificial as that of any other interpreter. He takes the composer's dream as shadowed forth in cabalistic notes, and, by reason of the hundred and one members of the orchestra and their respective instruments, puts his own ideas into it, reads into it what isn't there.

As a charming—I use that adjective discriminately, not politely—instance of the subjectively romantic leader I have indicated, I would cite Henry Wood—most fascinating of conductors. In sheer charm and intimacy of emotion, Henry Wood, with his quite feminine intuition and his incomprehensively Slavonic fire, is unrivalled. He has an absolute monopoly of sympathy, and his sense of pathos is most womanly, sincere, and exquisite. Moreover, he has now and then a rare seductive languor upon him, a something which gives a remote witchery to his art, that lies on his art as the dew on a flower. Violent he is often, but he touches his zenith and his temperament when he is languid. His most characteristic moments are certainly his rarest. But that is an everyday miracle. There is a dainty, reluctant touch of collar-shyness about Henry Wood's art, and this is provocative, as a difficult charming woman or a sensitive, wilful horse. Henry Wood's real talent is for poetic inhumanity. See how much better the barbaric, fanciful Tschaiikowsky suits him than does the violent, vivid Wagner. Violent I again admit he is, but not when he's going well within himself; for sometimes his violence is a little bit overdone: it has a touch of artifice, it is too *exalté* to be convincing. This is the secret of his success as an interpreter—the interpreter, I would rather say—of the great unmentionable Russian. Those splendid wave-like forces of hysteria, breaking in clouds of thunderous foam and vague but maddening spray, gain majestic impetus from Henry Wood; for his thoughts are as Tschaiikowsky's thoughts, and perfect mutual sympathy is inevitable. In consequence, he is not quite cool-headed enough for Wagner. His passion has not the fine deliberateness and ordered intensity of Felix Mottl's; it is more casual, more prone to take the goods the gods provide it, without forethought. Therefore it

sometimes riots astray in Wagner. It is Celtic in extreme: it expresses in music much of what Mr. Yeats puts into words, into extraordinary haunting verse betwixt genius and idiocy. It finds in Tschaikowsky a musical incarnation (if such a thing be possible) for its spirit. The *Pathétique* is to Henry Wood exactly what *Tristan* is to Mottl. Moreover, Wood thoroughly appreciates Tschaikowsky's frivolous side. He understands the Slav's love of pleasure for its own sake, a point of view of which the Teuton is incapable. He feels gaiety and sadness in an equal degree, and in a very lyrical manner. Like Kipling, he catches the moment better than the hour; for he is a brilliant impressionist, irresponsibly accurate, irrepressibly ardent.

An admirable trifler, he gives light music deliciously. Who could play the whimsical *Casse-Noisette* suite, that we're all so tired of, so daintily as Henry Wood? With the *Trepak* he gives us a thrill of excitement comparable to that which we feel when we see Tod Sloan win by a short head. The sensuous pleasure of hearing Henry Wood read a little graceful dance—musically perhaps too slight a thing to heed—quite transcends the cause. He is a godsend to young composers: for he is wildly poetic, and he can infuse life into the chilliest of modern British or foreign musical efforts: he graces everything he touches, circling it with a fictitious halo of interest. He could read feeling into Saint-Saëns or intellect into Liszt: because he has the sweet power of seeing what isn't there, and supplying it—an interpretative critic as humbug.

Among his other attractions, Mr. Wood has a most remarkable talent for accompanying; he is a heaven-born accompanist: so sympathetic, intuitive, and sustaining. To hear him play up to a splendid mate in a concerto for pianoforte and orchestra is superb. To hear Paderewski and Henry Wood play the Schumann concerto—the cadenced part—is to experience the fine charm, the arrestive exquisiteness, of that scene in *Pelleas and Melisande* where Pelleas winds the unclasped hair of her as she leans down to him from the window, winds and twists it in the prickly branches of that unkind tree.

Israfel.

AMASIS

I

"O KING AMASIS, hail!
News from thy friend the King Polycrates!
My oars have never rested on the seas
From Samos, nor on land my horse's hoofs,
Till I might tell my tale."
Sais, the sacred city, basked her roofs
And gardens whispering in the western light;
Men thronged abroad to taste the coming cool of night:
Only the palace closed
Unechoing courts, where by the lake reposed,
Wide-eyed, the enthronèd shapes of Memphian deities;
And King Amasis in the cloistered shade,
That guards them, of a giant colonnade,
Paced musing; there he pondered mysteries
That are the veils of truth;
For 'mid those gods of grave, ignoring smile
Large auguries he spelled,
Forgot the spears, the tumults of his youth,
And strangled Apries, and the reddened Nile.
Now turning, he beheld,
Half in a golden shadow and half touched with flame,
The white-robed stranger from the Grecian isle,
And heard pronounced his name.

II

"Welcome from Samos, friend!
Good news, I think, thou bearest in thy mien,"
The king spoke welcoming with voice serene.
"How is it with Polycrates, thy lord?
Peace on his name attend!
Would he were here in Egypt, and his sword
Could sheathe, and we at god-like ease discourse
Of counsel no ignoble needs enforce,
And take august regale
Of wisdom from the Powers whose purpose cannot fail.
I, too, O man of Samos, bred to war,
Passed youth, passed manhood, in a life of blood;
But many victories bring the heart no certain good.
Would that he too might tease his fate no more,
And I might see his face
In presence of my land's ancestral Powers,—
See, from their countenance, what a grandeur beams!
Thou know'st I love thy race;
Bright wits ye have, skill in adventurous schemes;
But deeper life is ours:
Fed by these springs, your strength might bless the world.
But lo!
The light begins to fade from the high towers.
Thy errand let me know."

III

"Thus saith Polycrates:
The counsel which thou wrotest me is well;
For, seeing how full crops my granaries swell,
How all winds waft me to prosperity,
How I gain all with ease,
And my raised banner beckons victory,
Thou didst advise me cast away what most
Brought pleasure to my eyes and seemed of rarest cost.

And after heavy thought
I chose the ring which Theodorus wrought,
My famous emerald, where young Phaethon
Shoots headlong with pale limbs through glowing air,
While green waves from beneath toss white drops to his hair.
A long time, very loth, I gazed thereon;
For this cause, thought I, men most envy me;
I took a ship, and fifty beating oars
Bore me far out to sea:
I stood upon the poop—but wherefore tell
What now is rumoured round all Asian shores?
Say only I did well,
Who the world's envy treasured yet in deep waves drowned.
Homeward I came, and mourned within my doors
Three days, nor solace found."

IV

Amasis without word
Listens, dark-browed: the Samian speaks anew:
"Let not the king this thing so deeply rue;
Truly the gem was of imperial price,
Nay even, men averred,
Coveted more than wealthy satrapies,
Nor twenty talents could its loss redeem:
Yet hear! the Gods are more benignant than we dream.
Thus saith my lord: The moon
Not once had waned, when as I sat at noon
Within my palace court above the Lydian bay,
They led before me with much wondering noise
A fisherman; between two staggering boys
Slung heavily a fish he brought, that day
Caught in his bursting net,
A royal fish for royal destiny!
I marvelled; but amaze broke deeper yet
To recognise Heaven's hand,
When from its cloven belly (surely high
In that large grace I stand)

Dazzled my eyes with light, my heart with joy, the ring
Restored!— Why rendest thou thy robe, and why
Lamentest thou, O king?"

V

"O lamentable news!"
Amasis cried; "now have the Gods indeed
Doom on thy head, Polycrates, decreed!
I feared already, when I heard thy joy
Must need stoop down to choose
For sacrifice, loss of a shining toy,
Searching the suburbs only of content,
Not thy heart's home: what God this blindness on thee sent?
Gone was thy ring; yet how
Was thy soul cleared, or thou more greatly thou?
Were vain things vainer, or the dear more dear?
Hadst thou, bent gazing o'er thy child asleep,
Thoughts springing, as leaves spring in gloom? Deep, deep,
Deep as thy inmost hope, as thy most sacred fear,
Is the unborn earthquake Pain
That changes earth's wide aspect in an hour,
Heaved by abysmal throes!
Ah, then our pleasant refuges are vain;
Yet, thrilled, the soul assembles all her power,
And cleared by peril glows
To see immortal hosts arrayed upon her side!
Blind man, the scornful Gods thy offering slight:
My fears are certified."

VI

Swift are the thoughts of fear.
But Fate at will rides swifter far; and lo!
Even as Amasis bows to boded woe,
Even as his robe, with a sad cry, he rends,
The accomplishment is here.

The sun that from the Egyptian plain descends,
And leaves in holy shade
Those strange gods dreaming throned by the vast colonnade,
Burns over the far sea,
Firing the peak of Asian Mycale,
Firing a cross raised on the mountain side!
Polycrates the Fortunate hangs there:
The false Orætes hath him in a snare;
Now with his quivering limbs his soul is crucified,
And in his last hour first
He tastes intensest life and loss; he burns
With ecstasy of thirst;
Nought recks he even of his dearest now,
Moaning for breath, nor pity he discerns
On the dark Persian's brow:
Grave on his milk-white horse, in silks of Sidon shawled,
The Satrap smiles, and on his finger turns
The all-envied emerald.

Laurence Binyon.

"LES SONNEURS" OF GASTON
LA TOUCHE

BEFORE a window insolent with saints,
Coped mordant saints seethed in deep tracery,
With glad delirious ferocity
Two women and a man past all restraints
Tug tangled bell-ropes, with inhuman plaints
Leap to their rise and swing back drunkenly.
Hail they some feast or spousals here on high
That sick with rapture one wench nearly faints?

Nay, nay; I know; it is a muffled peal
They groan with as each bell-rope yields and lifts.
One has died mad who chilled this man's love-heat
And lied these women's lovers to her feet;
Wherefore upon their strained and sweat-soaked shifts
This hectic window's furious colours reel.

Gordon Bottomley.

PLAGUE IN THE WEST COUNTRY

I AM the meresman, the meresman old,
From far Whitehall the trust I hold.
I keep the peace twixt Lord and Knight,
And none may count my word as light:
Each rood of land I know aright.

Every year, as the waters turn
To fill the bed of the winter bourne,
Folk fall sick, and some folk die;
And every spring, as the stream runs dry,
More folk fall as Death goes by.

But of the years I have lived to see,
This is the worst that has come to me:
A plague has smitten the place I love,
A foul plague sent from the Lord above,
The power and strength of His wrath to prove.

The village lies in a misty shroud;
No sound is heard but the death-bell loud.
The sexton wonders if he could tell,
As he pulls the rope of that passing bell,
When he may need his own death-knell.

The plough-share rusts in the wasting ground,
No wonted clangs from the smithy sound;
The fruit-trees wither in woeful blight;
The walls are blotched with a leprous white,
And rats walk out in broad daylight.

The weeds grow rank in the garden plot;
The sheep die out on the plain to rot;
The devil-scritches, without a cry,
Twist and twirl as swift they fly,
Writing black letters on the sky.

Parson is ill and the doctor's wife,
Each day closes another life,
And seventy souls in our village lie
Waiting on death expectantly,
Wondering who will be next to die.

I am the meresman, the meresman old,
From far Whitehall the trust I hold.
I know the marks upon the plain,
And if with the others I be ta'en,
Who'll know the marks of his land again?

A. Hugh Fisher.

SHADOWS: A TRIPTYCH

I

THE room centred upon the lamp. From under its shade of green silk a light fell full and soft, making restful shadows, brightening only the bare rosewood table. Through the open window the beat of the intermittent street-traffic fanned in; now and again the curtains rustled faintly; once there was a muffled footstep on the stairs; always the grey smoke of the cigar coiled, twirled, and finally was lost, in the only light.

For another half-an-hour the one occupant sat in expectant quietude—a watcher in the shadows, with an eye now for the ordered rows of books which lined the opposite wall, now for a letter which lay plain and rigid under the lamp, most often for the wild scroll of the carpet—a lifeless gaze which induced a certain aching rest, as if there were a stay of time while both memory and anticipation failed to oust the consciousness that it was only the present that must be met. But at length, on the chiming of a clock, he sprang to his feet, pocketed the letter, and snatched up the coat and hat which lay on a chair near by. Then, irresolute, he took out the letter once again, and let the full light of the lamp fall upon it. A moment later he had flung down the coat and hat, and re-settled himself to wait, his eyes downcast, his sharply-cut features dulled well-nigh beyond expression. The air began to surge in his ears, the rattle of the street racked his nerves, at the sound of the closing of a door he visibly started, then sank back with a groan when it was shown that the incomer was not the one for whom he waited. Minute after minute trailed by; the hour was struck, and again he sprang from his chair. A

photograph of a woman caught his eye, and with strained fingers he held it too in the flush of light. Long he looked, seeking thereby the better to renew the sense of the woman's presence, to urge, to compel himself with it: an indulgence as rich as might be until sight was lost and the picture filmed into the bare, throbbing intimations which condemned him. Then with uncertain movements he crossed the room and stood touching a writing-desk. Mechanically he took paper and envelope from a drawer, but only to turn aside, to go to the window and look out on the night. A man in evening dress sprang from a cab and rang the bell of a house on the opposite side of the street. A moment later a woman in elaborate white was accompanying him down the steps in a flood of yellow light, which fell through the open door, her laugh breaking the burdensome stillness. The shortest clatter, and they had gone, the door was closed, the street was voiceless as the heavy sky; only memory or fancy could make the prior and the following pictures. And quickly they both fell to work. The little commonplace scene was perfect in its indications, showing no less what would be lost than what would be gained. On the one hand the glitter and sway of a dexterous society; on the other, a misery of avoidance and concealment; nay, perhaps— But put aside that chance! Enough remained to weigh—woman's beauty and love against the consciousness of frank avowal; ruin against a tinkling hope, a fantasia for the senses against a rasping dirge. Was it possible to make a comparison? Was it not madness to lose a single chance of escape?

At last he was writing.

"Dear Hubert," the letter ran, "I have waited all evening for you—waited to tell you the plain truth. And now, however scant my words, they must suffice at the moment. I am ruined—my marriage to Henrietta to-morrow is impossible—unless I have assistance. The moneys which you left in my care I have used myself. I am cursed by want of luck, and to-day a letter has reached me from Phelps & Co. saying that *the coin must be found at once*.—KENNETH."

He fastened up the letter, sealed it, and placed it under the lamp.

"Dare I leave it there?" he asked himself. Then confessed: "My God! what does it matter if it is seen?" It was an agony so to state his case, but a cross-thought was with him too. "He loves her—loves her passionately; and it's my only chance!"

II

As he went down to breakfast, it occurred to him that the increase of good spirits which he was experiencing called for some explanation. When he had arrived at the hotel the night before, he had been ready to anticipate his death—if only from damp feet, lack of appetite, and weariness of the long drive from Windermere Station. For hours he had felt himself dangerously near the rain; for hours he had been aware of the unpleasantness of his mission. Dim anticipations of loss had beset him—loss which he had told himself would be final, the while instinctively he had accepted its afflictions as temporary; and even so anticipated, more as a fiction which must be allowed sway, than as a truth which took possession by force. The solid clouds, low down in the valleys, which he had seen from the train, had been as depressing as the steamy station in its bustle had been irritating; the polished comforts of the hotel where he had waited for his carriage had been enjoyed to the batter of an insistent summons to get on his way, and have done for a spell with the bullying weather.

Nor had he slept particularly well; nor was he sufficiently acquainted with the vagaries of the climate to know that he might foretell an immediate spell of sunshine. And yet without doubt he was more cheerful. When he entered the coffee-room he suffered himself to be looked at without a flicker of disdain; as he munched his bacon-and-eggs he admitted with easiest indifference that his fellow-visitors were dressed, for the most part, as if their intelligence was fruitlessly hunting for a foil. Who knew?—some day he too might carry a guide-book and be capable of intelligent enjoyment; or even walk about in spats, and explain that the Matterhorn scarcely afforded a climb unless you went up the east face; quickly thereafter contriving a word on primary formations, basalt more particularly; and by dexterous avoidance of his neighbour's pro-

gramme of self-indulgences, pave the way to Ruskin, and experimental meanderings in Venice.

Anyhow, he was about to spring from his present estate, was he not? And it was by no means likely that he would drift into an enchanted seclusion, weaving mysteries that grew real, helping to the patronage of the circulating libraries. Twenty years of the carnival of London society were not to be scored off with a sweep of the brush of intention—even if the existence of the intention was beyond doubt. But was it? He had travelled to the heart of the Westmoreland hills after much thinking, determinedly, strongly, honestly; when his course was fixed, he would adopt it without flinching. But somehow he did not appeal for chastisement. It would give him satisfaction to meet the icy demonstrations of a continent tabooing with a glance still colder. It was not solitude he feared, but the further gentlenesses of friends: inability to make the hours spin, and a pitying forgiveness. Here the essentials of his nature were shown, as he knew: he could not hope wholly to make his life; and on certain sides he was stiff to brittleness with pride.

In answer to his inquiries, they pointed out a cottage fifty yards from the road, squat and cosy, with a slip of the lake for prospect, and the base of the southern spur of the Old Man; nearer, a bevy of trees, a sloping field of grass, and, for the stranger, an untraceable shade cast by the mist-veiled rocks behind.

"Mr. Willin at home?" he asked.

The luck was against him. Mr. Willin had gone out—doubtless for his favourite morning walk. If the gentleman cared to follow, the way could be shown him. Mr. Willin seldom went far at that time of day, but sat somewhere and read.

He went on the way pointed out—first a level course amid pastures, then an ascent between flanks of trees on steep banks of fern and grass, a brook hard-driven at one side. The music, the colours, the sweet dankness half won away his senses, removing to a further point the errand of which, nevertheless, he was uneasily aware. A hint came to him that he was on the threshold of a life which was allied with the life of a *religieux*, yet free of all beseechments—a receipt only through a studious avoidance of all requests; an absorption of the generous purity of trickless nature. Standing still, he won back his breath and a confidence in his thin

over-strained shoes, ventured to look around him with firm eyes, to saturate his nerves with the moist warmth and elusive whisperings; until sight failed, and a waft of his childhood swept over his heart, quickly dimming into space, to the sharpening of the real outlook, and the deep falling of his spirits.

There was a scurry on the left bank, then a heavy leap over the brook on to the road, and a sudden arrest of the new-comer.

"Kenneth!"

The voice and the quick step told him what the beard and the sun-burn for the moment had withheld.

"Hubert!"

They were hand in hand, both astir, and both bent on evasions.

"I've been to your place, and they sent me up here."

"We're lucky to meet, by Jove!" There was a pause scarce measurable, though of smart action on the pair, before he added:

"Well, shall we go on?"

"It won't rain, you think?"

"Not a drop. The mist's lifting now." He took a step up the hill. "When did you come?"

"Last night—in a deluge."

Hubert laughed at the implied grievance.

"My dear fellow, we feed on moisture here! But what's the news? How is everybody?"

"Oh, well enough! You've heard from Maude?"

"Rather! She told me all the gossip of the county, not to mention her engagement. I'm awfully glad, Kenneth."

"Yes, Rollerton's a good sort."

"Poor old Barcliffe used to declare that there was no limit to his chances; and I don't believe there was until he sent in his papers." He laughed again, in a humour as steady as his stride, as fresh as his skin.

"He's taken Ollerton's farm in Hampshire."

"Heavens!"

"And now Maude's swearing she can grow lettuces herself!"

"Rosemary, more likely," was the softened answer. Then, on a spurt: "You've not told me how Henrietta is."

Kenneth winced, but contrived to make his tone woolly enough.

"Oh! she's well, thanks. She's with her people in Scotland at present."

The stock of chatter was being drained severely, and it was to the relief of both to trudge on to a slower accompaniment of words—their eyes on the road ahead, for the most part, a score of wonderings shared. Of spirits in the main opposed, the brothers had yet a quality or two in common—one, a quick drooping under small talk; another, a readiness to dissect sensations. And this although the sensations themselves owned kinship to their differing physical conditions: Hubert fair, well-knit, less agile than strong; Kenneth dark, loose-limbed, dexterous, impulsive. In the one case, a power of acceptance; in the other, a tendency to avoid the distressing; in both, warmth; in neither much energy.

The stranger halted of a sudden, with an exclamation of wondering pleasure. They had emerged upon the open hillside, and now were perched sheer above the narrow plain, guarded on the far side by the mountain range—a rich wooded plain, its farm-buildings white and solid amid deep greens, its streams tortuous and eager, its growths generous and sweet.

"Yes, it is a glorious spot!" Hubert acknowledged. "It would be hard to me to leave it."

The confession recalled to the other the object of his journey, and he welcomed it for the opening it afforded.

"I doubt if one scene of any kind is ever enough," he answered.

"Can we get more than the best, then?" He turned to his companion, smiling as he spoke, but hurriedly faced away again at sight of so much moodiness.

"I doubt if there is any single best thing, and I doubt if it's good for you to live here all alone."

Only the cheeriest of laughs came in reply; and Kenneth went on with some difficulty:

"I've come here to talk to you on the point, Hubert, if you'll let me." He made a mighty effort to get nearer the real issue. "I can't help feeling that you're having the dulllest of 'times.' You see no one, you have no amusements: it must be just one long, deadly, monotonous round." Again he paused, his breath coming in spasms. "I know what a change might involve for you, but—"

He was checked by a grasp on his arm which steeled his flaccid muscles.

"You're on the wrong tack, old man: I don't wish for a change. For everything that I have lost, I have more than one gain. I should not like quite to lose touch with you all, but for the rest, this place has become quite a home for me, and I am more than content." He stayed an answer with a harder pressure on the arm, and added, even more warmly: "Have no fear for me, old fellow: I'm chirpy as a robin, and not a quarter so quarrelsome. I love these mountains and valleys; I love my books and solitude—or at least"—and he smiled enigmatically—"as much solitude as a man can get and remain civilised, don't you know. By Jove! how the sky is clearing! Come on, and I'll show you the finest view in the world!"

His enthusiasm was not to be overridden by another's scruples, and they walked on at the stranger's best pace until they stood on the summit of an isolated knoll.

"Look!" Hubert demanded.

The mist, drawn by the sun, was rising from the mountains like steam; at their feet lay a tarn, a mirror of colours borrowed from the bracken dying on rocky slopes, from the grass, from the clumps of sentinel firs and larches. Wetherlam showed a dark ridge above the veil; the nearer, lesser heights stood clear. Frank beauty, pitted against mystery, was conquering with ease; the morning promise was being fulfilled; once more the earth was receiving her dowry.

"Is there no gain here?"

But Kenneth could not answer: it was the moment of his first glimpse into the heart of utmost beauty. Scenes of the kind he had witnessed from childhood, but not until now had he received a suggestion of the underlying power. And to his dismay, the outlook which an hour before had offered him some brightness, told now, by faintest indications, of a certain co-operation of nature's forces which was not charged with anything more cherishable than awe. A flash scene of the life to which he was habituated showed its colours murky, its jewels sham, its flickerings of beauty hopelessly outvied by the gaudiness of the whole show. But no less surely an appealing look given thereupon to the growing mountains, on hot impulse, belaboured him with the knowledge

that in a second of time their power of command had gone too. Again as disturbing a glimpse into his indulgent life, again an unanswered request of the scene before him. As he stood there stricken and motionless, emotionally he occupied a place meaningless, inhuman, impossible: the penalty of his lack of individuality.

"I never knew what such a scene could be to one until I came here." Hubert spoke as if in merest comment.

"What can it be?" the other asked incredulously.

"Oh! I couldn't express the feeling in words," was the brisk answer. "It comes with the knowledge that you've done with 'the world,' as we call it—of course I don't mean with people: it fills in the blank spaces somehow—most experiences make them, you know. And it gives the exact level of everything, and thus prevents any one note, so to speak, from being heard out of the whole chord."

"A fancy which must wear away, man!" Kenneth cried: "you've always had them, of one kind or another."

Slowly the pinnacles of the western mountains were coming into sight; in the east Fairfield loomed, Seat Sandal, and Rydal Fell; a column of mist was rising from Scandale. Now the zenith was azure; only patches of the thinning vapour clung in the clefts and hollows of the northern slopes; the paths were light green amid russet and red; the murmurous fall of water was on the air, broken by the softened cawing of rooks in the far-hidden valley, by the plaint of sheep a-wander for fresh pasturage. A moment later, the rocks had grown brighter under the strengthened sun; a faint breeze rippled the tarn, swerved, and fell back; in the south-west the lake showed, a sheet of grey below whiter greys, the near shore a hazy green; the giant mass of the Old Man and Wetherlam taxed the sight, inducing a fall of the eyes to the valley, widening until it merged with the fields; or a fall to the cliffs of Yewdale, sheer to their fringe of trees.

"A fancy?" Hubert echoed. "Anyhow, it is my gain."

"Gain? perhaps; but it is not all of life!" Helplessly he fell back upon the thoughts which, in part, had bidden him set off on his mission. "Grant that it is enjoyable at a time like this—" He broke off, crying recklessly: "Hubert, I can't bear that you should suffer it! I'll wrong you no more! Go back—take my place—and let me tell the truth!"

The fire in his speech was in his look also, but neither destroyed the other's quietude.

"Go back?" he queried. "Give up this life? Why should I? What good could it do? No one is wronged now: the secret is yours and mine."

"And the guilt mine alone!"

"No disclosure could alter that," was the gentle rejoinder.

"But you—shut up here, suspected, ostracised—"

"Not ostracised," he was told, with a confident smile.

"You have friends who know?" It was his instinctive habit to associate country places with purity of morals and keenest scrupulousness.

"I have one who knows—not all the facts, but just that I am innocent." He faced his companion, but half-shyly. "Kenneth, old chap, I'm going to be married!"

"Married!" He was amazed, and, somehow, afraid too.

"Think of your wife, and then think of what my position is, apart from my love of this." He threw out his arm to indicate the scene before them, then waited in kindest appeal, wondering at the tightening of his brother's lips, the narrowing of his eyes.

"I've asked nothing of you hitherto," he went on; "but I ask this now—the only tribute I do ask: leave me in my peace, without question, without fear. For I'm happy, Kenneth—quite happy. To declare my innocence to the world would be to torture me with the fear of being called saint or hero. I want nothing but what I have. Go back! Your place is in the whirl!"

Bewildered, he could but bow before the ruling. And yet, the whirl, the maddening, killing whirl—could he enter it again? But was he even then out of it? "Think of your wife!"—the woman who had been spared his ignominy, for whom Hubert, with magnificent strength, had burdened himself! And now, by a cunning fate, even he had so far forgotten his old self as to ask for a wife! Of course it was there that his satisfaction made firm its roots.

He laughed aloud over the charms of so fair a constancy; vowed riotously that only virtue found a fit reward. Was not he himself condemned to a well-bred avoidance of his decent reputation? When chained to a principle, it was easy to believe even Hubert dangerous: his prime object was always gained, the

cardinal truth always in evidence. And in the consequent peace a woman had flitted across his track! The dainty miracle of nature! To think now: he himself had a wife, had he not? Henrietta, by name—a charmer whom he had driven from his side, God knew why! The spirit that the girl had shown! Surely it was beyond explanation that the hapless victim should endeavour to set off one loss against another; to curry favour with fortune by backing the devil! He had punished himself in going so far with her: another miracle of nature! But he could win her back; he would win her back. He needed her, in all truth: that mood of jovial bitterness was too helpless to last long. He hated the whirl, the tricks were becoming too obvious, shadows were dulling the flashes; and he hated himself, alone. But with her—

Already he was on his way to Scotland.

III

They told him at the station that the house stood half-a-mile north of the river. As he was going there on foot, he would do well to take the field-path which ran to the left of the road around a clump of larches. A few hundred yards farther the house would come into view, and a green wicket would show the way through the wood and past the chapel on to the main drive.

"The chapel?" he questioned, with some interest: it was so thoroughly the fact that not all his wife's friends were his.

The station-master fixed him with an omniscient stare.

"There's godly ways," he answered, with exactly the needful show of enigma.

Perhaps it added a grain to the weighty air of the sultry afternoon, but in any event Kenneth's temptation to dally received no new strength. The physical condition was not at that moment to be neglected, but his prospect was more comforting. A certain knowledge of the human heart, acquired by unconscious absorption, became of use—a commanding knowledge of first-rate service to one who had to ask for something which nevertheless was not to be described by even the beggar. Indeed, as he strolled on under the lowering sky and caught the nervous rustle

of the leaves, more and more surely he was ready to congratulate himself on his good chances; the suggestions of disruption without proclaimed more emphatically the calm within. In truth, his situation was, in respect of himself, much as Henrietta's was, surely, in respect of the world: a power of toleration in view of the circumstances, one circumstance being that an improvement might reasonably be expected; another, that to strive after that improvement constituted the single chance of lasting satisfaction. In his case, at all events, the effort need not be very strenuous: the intention would count for much; but effort there must be, if only because he really wanted to be other than he had been; because he was not too much of a *roué* to have a *flair* for the permanently beneficial; and because Henrietta would meet him on that ground more readily than on any other. For always she had been "good"; always, it had seemed to him, society had made way for her in unconscious tribute to her greater claims. And so, for a while, it had been easy to be brutal to her: so many opportunities she had given, so passionless had been her reprisals. Had she allowed herself a fling in her turn, in his self-despising he could have held her back with a strenuousness, one half of which at least would have represented deep need; but her unuttered reproaches, the sight of her gliding round him in ever-widening circles—by this eternal flickering he was impelled to wound her the more, at any cost to himself. Until now, when the unreal hope which had actuated him gave place to a hope the most real. The former was the perverse desire that the world would discover through his treatment of his wife the power of offence which Hubert had kept hidden; the latter, that Henrietta would be satisfied by his declarations of sincere regret and dexterously reputable conduct thereafter—the one to be openly professed, the other to be demonstrated as occasion offered: he really could not display his stripes more openly. And she would receive him with all her lovely gentleness; the white fingers would draw down his head; the touch of the pure lips would be holy as a sacrament. A word she would speak, and under its chastening he would stand by her side fitly, rightly, confessed to the best of all confessors—a tutored self; free of the recollection of vulgar committals, and of the baneful knowledge of having gone, by a shade, too far.

He was at the wicket, and there in its deep cordon of trees stood the chapel. Its walls, darkened with age, were a barrier of gloom in the dull light; the glass of the windows scarcely betrayed its colours; its Gothic roof sprang featureless; its mullioned windows were void of a hint of tracery. Spiritless it stood, its pretensions foiled, its simplicities without charm, while only the tremors of the leaves made sounds; or perchance the heavy flight of a bird hastening from shadow to shadow; or the smothered chirpings of an insect. A log inviting him, he passed through the wicket, the better to feel the enwrapping peace. On the mountains the vastness had withheld him, but here were embowering shadows. They symbolised the condition in which he was about to live—the condition of a busied seclusion, in the company of Henrietta, the past and its riot cut off, the presence of a beautiful purity insuring his secret repentance.

He took off his hat and leaned forward, resting his arms on his knees. What a ramp his life during the last five years had been! Heavens! there had been moments when he had declared that a certain permanent excellencè lay back of the glare after all: a gem within a crust of hardened dust; a calm through excess of racket; a chastity through excess of indulgence! He must have been very nearly mad then, very nearly dead to purity, very nearly in the sleep of a pampering sloth. But now—

He looked up quickly. Surely that grinding sound had been made by footsteps on the gravel path? In a tumult he kept his eyes on the point where the path from the house to the chapel emerged from the dense thicket into the freer space. Possibly someone was going to the chapel—Henrietta it might be? And she would see him! Almost involuntarily he shifted, until hidden in part by the bole of a massive tree. But he could see the new-comer. A flicker of white amid the thinning tangle announced a woman; a second later it was conveyed that her pace was slow and measured. Then she came into full sight—her figure somewhat tall, her dress all white, her head bent over a small book. Alternately appearing and disappearing, as the array of trees willed it, she passed on until but a few paces from the chapel-door. Then her hands fell to her sides, and turning, she looked up into the curtain of green which gave the light of exquisite softness to the scene. Was she not speaking? With strenuous precautions

against betrayal he slipped on to his knees, then stretched forward until he was prone upon the ground.

"Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things!
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust:
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings."

He could just catch the words, waving, fluttering, rising, deepening; their sense now emboldening him, now filling him with vague fear.

A moment longer she looked up, motionless, as if in an ecstasy of contemplation. Then for a flash of time her face was turned full to his. He could detect the tint of fine health upon her cheek, the glisten of her eyes; the lines of her lips, it seemed, were firmer to that inexpressible degree to which her figure was more slender than when last he had seen it.

"Henri!" Had the call escaped him? Had she heard it? His heart was beating furiously, but it steadied as she disappeared within the building. If she had heard, she would have started; and he—what would he then have done?

The thought was lost under the stress of his impulse to follow her, secretly, the better to kill the sense of estrangement which was threatening to take possession of him. The door was open: he could steal in, hide in some shadow, and feel again the lure of her presence. Then slip to her side, or let her see him when she left the place—see him so far near her that he could join her in her sanctuary, if not in the same spirit, at all events with as worthy an intention. If he could not humble himself by confession, none the less he could reform.

Noiselessly he drew aside the curtain stretched across the inner doorway, and sought for the figure in simplest white. There she knelt in the front one of the short row of pews, her head bare, her hands held out before her, clasped and tense: the one point of clear outline. A cloth upon the altar, of heavy gold and crimson, and a rail of brass caught the best light, and yet served but to break the shade; the tints of the window quickly merged in the grey hue that was spread on all sides, to the creation of mystery, the dulling of sight, and the soul's inquiry of itself. The heavy silence, the unreality of the chamber, shot a fear into him; his project was belittled, then fell to pieces. Could it be that she, his

wife, could find rest there? How motionless she knelt! Was she praying, or just thinking, dreaming, contemplating? On an impulse he slipped behind the curtain, and, noiselessly entering the nearest pew, knelt down, adopting her attitude exactly.

The shadows were deepening: it seemed that a storm was at hand. How it would crash about that sepulchral spot! The shudder that passed through him renewed his fear lest he should announce himself to the worshipper. But was not that precisely his purpose in entering the place? What other reason had he for making the journey from the south than that of winning back his wife?

Ah! she was speaking again. The chant-like tones just reached his ears.

"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!
How is she become as a widow!
She that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces,
How is she become tributary!"

Could he ever repeat the lines? Of a sudden his brain cleared, and he saw his chances in the whitest light. If Henrietta was living in an atmosphere of utmost frankness, then by what other charm than frankness could she be won? By aid of what other charm could he so much as approach her? Her days were being spent more surely than ever, more surely than he could have guessed, in a world denied him now, if indeed he had ever trodden it. How, then, could he approach her?

Almost as night it had become in the chapel; the wind swept with a moan, to usher in a greater silence. Again a sweep, again silence; so some minutes went by, while still the figure in white knelt, and still the man behind watched and wondered. Could he pass to her side and confess? He pictured himself in humble attitude before her, felt the gentle pity of her look, and the inquisitive glances offered by her friends. That on the one hand; on the other, what? He recalled the readiness of a score of women to receive his bantering advances, indulged himself with the frolic and brilliance of a hundred scenes which ever might be witnessed. Unsatisfying scenes, God knew! but yet capable of allurement, were they not? maddening, yet not destructive? But to confess, even to her; thereafter to feed upon the offerings of her kindness—! Towards a woman of the world he could have

adopted another method—made love, promised the thousand things which desire can always make sure of performing. But before *her*, his very shudders would betray him, did he not throw off the cloak of secrecy. And if he did throw it off—the humiliation which must follow!

A peal of thunder burst down; a lightning-flame lit up a window in hideous threat. He glanced at his wife. She had but just turned towards the spot where the flash had shown, and now once again hung down her head in pious exercise. Another peal, and then he heard the subdued voices of men in the vestibule, reminding him of a myriad actualities for a moment left behind, urgent of a myriad devilries. Again and again Hubert's words shrieked in his ears:

“Your place is in the whirl! Your place is in the whirl!”

He sprang to his feet and dashed aside the curtain, to find himself face to face with two servants in livery. They started back and won his riotous laugh. Then out into the storm he bounded, taking the path by which he had come. Through the wicket, past the clump of larches, along the road, on and on he went, until, exhausted, he leaned upon a gate. And as he rested there in the fury of the storm, his head fallen upon his arms, another memory of Hubert came to him: Hubert as lover, as husband, in an idyllic home. Then he knew for a certainty that he was alone.

Arthur H. Holmes.

SHUT IN

I OFTEN call him a sentimentalist to his face, and tell him plainly that I fear he will never come to anything. At the same time I should not be surprised if I woke one morning and found him famous, so quietly and contentedly does he work away at his pictures. This is the story he told me in a confiding humour before we were very well acquainted.

It is a long time ago. I daresay you know well the little place in which it happened. Most people do. It rains there for two-thirds of the year. The remaining third is heavenly—you think. But if you are one of its summer visitors only, spending there your foolish holiday, you will hardly feel the point of the thing; still less will it appear to have much point if you should happen to be only a week-end tripper on your day-and-a-half rush there from your shop in Liverpool and back to shop again on Monday. For thus, in all probability, you would be either an unclassed imbecile or a mere outsider; and neither of these people, you know, need ever hope to understand artists and artists' troubles. Moreover, the little branch line by which you are now conveniently switched off the main, and landed in about an hour and a half for the score of miles at the said little village where the business occurred, was not then built. Possibly the fact does not strike you as tragic. But then you are rich. You have never known what it is not to have any money—not to have enough money to travel, when getting home was the question. You have always had some. So had we. And that is one of the things which contributed to our damnation. For if we had had no money it might have gone well with us. Better, any how, with me at least. Then I had not dared to stir from my garret in London—and had been easier in mind to-day.

It had been raining for five weeks without a break in our mountain-bound prison. I had jumped out of bed one morning after a dream which must have come straight from the infernal region, and was still shuddering from its effect, combined with that of my icy tub (though it was only October, the mountain water there chilled you to the bone), when a brother artist nicknamed "Flam" (*flamma*, a flame; or *flam*, a freak) kicked open my door, threw himself on the bed, and said:

"I can't stand this much longer."

"This?"

"This! this! *that*!—Look out there, will you, and tell me now what the deuce all our boshing about Nature comes to! Have you ever—look at those hills! Look at the colour of them: look at that sky—sucking at each other! Do you intend to put in another autumn staring at that?"

He threw his open hand, like a bird's talons attempting to clutch something, wildly at the window, through the leaky sashes of which a curdling wind was singing its dimmest accompaniment to the repeated swishing of the rain-scud. The hills and sky certainly did look as if they would mingle into one another's being, as the poet says. During a lull you could see just above the first half a mile away the *quantity* of rain falling like dirty water,—you know: water contaminated with soot; then blown away again. The big river, in full spate, thundered its loudest a hundred yards off.

"Nature!" continued Flam—thumping his breast—"curse Nature! it's all *here*."

Now this was the first word of heresy uttered amongst us. We were sworn Preraphaelites—seven of us. (The mystical number seven—our only reason for blackballing Ramsden.) We therefore did not care much for giving ourselves away; even to each other; even when drunk. Some men, you know, will never tell each other anything. Not even when going down into the dark valley. It is just: "Give my love to Emma. Kiss me, Hardy." Then they turn over.

Flam was the best of us. He had left his home to a drunken retired military person of a father. I could never get from him exactly how the final rupture was brought about. Anyhow, he left; and we "met later on in Town," like all the world. Then

came the notion amongst us of a new "P-R. B." And straight-way we set it up—there, of all places in the world!

So Flam, after giving himself away, looked a little queer. We were not a sympathetic body; but partly to keep him in countenance, and chiefly because it was a truth wrung from me, I said:

"I felt a bit that way myself."

"I think a fellow should pray," said he.

"Pray!" I ejaculated. (I had been praying secretly for about two months, and felt better for it. I feared insanity.)

"Yes, by gad!—pray!" I said nothing. After a time he continued:

"It's not like being in prison, like—Bunyan or—well—it's—being in your own private lunatic asylum—shut in by yourself.—Stuff that confounded window-sash, can't you?"

You could see that he was badly touched in the nerves. What perhaps you couldn't see, was that I was powerless to help him. I would have opened a vein cheerfully to save him: he was a dear fellow. That was not the kind of help he wanted. He wanted what we all wanted; what we always die for lack of—love. Not to *be* loved; but to love. To love with the divine love: to love some God, some thing, some woman. Those of the brotherhood who are still alive have possibly found out this long ago.—Too late, no doubt. I saved my own precious skin by reason of the love I had for nature, art, Flam. It left me some power of action at the last moment. If I had remained a day weeping in that place I should have stuck; probably followed him to suicide.

Then, Flam had the soldier in his blood. He was more physical than any of us—more vital, as you would say: walking us all off our feet; climbing and swimming where we dared not venture; bringing home at day's-end delightful little bits on his square inches of canvas; but—once touched in the nerves, frightened at himself, the sad knowledge growing upon him that he had not chosen the right vocation, and that those who choose wrongly must always remain obscure: that paralysed him.

I knew he had not said a word to the other fellows. This gave me a flutter of dismal satisfaction. It need not: they were all as sick as himself! Three of them were getting consolation by soaking "Scotch"—living on it. The other two sulked worse than the weather, and as continuously. The very best I could do

for Flam was to try and get him to speak out. I dared not set him the example. We were frozen hard. You know—ready to be at each other's throats.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"Everything—*ad naus.*," he replied, with a groan.

"Well, what about cutting this show?" I threw out.

He rolled back—his face was turned to the wall—and looked at me.

"How?" he asked, as if he had had a revelation. The suggestion was madness itself.

"Tramp," I suggested.

For, you know, we lived as best we could. If one of us sold a picture, he paid the general debts as far as possible, and for everything else as far as possible, so long as the cash held out. Then a couple of us had shares in something, and when the dividends arrived twice a year it was deemed a matter of honour as between good Socialists at enmity with Capital to blue the lot as quickly as possible. Filthy stuff, we called it; and filthy stuff it fetched. That which goeth into a man defileth him exceedingly if he doesn't happen to be in a wholesome state of soul. But the townspeople liked our ways. We were "staying" guests, or they would know for why. So Flam rejoined:

"Shoot the moon?—And what about the whole boiling?"

He waved his hand towards the "studio" end of my bedroom.

Now I knew well enough that he for his part didn't care a twopenny about his own "whole boiling" but for appearances. "Keeping up appearances," you see, is the thing which keeps the rotten plank of society from letting us all through in a single slap. And what had would-be revolutionists to do with society! The German poet says something about nature punishing us if we destroy our illusions. He is right. But nature punishes us more severely still for keeping up our illusions too long—after they are skeletons, and the brains are out.

Anyhow, just when Flam turned his haggard but handsome olive-hued face, with its great dark brown eyes and crown of red hair, upon me, I experienced something which made what else he said during that quarter of an hour more tragic than anything in my life. Or was it the real tragedy of the next day, when I got his body out of a hole five miles down the river, that cast

back its light upon these last few minutes we had of each other? For that was Flam's escape.

I felt lifted up: as one suddenly predestined to understand that tragic life is, and tragic it cannot but be: as though I should never again be guilty of the least levity towards anyone; rigidly determined on my part to face the facts—days of prose or of appalling calamity—cheerfully. You understand? I should have been thankful for that feeling. It is a good one. I should not have acted the hard pedant—as young fellows never cease to do—by playing off my sudden access of “splendid stoicism” on another, and that other in mental torment. One can overplay the part of Stoic as well as the minor parts. It was as if every word my boy said just then reached out a hand to me for help, strove to draw me down towards him;—as if his voice cried to me to be merely human to him on this his last day. He was hungry as a woman for an outburst of tears. And yet his actual words were quite commonplace:

“Tramp! Do you mean beggar it? And—and sit on Highgate Hill next week viewing your accursed city *minus* everything but rags and broken boots?”

“Oh, as for the down-at-heel part of it, we could sell the—the “whole boiling,” I muttered; turning with a casual air to make my morning cup of coffee at the stove I had now set going.

“Yes,” he rejoined:—“could we, though?—And how Grashaw and Lang would grin at us!” (Crashaw and Lang didn't believe in Nature—had been the scoffers in chief.)

I shrugged. He pulled his knees up to his chin and clasped his arms round them in a sort of fury. I grew cooler and cooler. We were not a sympathetic lot, we Preraphaelites.

“You think they may have done better?” I suggested, beginning to feel how wrong was the tone I took. It struck me then that possibly he was in a serious state; but I had gone too far with the tone. He very properly didn't reply. After a while he hissed, but as if in condemnation of some of his own acts merely:

“What rot!”

I felt inclined to suggest that to know a thing is rot is a necessary preliminary to making it sound again, but held my tongue.

I was far from feeling sound myself. And the observation seemed to apply cruelly to most of our doings. All this time, too, the knife was in my heart for love of him. The next day it bled.

In a few minutes he sprang up, and made a shallow pretence of feeling more easy by stretching himself and yawning. He had evidently not slept for a long time. Then he suddenly nodded:

"Addio."

"Adieu," I rejoined.

As soon as I felt the jerry-built little mansion shake when he had banged the hall door, I pitched my cup of coffee into the stove, and muttered something about having wasted the most precious part of the morning—angry with him and angrier with myself. He had destroyed the whole plan of a picture I conceived the night before. We were always angry with each other, we brothers; and it was as easy to break up our visions of pictures-to-be as breaking eggs.

The human animal, it seems, so soon as it becomes adult, will no more live nicely caged up with the males of its species than any other animal. It must be at liberty to go forth a little into the garden of romance and choose a mate with whom it may live sweetly, learning content—every contradiction notwithstanding. Men living in a house without women-kind become mere brute-beasts—"even as you and I." Women living alone with women become cretins. "Male and female created He them."

But we remained caged up in that damnable little prison, surrounded by its rain-compelling hills, for the period of two years and three months; for lack of honesty enough to tell each other to go to the deuce, where, God knows, we heartily wished each other twenty times a day: for lack of all manly resolution—belief. Belief, only sufficient to overcome our own follies in the first place—the habits we set up: indolence, wasting, drinking; and then the natural obstacles that beset us: Nature itself, our limitations, the sale of our work, the thousand-and-one canvas-splitting and frame-smashing worries with agents, and so forth. Moreover, no day found us all of one mind; or if it did, none of us dared to mention the subject of a preliminary outlay of twenty pounds for our transport to the nearest railway station; not to speak of our fares to London afterwards; and, furthermore, before we could leave at all there was the permission of certain

shopkeepers, whom we never paid off, to be obtained. For these men, owners for the most part of our only means of conveyance, kept as jealous an eye on each one of us as we kept on each other. You understand? That is how we got shut in.

But I forgot all such matters the next morning after I found his body in the river. As I looked on the dead face, appearing much as I had seen it on many a hot summer morning in the middle of the wildest bit of water, the Currock Boil—when we went down there first full of hope—I seemed to have parted company for ever with my chance of happiness in this world. I had been found helpless by my boy when he came to me in his extreme agony.

I could not think of him any more after that. And so it came about that for a long time I quite lost his face, as often happens with the faces of those we love. Only lately has he come back to me, with life and youth and the old joy about him—in dreams.

It was supposed that he had fallen into the river or been swept away while bathing during the spate, for nothing daunted him. I did not wait to see him buried. That night, in my wet clothes and with night in my heart, I took the road that leads to "Watling Street," and went south.

I never knew what became of the other members of the brotherhood; for after a few months we ceased to correspond. And I have never revisited, and shall never, I hope, revisit, the little town—not even to see Flam's grave. There are some things one is never quite wise enough to see.

Charles Weekes.

EIGHT PLATES AFTER VAN DYCK

1. THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I. After the Painting at Turin.
By arrangement with Mr. Domenico Anderson of Rome.
2. CASPAR GEVARTS. After Drawing in the British Museum.
3. PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF. After Etching.
4. LANDSCAPE. After a Body-colour Drawing in the British
Museum.
5. CORNELIUS VAN DER GEEST. After the Painting in the
National Gallery.
By arrangement with Mr. F. Hanfstaengl of Munich.
6. LANDSCAPE. After a Body-colour Drawing in the British
Museum.
7. LUCAS VORSTERMAN. After an Etching.
8. HENRICUS LIBERTI. After a Drawing in the British Museum.

1840

1841

1842

1843

1844

1845

1846

1847

1848

1849

1850

1851

1852

1853

1854

1855

1856

1857

1858

1859

1860





UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



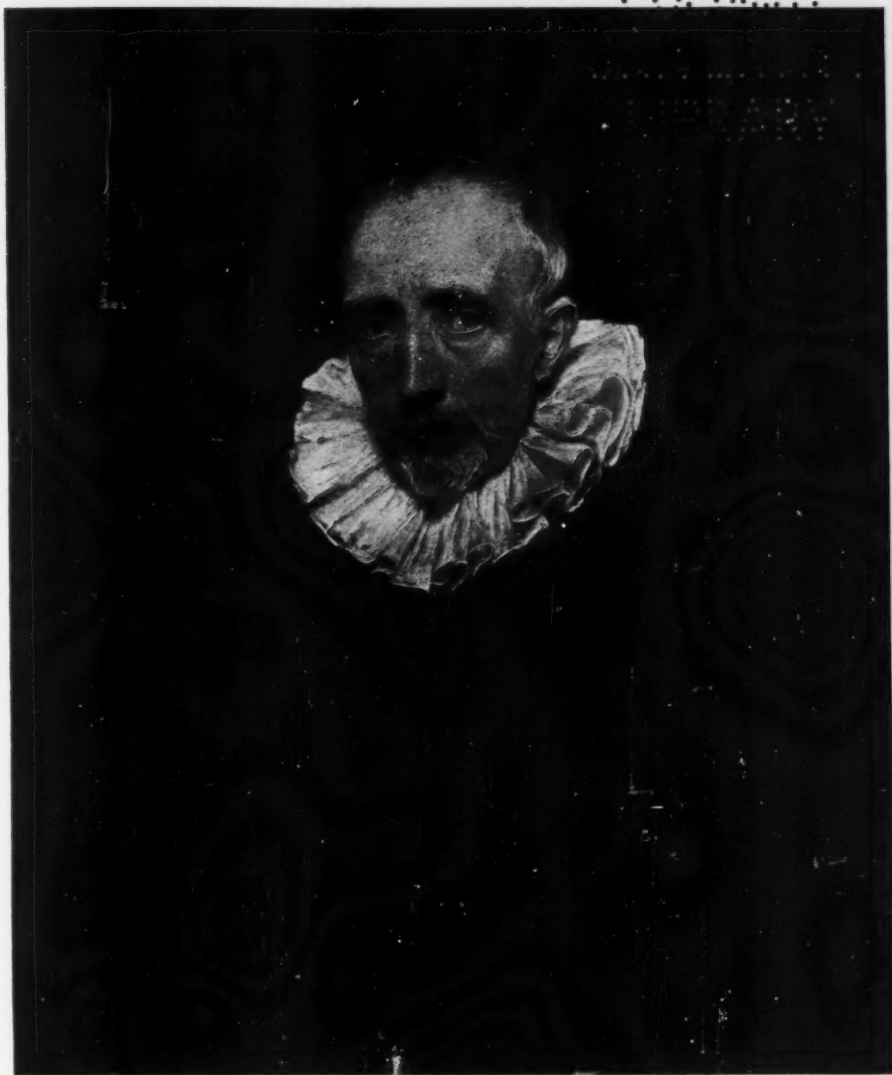
COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



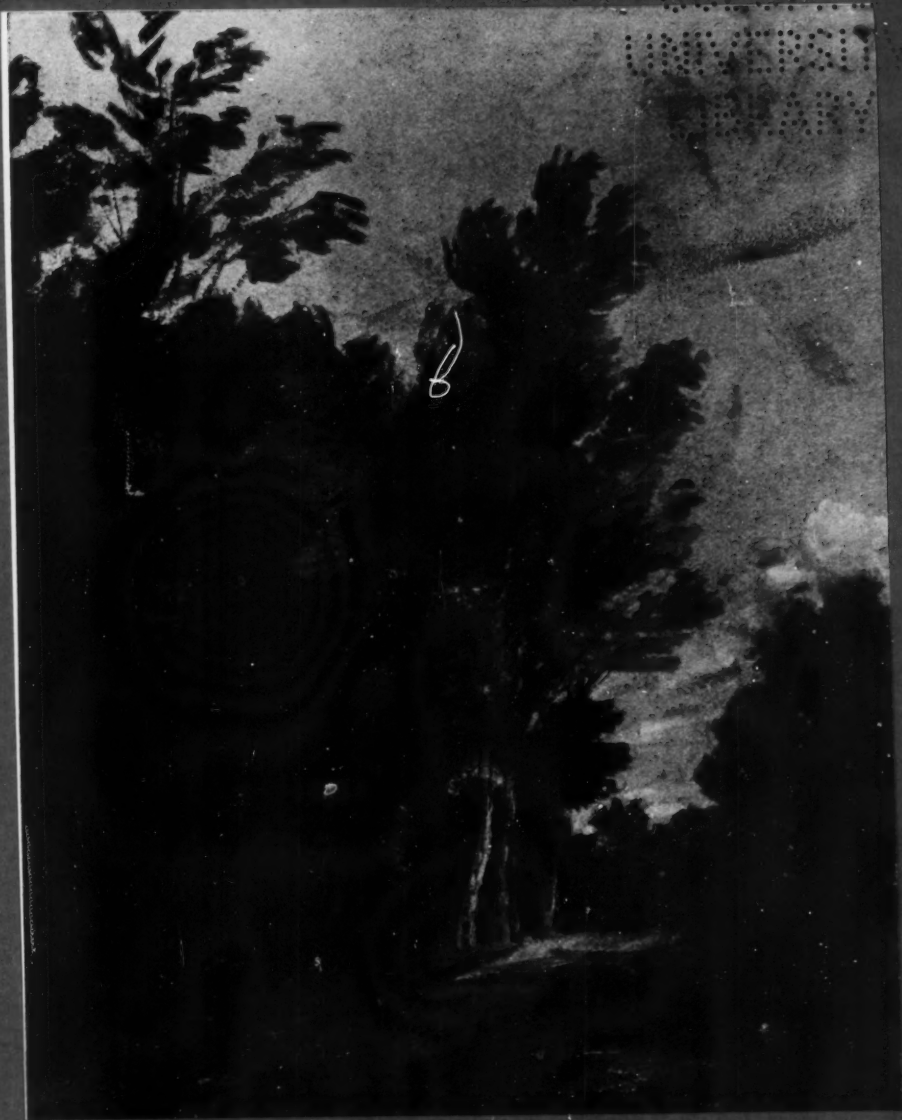
COLLEGE
LIBRARY
TREVIN



00 CAT



37A0100
VT123456789
VIA0000



COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

67



COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



1940

1941

1942

VAN DYCK, THE MASTER OF STYLE

THREE hundred years, except to a geologist, is a long period. It is not, therefore, very wonderful that the interest roused by the Van Dyck Tercentenary at Antwerp should be vague and scanty compared with the excitement of contemporary cricket and politics. Yet even if Van Dyck's fame were not overshadowed by these importunate rivals, it is doubtful whether this is the moment when his peculiar gifts can appeal to us most strongly. Possibly the forthcoming exhibition of his work at Burlington House may remove this indifference, but, at the moment, there is perhaps no great artist of whom we hear so little.

Eighteen years ago, so quickly does fashion veer about, a handbook on Flemish Painters, edited, and in part written, by Sir Edward Poynter, speaks of Van Dyck as follows:—" . . . Van Dyck shows in his pictures that *feeling* which is wanting in the works of Rubens. It is infinitely more pleasant to gaze on a Crucifixion or some other sacred subject from the pencil of Van Dyck, than to examine the more brilliant, but soulless, treatment of similar works by his master." How faint and far away that criticism sounds to us now! Our sympathy with the amazing vigour of Rubens causes his great pupil to seem by contrast only a supreme master of artifice. Our age has lost its easy way of looking at things, its satisfaction with elegant accomplishment, with that pseudo-classicism whose ideal was the correctness which a dunce can test for with perseverance and a yard-measure. Now we are all in deadly earnest, trying hard to do something or other, and letting the means take care of themselves.

This tendency is evident even in the great pioneers of modern painting. The lives of Constable and Rossetti, of Millet and

Puvis de Chavannes, are but one long record of contempt and ridicule on the part of academic authority, ending at best in grudging tolerance. Our own generation has no relics of tradition to live up to. Thus it is more honest, and doesn't hesitate to ask for the books, the music, and the pictures that it really likes. The pathos, the simplicity, the grandeur of Millet appeal to us so directly, that we don't stop to look if his pigment isn't rather too rocky, or to pull out a measure to prove that a peasant's arm is half an inch too long. We test a man's powers by the hardness of his hitting, and allow no points for style. Hard-hitting, of course, is necessary to victory in any fight, but the champions of the world have never become so by mere strength of arm. Style—in its essence, economy ordered by experience—is its necessary complement, which teaches a man how to strike with the least possible exertion to himself and the greatest possible effect. The man of great strength may do much without style, but would do more with it. Not to pursue the analogy further, it is enough to say that one of the chief dangers of our modern habit of mind is the tendency to imitate our great men blindly, without seeing that any lack of science, for which they compensate by main force, may be fatal to those whose constitutions are weaker.

I think, for this reason, that modern painters might give Van Dyck rather more attention than they usually do ; for as a master of the science of painting it would be hard to find his equal. Like Velasquez, he was born in the last year of the sixteenth century, and so was the inheritor of Italian Art at its ripest. He also had as his master one of the world's greatest men. His natural gifts were as fortunate as the time and place of his birth, for they combined extraordinary good taste with extraordinary sureness of eye and hand. Before he was twenty years old he was a famous painter, and had so completely possessed himself of the style of Rubens, that even now it is difficult at times to distinguish their works. The *St. Martin* at Windsor has such solidity of mass, robustness of design, and glowing Titianesque colour, that it is often given to Rubens, yet the practised eye may note a certain grace and suavity ordering the sinewy forms, the avoidance of that hint of riot of grossness that marks the radical difference between the master and the pupil. One can trace the

same difference in the National Gallery, where Van Dyck has copied his master's picture of *Theodosius and St. Ambrose*. Apart from the substitution of an actual portrait taken from a medal of the emperor, for the burly, bearded warrior of Rubens, there is ever so slight a change in the colour-scheme, a tendency towards silver grey where the elder man used golden brown. These changes are typical of the whole attitude of Van Dyck towards Art as he found it.

For Rubens, Theodosius is only a picturesque monarch—a type of kingly power opposing to the dignity of the Church—and he is satisfied so long as his emperor looks strong, impetuous, and accustomed to have his own way. Van Dyck is more in love with real people, and therefore gets a medal from which he paints his head, rather to the detriment of the picture. It is this love of reality that makes Van Dyck such a fine portrait-painter. Except in the work of the last years of his life, when he relied too much upon his assistants, he painted the great men and the great ladies of his day with a skill and insight as wonderful in their way as the skill and insight of Velasquez, adding to these creatures of courts just a touch of his own courtier spirit, but otherwise letting them appear as they really are. When Rembrandt paints a portrait, he uses his model only as a kind of mirror to reflect his own brooding imagination. Van Dyck, like Velasquez, wants to get at the soul of his sitter; and his own personality, like that of the great Spaniard, is revealed to us only by accident. In the same way, he treats landscape with a franker view of Nature than was taken by any of his predecessors—attaining, indeed, so perfectly the wild grace of our country lanes, that one or two of his body colour drawings in the British Museum actually anticipate modern open-air painting. Of these I will speak later.

But it is not as a realist that Van Dyck interests us most. Realism was but one element in his complex genius, and in analysing his merits it must take a secondary place. This is not the place to lay stress upon his method of work—the knowledge he displays of the anatomy of his sitters' heads, the combination of exquisite and easy brush-work with truth of natural colour and a solid foundation of form, that saves his brilliancy from any accusation of mere cleverness. Nor can we pause to consider the experiments which he made towards enlarging the boundaries of

his art—the famous Medici Cardinal in the Uffizi, which proves that a fine picture can be painted in the key of crimson; or the portrait of Charles I. in the Louvre, with its unique massing of light and shade and contrast of warm and cool colour. More unusual even than the science of the man is the temperance with which he used it, and in that temperance lies the real secret of his style.

Raphael used to be instanced by art critics as the type of perfectly tempered knowledge, and from an abstract point of view their choice was a just one. Nevertheless, for the professional painter the worship of Raphael is attended with one great disadvantage. Raphael lived when the art of painting in oil was only half-grown; his finest thoughts are perpetuated by cartoons and frescoes, so that he is not by any means a perfect model for men who work on canvas. I think, as a practical guide to good oil-painting, Van Dyck would be much more useful. In Van Dyck the knowledge of Titian, which sums up the experience of two hundred years when Italian painting was at its best, is united to the fluent mastery of Rubens. Rubens freed painting from the last touches of stiffness, of which a hint now and then survives even in Titian, running indeed very close to the opposite extreme of riotous brilliancy. Van Dyck steers a middle course between the two, appropriating the facility of his master but avoiding his excesses.

Where he fails at all, he fails from excess of care, from excess of knowledge. When he is painting portraits, this happens to him but rarely—his model is always before him, and keeps his attention fixed on things as they are. In his sacred and historical pictures he is so anxious to escape from the coarseness attendant upon his master's naturalism, that he refines overmuch, and in the search for perfection takes away all the edges and angles that indicate active reality. The result is graceful and sentimental, and quite near enough to real feeling to satisfy conventional ideas of beauty and pathos, but it will not stand comparison with the work of men who have really seen, and have felt things deeply enough to know, that it is in their roughness, their peculiarity, that the character really lies. Thus in his historical and sacred paintings Van Dyck is at his best when he is copying Rubens, as in the *St. Martin* or the *Theodosius*. In his portraits the tendency

to over-refinement is noticeable only in his painting of hands, where he is liable to drop reality and show the kind of hand his sitter ought to have, yet the weakness is so slight that it is easily forgiven when we think of his majestic design and amazing suavity of brush-work.

In the actual quality of his painting he is unsurpassed even by Titian or Velasquez. Titian's magnificent work is built up by a series of elaborate processes, Velasquez is simple and direct, but each lacks that supple fluency which Van Dyck inherited from Rubens, and which he combined with a solidity that makes his painting as noble as it is brilliant. No master has, I think, quite equalled his command of that equable contrast between opaque and transparent pigment, which is the peculiar charm of his medium. Certainly he is the only painter who can at once make Titian look too dry, Velasquez too heavy, and Rubens too loose.

Added to this, he is a magnificent and original colourist. Just as he moderated the exuberant design and handling of his master, so, as he approached maturity, he tempered the golden glow which Rubens brought with him from Italy, till at last his subjects are attuned to the cool silvery blues and greys of our northern climate. Technically his task was no light one. A warm glaze will prevent most combinations of colour from being actually painful, but harmonies in cool tones are the last things which a painter learns to create. Of such harmonies Van Dyck is a past master. Look, for example, at the equestrian portrait of Charles I. in the National Gallery, and note how in the evening sky the painter has produced a most gorgeous effect of colour with black and white, a little blue, and just a suggestion of faint red and yellow. Skied on the left of the *Charles* is another work, *Portrait of an Artist*, in which pale blue, brown, and grey are combined in a scheme which makes this one of the very finest of the many fine things at Trafalgar Square. That it should be hung almost out of sight, while Van Goyen and Van der Cappelle occupy large spaces on the line, is an oversight which the Director would do well to correct.

The amazing versatility of the man is perhaps best understood when we look at the rare early proofs of the etchings. A single glance is enough to show that as an etcher of portraits he is second

only to Rembrandt. In no other master of the art do we get the same combination of searching drawing with perfect freedom, and the distinction between the two etchers is rather a matter of attitude than of quality. Van Dyck the etcher views his models just as did Van Dyck the painter, emphasising all that was picturesque in their aspect with a dashing fluency that gives such indescribable lightness and grace to the coiling locks, crimped ruffs, and glittering silks and satins, that one forgets for a moment how splendidly the heads are drawn and modelled. It is this, in fact, which introduces an element of danger into the study of the man's work. He is so constantly brilliant, so dexterous in forcing upon us the high light of a forehead, the sparkle of an eye, the crisp whiteness of linen, the transparent depth of a shadow, the swing of a curtain round a pillar, the tossing mane of a horse, or the casual droop of a courtier's hand, that one is tempted to think of such things only, and to forget the mightier qualities of Van Dyck's work in admiration for these tricks of his trade which he performed to perfection.

The same characteristics may be found in most of his drawings. While keeping very close to his model, he manages to turn everything to picturesque account with a uniformity that at last makes one half-suspicious. Surely in no other age did everyone's hair curl so charmingly, no other race had such clean-cut pouting lips, such white well-formed hands? It is perhaps hypercritical to label such graces as part of a picturesque formula, but when we see them vulgarised by Lely, and made absurd by Kneller, they deserve a worse name.

There is, however, one side of Van Dyck's art on which he can hardly be accused of mannerism. There is something so fresh and natural about almost all his sketches of landscape, that they seem like the work of a contemporary of Turner and Constable. The two body colour drawings in the Museum, representing country roads, have not only the qualities of design and cool harmonious colour that one would expect from so great an artist, but display an acquaintance with Nature which, considering the period, is quite extraordinary. Even in the reproductions one can see how Van Dyck understood the personal character of trees; but the originals show that delicate sense of the difference between the grey-greens of the ash and the willow, and the heavier tones

of the elm and the beech, which we are apt to regard as the discovery of our own century. All landscape-painters may well regret that this originality and observation are overwhelmed in important paintings by their necessary subordination to the main subject. The quality of these conventionalised fragments (the background of our *Charles I.* at Trafalgar Square, for instance) is such as to make one feel that Van Dyck could have occupied as a landscape artist a throne even more lonely than that which destiny has allotted to him as one of the kings of portrait-painting.

Two or three months ago the celebration of the birth of Velasquez occasioned an article on that master, in which his influence on modern painting was discussed, and perhaps the best conclusion to this scanty note on his great Flemish contemporary would be an attempt to examine the real difference between the two men. In many respects they are remarkably alike. Both had extraordinary accuracy of eye and extraordinary sureness of hand, both were men of culture, both were careful students of the work of their forerunners, both show the most exquisite taste in design and colour, both possessed extraordinary knowledge of the resources of their art, both created by deliberate science rather than by half-conscious enthusiasm.

Here the resemblance ends. The point of separation between them is their attitude towards Nature. Van Dyck might be called the last of the Old Masters, Velasquez the first of the Moderns. Van Dyck constructed his pictures from the inside—building up his whole scientifically from sketches. Velasquez painted directly from the model, and by extraordinary insight penetrated deeply into its character. He is therefore quite rightly adopted as a guide by modern painters of aspect. His method, nevertheless, presents grave difficulties to the student, for, unless it is employed by a man of great natural taste, it makes for casual composition, for an equal insistence upon unpleasant and pleasant colour which is disastrous to pictorial harmony, and for the acceptance of accidental effects, which in portrait-painting may give a very false idea of a sitter's real nature and appearance. An artist who knows his subject by heart, who has built up the composition of his picture deliberately, without leaving the arrangement almost entirely to chance, and who uses his model only as a means of refreshing his memory, can keep the elements of his picture well

in hand, and can proceed to the end he desires by more or less easy stages. To him, I think, Van Dyck will be more useful than Velasquez. At any rate there is no Old Master who worked with less surplusage, who had fewer of those personal peculiarities which enemies call mannerism and friends call character. Being free from these distractions, he gets the effect he wants with the utmost possible economy of time and labour—is in fact almost a perfect master of style, and therefore an ideal guide for the student of Art. Whether Van Dyck was as great as a man as he was as a painter is quite another question, to which the lip-service of posterity is possibly the most eloquent answer.

C. J. Holmes.

THE CAT

FEW subjects are at once so difficult and so easy to approach as that of the cat—our tiny, intimate tiger. One may purr commonplace, but her elusive individuality defies verbal parallel. We have in our rich but unsuggestive language no words ambiguously soft enough to express the bitter sweetness of the cat.

I would say that I refer uncompromisingly to the Persian cat, to the beautiful feline wonder with a smouldering Eastern fire in her sombre, unwinking eyes of emerald-amber, and a plummy silken tail rich in delicate nuances of expression as a senora's fan. The Persian cat is a perfect symbol of the East: all the passion and cruelty, languor and grace, and the hypnotic seductiveness of the East are in her fur and her claws; all the evil and mystery and slow magic in her eyes. Her chief characteristic is purely Oriental:—a certain Persian curve, seen in ancient pictures of kings and warriors and domed cities, which her back possesses in a miraculous degree; I think that, in truth, she must have originated it. It is stiff, yet graceful, and quite imperial in its magnificence; it is unyielding as cloth of gold, and stately as the cocoanut palm; it is the result of centuries of autocracy, and it symbolises all that the word Shah should express. This curve gives her a regal distinction, setting her far above ordinary catkind.

The sombre glory of a sulky Persian on a window-sill has often caught my roving gaze. I revel in that exquisite camel-curve of her sullen, smooth back; in the furry apex of each pointed ear; the immobility of her whiskers, long as the hair of Melisande; the steady glare of her magnificent eyes like orange flames; the seductive whiteness of her shirtfront's frilly fur, softer than snow; and the splendid sweep of the tail over the neat velvet paws so

decorously placed. I confess I have a tendency to treat the cat in a decorative manner, for she is as remote as an ideal; you can never be quite at one with the cat. I prize her more for her lovely lines than for her friendship.

The common short-haired cat I have ever held to be unworthy of notice: since she has an Egyptian angularity—the result of much sanctity, arid unattractive contours, an utter lack of line and of that suavity which is the cat's birthright, even if it go no deeper than her fur. I connect the common cat with the *passée* goddess Pasht; with old, crumbling ruins and frowning, gloomy architecture; with Memphis and Thebes; with leagues of desert sand; with mummies, skim-milk, rats, and unmusical wailings. The Persian I associate with rose gardens and silence and starlight; with cream and bulbuls; with brodered cushions and scented fountains; with splendid Saracenic curves and domes; and even with the lovely monotonous cadence of Omar's quatrains,—though Hafiz catches her spirit better. I think it must be the bulbuls which the Persian cat has slain and eaten that give her voice its delicious, intimate timbre, and her purr its rich pianissimo. The little rippling Ederow! of the Persian is irresistibly charming as three liquid notes of music. Indeed, you will hear an echo of the cat-call in all music of passionate intensity: whether it be the little luxurious cry of content, or the wailing unrest of limitless desire that floats up to us in the still night-watches from the moonlit garden—as the slim black rover slinks across a silver patch of lawn.

Cats fill me with unreasoning adoration; they hold my senses in thrall. I call them idiotic pet names; I worship them while I am with them: yet afterwards I can coldly analyse them, and wonder why they have such an attraction for me. I always find the cat a little bit tantalising: she is so ineffably "cussed." She will not brook even a suggestion, but imposes her will on mine with a conscious lordship that admits of no dispute. Her patrician rudeness is adorable! If she does not choose to respond, she will never admit, by so much as the quiver of a whisker, that she hears your supplications. There is an aloofness about the cat which is a little disconcerting. Moreover, you may scratch her chin, and she will incline her head at a luxurious angle for as long as she feels inclined; but this momentary familiarity does not

forward your intimacy with her in the least; a minute later,—you and she are mere courteous acquaintances. The cat has an enviable power of ignoring her past passionate friendships. You may meet the cat who, yesterday, purred like a furnace on your knee and scratched you: to-day she will be distantly indifferent to your presence, she will hardly raise her tail in recognition. The cat has no past.

This easiness in affairs of the heart has endeared the cat to the French minor poet. He finds her more subtle, complex, and mysterious than Woman, and not half the trouble. He has likened her to the Sphinx; he gazes in the limpid lamps of her eyes, as she sits on his writing-desk, and reads her burning thoughts, which, after all, are probably of cream and canaries, and perhaps the black Tom on the garden-wall. The poet extols the perfect full-grown cat; but I am never sure whether I prefer a fat sleepy cat or a little three-cornered kitten. The kitten's goat-like poses of inimitable wickedness, and the unfathomable evil in its glittering yellow eyes when it is thoroughly electric—towards nightfall—are stimulating as the cat's sinuous length of warm fur and blinking green eyes are soothing and comfortable. Speaking of cat and kitten, how curiously the cat's character changes as she grows up! The boy may be the father of the man, though this I doubt, but assuredly the kitten is not the mother of the cat. Contrast the brilliant devilry of the kitten with the velvet calm of the cat. Why does every cat change her mode of life entirely when she attains her majority? The cares of life enter largely into the feline scheme of existence, but why that too sudden loss of joy? Yet if the cat is too grave, perhaps the kitten is a little too three-cornered; it lacks the rounded snake-like charm of the mature beast. There is much of the snake in the cat, though tradition holds her a miniature tiger; a tabby cat is far more like a section of an anaconda in her markings than like a tiger. Moreover, her back is almost as pliable as a snake's, she can curl herself round so beautifully; her lines are all gracious—that is if she be a Persian, for the short-haired cat is grotesquely graceless, and incapable of a single curve. Of such a breed as the latter is the witch's black cat of fable, a rococo creature now used

merely for the staring poster or the comic illustrated paper, a vulgarised symbol of the Black Art.

Cats should never be comic; there is nothing lower in life than a comic cat. The common cat has a sad tendency to be funny, for there is something pathetically laughable about its very personality, whereas the Persian moves us to everything but laughter. The black common cat we find impossible to take seriously, as also the tortoise-shell. By the way, I have not yet discussed the colours of cats—more especially Persian cats—surely a most important subject! Some people love the white cat with blue eyes, which is gracious as a snow-ball, but generally deaf and almost invariably stupid. Some will have none but a blue-grey cat, with lovely romantic fur of the colour of cigarette smoke or mountain haze, and eyes of amber set like jewels in her head. Some admire the orange tawny cat relieved with emerald eyes, a cat like a fluffy orange. This colour I specially affect; I find some arrestive charm about a certain shade of tawny gold. Some like a black cat—hyacinth blue-black fur, with yellow eyes; and some prefer the striped tiger varieties of cat, which are perhaps the most satisfying in the end. I am most averse to a tortoise-shell cat, unless its markings are very good, or a cat of patched colour and white.

I have ever deemed the term "cat" cold, and utterly inexpressive of the maddeningly seductive beast it denotes; and I have made the name of Chytoon (pronounce Chittoon) for the furry delight; though comparatively poor, it seems to me to miss the mark by a little less. Yet no name would be adequate to express the cat. Her personality is so insistent and overwhelming that a label is almost an insult to it. She is so inconceivably herself that any collection of letters tacked on to her must seem a little irrelevant and dependent. Nothing living is so self-supporting and self-centred as the cat. For she is the Ego, the unique type of the Me.

Israfel.

SOME EXAMPLES OF PLAINSONG

(Ancient as well as modern examples of Painting, Engraving, and Architecture have regularly appeared in THE DOME; but Music has hitherto been represented, with one exception, by the works of living composers only. The Editor has arranged to publish at intervals old compositions not easily accessible elsewhere. The Rev. S. Gregory Ould, O.S.B., has edited the following examples of Plainsong, and has written a few brief notes in regard to them.)

WITH many misgivings I address myself to my task, to wit—the writing down of one or two fine pieces of Plainsong and an organ accompaniment thereto, with a view to introduce this kind of church music to those who do not know it. Yes, to those who do *not* know it; there you have the spring of my misgivings. If what I here set down were for those who are wiser than I am, what matter if I erred?—they would set me right; but beginners I fear to mislead. I fear lest pieces of Plainsong which seem to me strikingly characteristic should not appeal with the same force to my readers, and so they be disappointed. I fear lest, being misread, my words make difficulties which I am not at hand to explain. Most of all, I fear lest by clumsiness of style, or inaptness of expression, I hinder the very cause which I have all the will to serve.

There is a charm in Plainsong—be it Gregorian, Ambrosian, Gallican, or Mozarabic—whereby it wins its slow but sure way to the heart of the hearer. The process may be slow, but the effect is lasting. Listening to Plainsong well rendered, knowing what there is to be known of the words sung and the men who wrote them, understanding the intention of the ceremonial surroundings,

one cannot but feel oneself to be in the presence of a great tradition.

Tradition is just the keynote of the study, as it is part of the enjoyment, of Plainsong. In the old days, indeed (I speak of the ninth century or earlier), it took at least ten years to make a Cantor, for he had to learn all his tunes by heart as well as their phrasing and expression. The cursive combinations of grave and acute accents written over the liturgical texts could help the Cantor's memory but slightly: they warned him when to go up and when to go down, but how far up or how far down was a matter that must have afforded a young singer the luxury of many a nervous moment! Nowadays one may learn much from a few old books and from many new books a little, but one cannot learn all; one must be taught, by becoming familiar with Plainsong in its own home. Why? Because Plainsong is only a piece of evolution—a chapter out of the history of Music—a mere runnel of water turned aside from the main stream and crystallised, while the river ran on. It is still beautiful, for was it not once the perfection of existent Music? And if you would learn how to express all its beauty, you must be in touch with those who knew it when first it ceased to be running water.

The following examples are taken from the Liturgical books with Plainsong edited by Dom Pothier, formerly a monk of Solesmes, in Maine, sometime Prior of Ligugé, in Poitou, and now Abbot of St. Wandrille, in Normandy.

1. Antiphon—*Ait latro*. A simple and truly pathetic setting of the words of the good thief, from Luke xxij. Although, for convenience, transcribed in equal semibreves, this example and its companions must not by any means be sung in notes of equal length: some will be long, others short. No *note* of Plainsong is naturally short or long; the note is what its syllable makes it. In singing or accompanying Plainsong, one cannot think too much of accent and rhythm; thereon utterly depends artistic result.

2. Hymn—*Virgo Dei Genitrix*. Here are the first and last stanzas of an anonymous hymn (written in elegiac couplets), which is given in the Sens Antiphonary of 1552 as the Compline Hymn on Feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In Codex 339 of the

Library of St. Gall, the first distich appears twice in the Mass *Salve sancta parens*—once as the Psalm Verse of the Introit, then (to a florid musical setting) as the Verse of the Gradual. The writing is of the twelfth century. The melody here transcribed is, I think, the only syllabic setting of elegiac verse in the Latin Liturgy, and gives the singer scope for fine declamation. I have marked the principal accents.

3. Hymn—*Jesu nostra redemptio*. A hymn of the Ambrosian Liturgy, though not necessarily by St. Ambrose: it is sung at Vespers and Lauds on the Feast of the Ascension. The music is a good specimen of the plaintive yet triumphant phrases so curiously characteristic of the Fourth Mode. Some readers may find interest in the fact that the text of the Ascension hymn now before them is the original version still in use in the Monastic Order. The Roman Breviary used by the Secular Clergy and the more recent Religious Orders gives the text from the Revised Hymnal which was the result of the labours of Pope Urban the Eighth's Jesuit commission.

S. Gregory Ould.

ST. BENEDICT'S ABBEY, FORT AUGUSTUS,
SCOTLAND, August 24, 1899.

I. Mode

Plain song

mp *- u* *mf*

A-it la-tro ad la-tro-nem: Nos quidem digna factis re-cu-pimus,

Organ

- u *rall e dim.* *p* *piu lento*

hic autem quis fe-cit? Me-men-to me-i, Do-mi-ne,

molto rall.

dum ve-ne-ris in regnum tu-um.

The foregoing is the Third Antiphon at Lauds on Good Friday: it is follo-wed by the Psalm Tone:

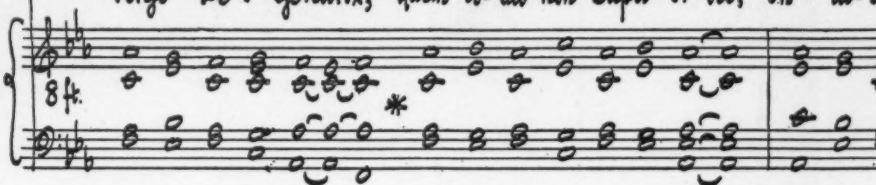
De-us, De-us me-us, * ad te de-lu-ce vi-gi-lo.

Plainsons
II. Mode

mf

Virgo De-i genitrix, quem to-tus non capit or-bis, In tu-

Organ

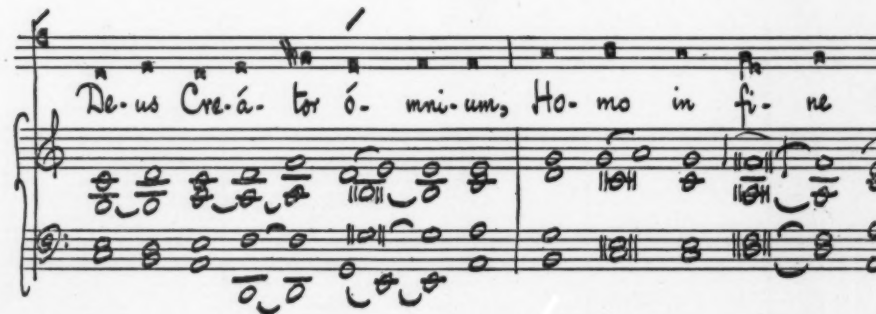
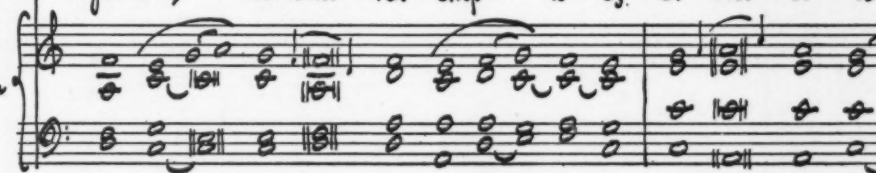


Ped.

Plainsons
IV. Mode

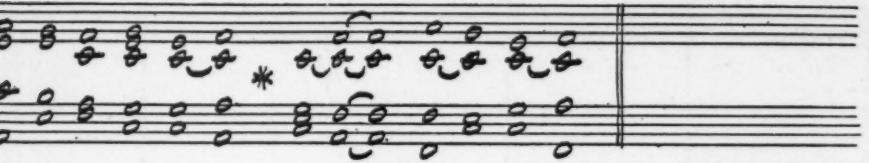
Je-su, no-stra red-emp-ti-o, A-mor et de-

Organ

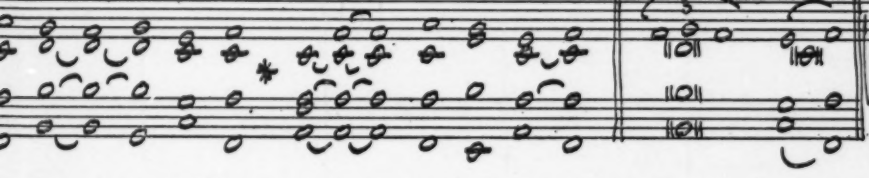


COLLEGE
LIBRARY
poco rall.

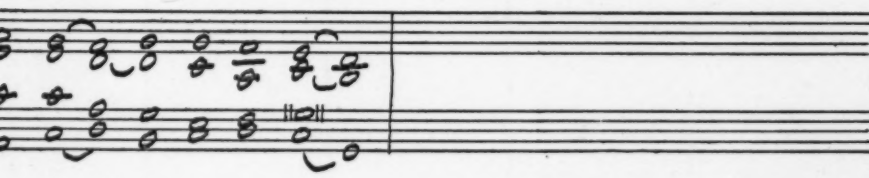
tu-a se clausit. voce-ra factus ho-mo,



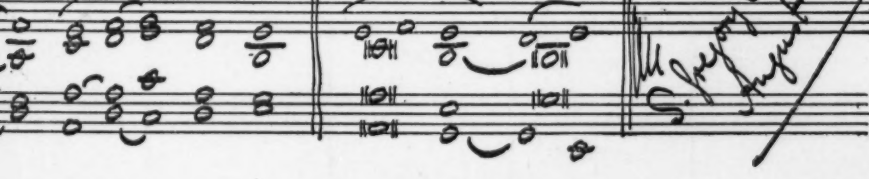
pi-ri-tu. i Sancto gló-ri-a magna De-o. A - - men.
rall. molto rall.



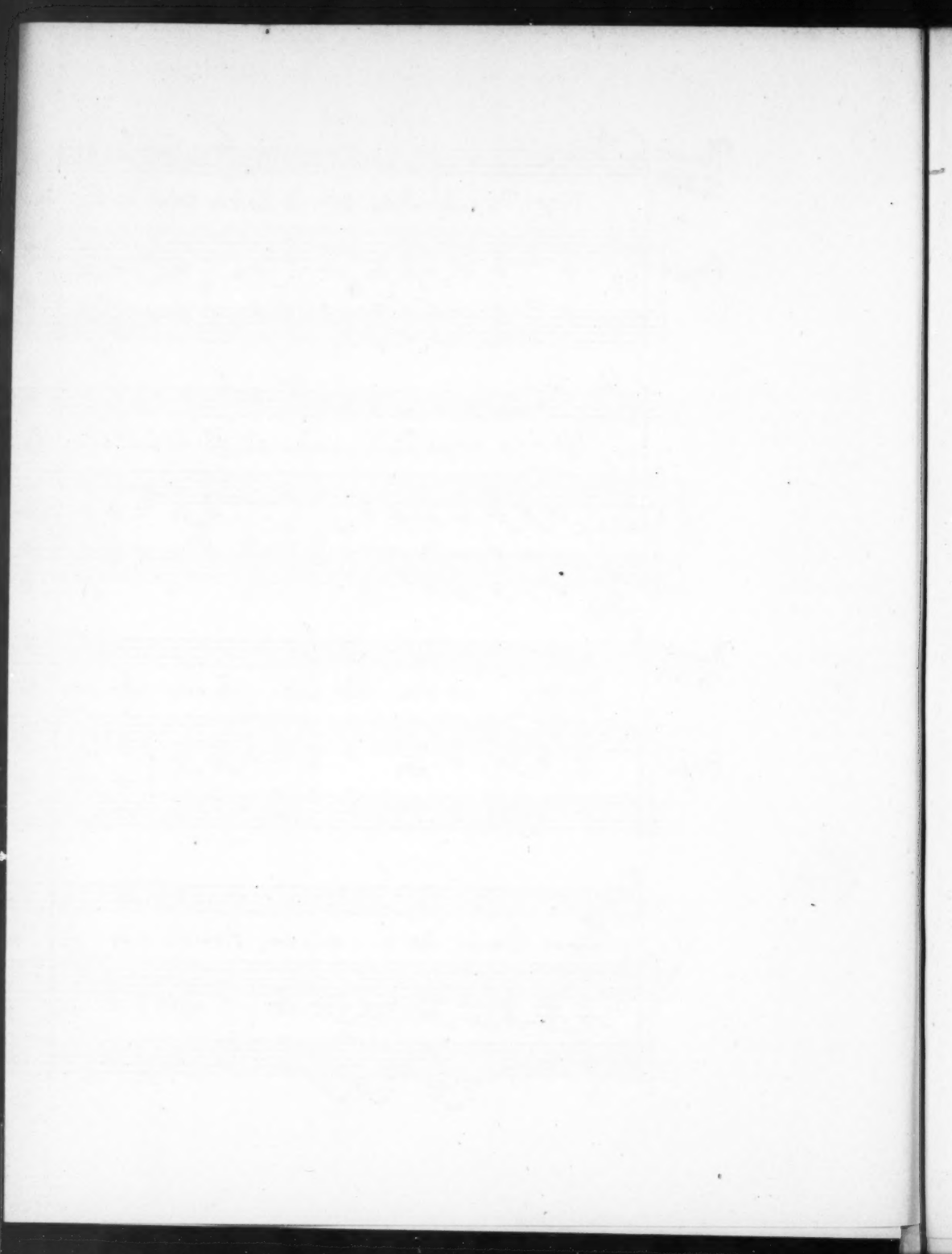
De-si-De-ri-um,



ne tén. po-rum. A - - - men.



S. J. Gray
July 1899



BAYREUTH : NOTES ON WAGNER

BAYREUTH is Wagner's creation in the world of action, as the music-dramas are his creation in the world of art; and it is a triumph not less decisive, in its transposition of dream into reality. Remember that every artist, in every art, has desired his own Bayreuth, and that only Wagner has attained it. Who would not rather remain at home, receiving the world, than go knocking, humbly or arrogantly, at many doors, offering an entertainment, perhaps unwelcome? The artist must always be at cautious enmity with his public, always somewhat at its mercy, even after he has conquered its attention. The crowd never really loves art, it resents art as a departure from its level of mediocrity; and fame comes to an artist only when there are sufficient intelligent individuals in the crowd to force their opinion upon the resisting mass of the others, in the form of a fashion which it is supposed to be unintelligent not to adopt. Bayreuth exists because Wagner willed that it should exist, and because he succeeded in forcing his ideas upon a larger number of people of power and action than any other artist of our time. Wagner always got what he wanted, not always when he wanted it. He had a king on his side, he had Liszt on his side, the one musician of all others who could do most for him; he had the necessary enemies, besides the general resistance of the crowd; and at last he got his theatre, not in time to see the full extent of his own triumph in it, but enough, I think, to let him die perfectly satisfied. He had done what he wanted: there was the theatre, and there were his works, and the world had learnt where to come when it was called.

Time, and the devotion of an incomparable wife, have done the rest. Bayreuth remains the one aristocratic centre of art which exists, and the criticisms which one hears, at Bayreuth itself,

from people who are after all there, are but the reaction of that democratic spirit which chafes against submission before a superior. I heard a good deal of criticism at Bayreuth this year; now and then, in matters of detail, it might have been just; but in the main it seemed to me quite beside the question, and, so far as Madame Wagner was concerned, quite unjust. The influence of Madame Wagner seems to me admirably intelligent, as well as faithfully devoted to the idea of Wagner. Her much criticised action in appointing Siegfried Wagner to conduct part of the performances was this year proved to be a wise one. There was but one opinion as to his conducting, up to all but the very end; and during the performance of *Siegfried* a report ran about the theatre that it was Richter who was conducting; it must be Richter, said people who had certainly no intention of paying a compliment to Siegfried Wagner. Certain details, such as the new reading of the part of Loge, worked out in every movement by Madame Wagner, could not, I thought, have been better. But I have no intention of discussing this year's performances. I only wish to touch on a few points in the art of Wagner, as they impressed themselves upon me after hearing the *Ring*, for the first time at Bayreuth.

In saying, as we may truly say, that Wagner made music pictorial, it should be remembered that there is nothing new in the aim, only in the continuity of its success. Haydn, in his *Creation*, evoked landscapes, giving them precision by an almost mechanical imitation of cuckoo and nightingale. Trees had rustled and water flowed in the music of every composer. But with Wagner it may be said that the landscape of his music moves before our eyes as clearly as the moving scenery with which he does but accentuate it; and it is always there, not a décor, but a world, the natural world in the midst of which his people of the drama live their passionate life, and a world in sympathy with all their passion. And in his audible representation of natural sounds and natural sights he does, consummately, what others have only tried, more or less well, to do. When, in the past at least, the critic objected to the realism of his imitative effects, they forgot that all other composers, at one time or another, had tried to be just as imitative, but had not succeeded so well in their imitations. Wagner, in his

painting, is the Turner of music. He brings us nature, heroically exalted, full of fiery splendour, but nature as if caught in a mirror, not arranged, subdued, composed, for the frame of a picture. He is afraid of no realism, however mean, because he has confidence in nature as it is, apprehended with all the clairvoyance of emotion.

Between the abyss of the music, out of which the world rises up with all its voices, and the rocks and clouds, in which the scenery carries us onward to the last horizon of the world, gods and men act out the brief human tragedy, as if on a narrow island in the midst of a great sea. A few steps this way or that will plunge them into darkness; the darkness awaits them, however they succeed or fail, live nobly or ignobly, in the interval; but the interval absorbs them, as if it were to be eternity, and we see them rejoicing and suffering with an abandonment to the moment which intensifies the pathos of what we know is futile. Love, in Wagner, is so ecstatic and so terrible, because it must compress all its anguish and delight into an immortal moment, before which there is only a great darkness, and only a great darkness afterwards. Sorrow is so lofty and so consoling because it is no less conscious of its passing hour.

And meanwhile action is not everything, as it is for other makers of drama; is but one among many modes of the expression of life. Those long narratives, which some find so tedious, so undramatic, are part of Wagner's protest against the frequently false emphasis of action. In Wagner anticipation and memory are seen to be often equally intense with the instant of realisation. Siegfried is living with at least as powerful and significant a life when he lies under the trees listening to the song of the birds as when he is killing the dragon. And it is for this that the "motives," which are after all only the materialising of memory, were created by Wagner. These motives, by which the true action of the drama expresses itself, are a symbol of the inner life, of its preponderance over outward event, and, in their guidance of the music, their indication of the real current of interest, have a spiritualising effect upon both music and action, instead of, as was once thought, materialising both.

Wagner's aim at expressing the soul of things is still further helped by his system of continuous, unresolved melody. The melody which circumscribes itself like Giotto's O is almost as

tangible a thing as a statue; it has almost contour. But this melody afloat in the air, flying like a bird, without alighting for more than a moment's swaying poise, as the notes flit from strings to voice, and from voice to wood and wind, is more than a mere heightening of speech; it partakes of the nature of thought, but it is more than thought; it is the whole expression of the subconscious life, saying more of himself than any person of the drama has ever found in his own soul.

It is here that Wagner unites with the greatest dramatists, and distinguishes himself from the contemporary heresy of Ibsen, whose only too probable people speak a language exactly on the level of their desks and their shop-counters. Except in the *Meistersinger*, all Wagner's personages are heroic, and for the most part those supreme sublimations of humanity, the people of legend. Tannhäuser, Tristan, Siegfried, Parsifal, have at once all that is in humanity and more than is in humanity. Their place in a national legend permits them, without disturbing our critical sense of the probability of things, a superhuman passion; for they are ideals, this of chivalry, that of love, this of the bravery, that of the purity, of youth. Yet Wagner employs infinite devices to give them more and more of verisimilitude; modulating song, for instance, into a kind of chant which we can almost take for actual speech. It is thus the more interesting to note the point to which realism conducts him, the limit at which it stops, his conception of a spiritual reality which begins where realism leaves off.

And, in his treatment of scenery also, we have to observe the admirable dexterity of his compromises. The changes of night and day are followed with singular care, not too literally, but with an almost perfect illusion of being literal. The supernatural is accepted frankly, with almost the childish popular belief in a dragon rolling a loathly bulk painfully, and breathing smoke. But note that the dragon, when it is thrown back into the pit, falls without sound; note that the combats are without the ghastly and foolish modern tricks of blood and disfigurement; note how the crowds pose as in a good picture, with slow gestures, and without intrusive individual pantomime. As I have noted in speaking of *Parsifal*, there is

one rhythm throughout; music, action, speech, all obey it. When Brünnhilde awakens after her long sleep, the music is an immense thanksgiving for light, and all her being finds expression in a great embracing movement towards the delight of day. Siegfried stands silent for I know not what space of time; and it is in silence always, with a wave-like or flame-like music surging about them, crying out of the depths for them, that all the lovers in Wagner love at first sight. Tristan when he has drunk the potion, Siegmund when Sieglinde gives him to drink, Siegfried when Brünnhilde awakens to the world and to him: it is always in the silence of rapture that love is given and returned. And the gesture, subdued into a gravity almost sorrowful (as if love and the thought of death came always together, the thought of the only ending of a mortal eternity), renders the inmost meaning of the music as no Italian gesture, which is the vehemence of first thoughts and the excitement of the senses, could ever render it. That slow rhythm, which in Wagner is like the very rhythm of the world flowing onwards from that first breathing out of chaos, which we hear in the opening notes of the *Ring*, seems to broaden outwards like ripples on an infinite sea, through the whole work of Wagner. Like the few supreme artists, Wagner has found the unity of the cosmos.

And now turn from this elemental music, in which the sense of all human things is expressed with the dignity of the elements themselves, to all other operatic music, in which, however noble the music as music (think of Gluck, of Mozart, of Beethoven!), it is for the most part fettered to a little accidental comedy or tragedy, in which two lovers are jealous, or someone is wrongly imprisoned, or a libertine seduces a few women. Here music is like a god speaking the language of savages, and lowering his supreme intellect to the level of their speech. The melodious voice remains, but the divine meaning has gone out of the words. Only in Wagner does God speak to men in his own language.

Arthur Symons.

E V A

I

THE reporter got hold of the Sharp File at last on the doorstep of Ball's, the tobacconist. He had been dogging the footsteps of the Sharp File for the last half-hour, for he had a question to ask of vital importance to himself; and the difficulty with the Sharp File was that he was either doing business in the precincts of some friendly public-house, or, with the same purpose in view, was obstructing the footpath with a group of his patrons till some conscientious constable quietly moved the whole shady lot on, or he had been imbibing too freely of his favourite beverage, and was not amenable to argument or persuasion.

It is libellous to call a man a swindler or a rogue, wherefore the Sharp File had come by a soubriquet which, in the betting circles of which he was the shining light, meant the same thing, and had the additional advantage of causing him not the slightest indignation. He was, in fact, rather proud of it. In person, he was, what a friend of mine, who has the knack of hitting off people to a nicety, would call "a squirt of a man." "Squirt" is not to be found in the dictionary, but it describes the Sharp File to a hair—a small, insignificant shrimp of a man, who in his younger days—or rather his earlier days, for he had never been really young—had been a jockey, and had helped to "doctor" so many horses that he had been kicked out of the profession at last. Now, to judge by his apparel, he had become one of the most flourishing bookmakers in town, and Solomon in all his glory is not arrayed like one of these. Real diamonds, warranted to deceive the cleverest experts, gleamed under the gaslight from snowy shirtfront and cuff, a real gold head, likewise warranted to deceive, gleamed on his thick cherry-wood

walking-stick, a massive gold rope-chain gleamed across his waistcoat, his black suit was infinitely more elegant than many a one that is paid for, and a sixpenny cigar protruded from his villainous slit of a mouth. The reporter was a very tall and very muscular young man of six-and-twenty, plain-featured, but with honest, fearless brown eyes, and the easy bearing that at once announces the gentleman. He wore a shabby, knockabout serge suit, but he wore it with the distinguished nonchalance a celebrated painter dons with his comfortable velvet working-jacket. All the same, it was his best weekday suit. He looked down now upon the squat of a man with a friendlier gaze than he usually expended upon him.

"I want," he said, "to ask you a question of very great importance. I ought not to make it the subject of a street talk, but"—

"Tell you what," said the Sharp File, "if you want a sure thing now, I can put you"—

"Nothing of the sort. I'm not a betting man. You know it. I want to talk about Eva!"

"About Eva? The dickens you do!" exclaimed the Sharp File, starting back. "Now come, Laurence, I see where all this is leading to, and I tell you, as man to man, that it is out of all reason!"

"Out of all reason that we should marry when I love her and she loves me?"

"Out of all reason," repeated the Sharp File. "Besides, Eva's no such fool. She has the choice of the Honourable Sammy, with his cool ten thousand a year"—

"What! That played-out miserable old rake! A widower, too, with a son older by eight or ten years than Eva herself?"

"If it comes to that," said the Sharp File, with a grin, "she had the choice of the son too, but I believe she polished him off. The Honourable Sammy, I was saying, Captain MacShindy, with his expectations *and* his moustache, and Orlando Lightfoot, independent gentleman. Now, with those three to pick from, man, do you think Eva"—

"I have Eva's answer," said the reporter. "I only require yours."

"Then mine, by the piper, you have!" returned her father, with emphasis. "Hoskins has a neat little wager on that the

Honourable Sammy pulls it off, and Hoskins will do the fair thing by me if he wins. So I'll thank you to keep off the ground till such time"—

"If you were not such an infernally small man, Mr. Brooks," said the reporter, looking down at him longingly, "it would give me the greatest pleasure in the world to thrash you within an inch of your life!"

The Sharp File paled.

"What! You—you threaten me!" he said, casting a glance to right and left in search of a constable.

"Threaten you, no!" returned the reporter, with a harsh laugh. "If I did, you'd die on the spot, Heaven bless you! Good-night to you!"

He turned on his heel and walked away. Happily for himself, he was a very busy man that day, and had no time to be love-sick. It was in the heat of a crucial by-election, and he had to hang about committee-rooms and buttonhole canvassers, and make a nuisance of himself everywhere. Then a baby fell downstairs somewhere, and a disturbance broke out in the "Crown," and later on three magnificently-made policemen took a very small woman ("seven-and-six, with costs") to the lock-up, so that the reporter had a great deal to do that day. He was the best reporter in town, too. There was a story that once upon a time a fire and a fight breaking out simultaneously three miles apart, he had contrived to be in both places at one and the same time. He was also a poet, and not only a poet, but a fine poet. But the whole great world did not as yet know it. He had, however, many literary friends who did, and these marvelled exceedingly that his choice had fallen on the Sharp File's daughter. She was a beauty, Heaven knew, but of the showiest type, and known to the whole male population of the town as "Eva." Her hair was much too golden, her complexion much too peachy, her eyebrows and lashes were much too dark, and her waist was a deal too small. She wore big hats, scarlet or cornflower blue, trimmed with huge clouds of chiffon, high-heeled French shoes and a stick, and her golden hair was one mass of wonderful little curls and puffs. Altogether, from the crown of her head to the tip of her tiny foot, she herself was the reason why she had no handle to her name. And it was precisely because the reporter was also a poet that his heart had gone out

to her. He knew that her father was a Sharp File, and that her mother had been a barmaid, and—unlike many other barmaids who are as fit to be wives and mothers as girls whose lines have been cast in pleasanter places—was absolutely fit for nothing else; and from the first he thought he had detected the glimpse of a soul at those heavily-curtained blue windows—a soul that objected to its prison and wanted to scour its walls of all the evil paint and gaudy glitter or—be free! He thought, the poet did, that if he of God's mercy got Eva to himself, they would do great things for that sorrowful, helpless soul that only now and then took heart to show itself at its windows.

Later in the evening, when a moment of leisure came, the reporter took a miserable walk. He came upon the Sharp File again, who would have glared at him, but that the reporter, judging it pleasantest and best to be on fairly good terms with Eva's father, went up and apologised for his heat of a while ago.

"Don't mention it," said the Sharp File, with quick magnanimity. Scoundrels are very forgiving. "I quite understand. I can let out, myself, if it comes to that. But I look to you, Laurence, to give me your word of honour not to hang round my girl any more—leastways not till I've got her settled with the Honourable Sammy or one of the others. I give her her free choice of them three."

"Right," said the reporter. "When a man like me gives his word of honour to a man like you, a man like you should know it will be kept."

With this enigmatical remark and a smile that was childlike and bland, the reporter said good-bye, stopped a tram, got in and rode to the terminus, and then got out and walked to the Sharp File's neat little suburban villa. Eva stood at the garden gate, for it was their usual hour of appointment, and she was all in white, with diamonds—real ones, for, being the Sharp File's daughter, she took presents from all and sundry—on her pretty fingers, and her yellow hair was tied into a Grecian knot with blue bands. The villa was the result of a swindle that had succeeded, and the mortgage upon it—which was a mortgage to the last farthing—was the result of another which had failed, and the ugly hollowness of it all struck the reporter as he stood there. Eva's soul was not at its windows to-night, and the small face looked only very pretty and very powdery. The poet's heart ached for the imprisoned

angel, and there were almost tears in his eyes. But Eva only showed her pearly teeth in a dimpling smile, quite cool and composed.

"I have been thinking it over, Tom," she said.

"Your father, I suppose, has helped you!" broke in her lover.

"Perhaps. At all events," said Eva, "I must take back my word. You see, you got at me in one of my silly moods. I am not fit for a poor man's wife. I should drag you down, and spoil your digestion with badly-cooked dinners—I am utterly useless, Tom; I was only brought up to bleach my hair and curl it!—and I should ruin my beauty with ill-temper. You are a poet and an educated gentleman, and I should disgust you in a week with my slang and my powder—you couldn't make any better of me, Tom. I am Me, and you are You, and there's an end of it—and you couldn't afford to dress me prettily. I look a fright when I'm not dressed up! Say 'good-bye' nicely, dear, and I'll kiss you all by myself!"

"You sound quite heartless!" said the poet. "Will you not miss me at all, Eva?"

"Yes, and think of a lifetime of me!" laughed Eva flippantly, evading the question. "Good-bye, Tom. It's cold out here in this dress, and the Honourable is coming to dinner to-night. I must go in. Good-bye. Try and fall out of love again, as I have done. Love is a wretched condition. I know. Heavens! how tired you'd be of me in a week, dear; for you're a poet, and will be in love with your ideal all your life, and I am not She. Will you have the kiss?"

"No," he said, and turned on his heel. Then he swung round again. "Yes, give it me!" he said. "And—God bless you, girl! You stand no chance!" He was speaking to the fettered soul. "Good-bye, Eva! Do nothing rash. Think of a lifetime of the Honourable Sammy!"

"He is eighty, you forget!" she said, with a laugh. "And weeds, thank Heaven, become my style of beauty."

But when the poet had gone, the soul of Eva threw its windows wide and gazed out after him, wistfully, longingly. Then it drew back again, with a sigh that was almost a sob. Eva passed her hand across her forehead once, and that was all.

The Honourable came to dinner with the Sharp File, and

helped to put away roast partridge that was not and never would be paid for, and Chianti that the Sharp File had that day been dunned for, and toothsome dishes of many sorts, for the Sharp File reflected that you might as well be sued by a good cook as by a bad one. Eva was very lively and chatty. Once or twice the Honourable caught himself wondering how she would look without her powder; but she was really so beautiful, so glitteringly beautiful, that he soon forgot to wonder.

"Now," said the Sharp File, with his usual delicacy, "I believe the Honourable would like you to himself a moment, Eva, so I'll go out and get a match."

"And we, my dear Eva," said the Honourable, taking her hand—in spite of the young warmth of it, it lay like a dead thing in his palsied clasp—"will try to make one."

"Very smart of you," said Eva. "How witty you always are!"

"Your father has told you that I"—

"Trust him!" said the girl harshly. "You've been in my teeth morning, noon, and night!"

"And you?"

"I—consent!" The palsied clasp tightened, and the young hand quivered for a second as with pain. "But I have one condition to make. You are an old man, and you have a son. I have no desire to share your wealth with him. He made love to me once, and—I have not forgotten it. His punishment and the price of me is—that you settle all upon me!"

"But"—

"That or nothing! He would drain us dry if it were not so. Do you think I do not know what a parasite he is, how he has lived upon you all these years, a lazy, self-indulgent sponger! I have the right to what I ask. What have you else to give? I might as well take the Captain, or Lightfoot. They are smart, presentable men, both of them, in their best years—also their worst, Heaven knows! You—forgive the insolence of the truth!—I would not marry for one farthing less than you have to give. That is the price of me. As for the agreement, it would, of course, be merely a formal one. What is mine would be equally yours, what is yours equally mine. I would not cheat you of a penny of your money. For—it is all you have. But your son—I swore in my heart to punish him if ever I got the chance!"

"But—" began the astounded Honourable again.

Eva rose. She was a Juno-like young woman, straight-limbed and well-rounded, with a throat of alabaster whiteness and velvety softness, and arms and hands to match.

"Why, look at me!" she said, flinging out her glowing palms and fixing him with her splendid eyes. "Do you think only money and position could ever make *me* happy? Why, I am full of life and health and youth! I brim over with it! How dare you but me any buts? Be thankful, you small, wizened little man, that money can buy me! For in spite of my powder—yes, I caught you looking at it at dinner!—I am a decent sort of woman, and shall make you a faithful wife. The powder means nothing. I wear it as I do my stockings. I should not feel dressed without it. I am quite as pretty without it, I assure you. Be thankful money can buy me! How dare you but me any buts?"

"My dear Eva," said the Honourable, lifting a feebly protesting hand. "Your temper"—

"I have a right to my temper," said Eva. "But," she softened her voice and sent him a bewildering coy glance from under her long black lashes, "I can be very nice, when—I—choose! Imagine me for your very own—always!"

The Honourable imagined it, and as a consequence succumbed. Eva's own pride in her youth, her strength, and her beauty had won her the victory.

The reporter wrote a brilliant description of the wedding.

II

The Muse is not only a weaver of pretty fancies: she is a seeker and a finder of souls; and when the poet refused to take an interest in any other soul save Eva's, which was lost to him, the Muse deserted him, and the reporter was left in possession of the field. There were no more exquisite poems from his pen in the *Scorer* and the *Crucible*. The Honourable Mrs. Bruce-Stewart looked for them in vain. Now and again snatches of the old ones would drift into her mind, as she sat and looked in her glass and watched Marie roll up her yellow hair and pin in

the diamond arrow; and those were the times when her soul looked out, and the Honourable Mrs. Bruce-Stewart was shocked to see how sad and worn her young face could look.

Whether the reporter missed the poet, one does not know, but it is likely he did, for he had loved him dearly once. He married Powder and Patch, who wrote the fashion article and gave the Toilet Hints, and was a very dashing young lady indeed, reminding one strongly of a high-stepping and much beribboned horse in a circus parade. She pranced her way haughtily into Society, and was very highly thought of, because she could make a leading beauty of the season of you, though you looked both ways at once. Now and again she pranced upon the Honourable Mrs. Bruce-Stewart, who was amazingly gentle to her always; and it seemed to the husband of Powder and Patch that the soul of Eva looked out upon her wistfully, as if it were wondering: "Are you She? Why, you are worse than I! Poor Tom!" But Powder and Patch knew it not, and pranced along more insolently than ever, with her pince-nez held to her eyes with a perky finger and thumb.

Then came the hunting-season, a glorious time for the Honourable Mrs. Bruce-Stewart, for she was a brilliant rider, as she was a brilliant everything else, and she was in at the death always. The Honourable himself did not ride, for he had to take great care of his precious life, though, indeed, the wags of the club assured him that Death would not have him at any price, that was clear. Nevertheless it behoved him, he thought, to be careful.

Of all the young huntresses this season, none looked so beautiful as Mrs. Bruce-Stewart. She might have been born in her riding-habit, so well it fitted, and her peachy cheeks were peachier than ever, and under the black hat her hair gleamed like a mesh of sunbeams. What her private life at home was, the world did not know, but it is possible that her splendid black horse Glory did, for often she would talk to him a long, long while in the stable, and to-day she whispered something to him as they galloped along.

"Now for the fence and the ditch, Glory! Clear them both at a bound, my beauty, or—break my neck if you choose!"

It is possible she was only joking, but Glory took her at her

word. Perhaps he knew it was best. Over they went and down! When the scarlet coats drew up around them in one glaring cluster against the green, and they lifted the beautiful Mrs. Bruce-Stewart up, they found she was dead, quite dead. The soul of Eva would never again look out through those clouded windows.

The reporter wrote a vivid description of the tragedy in the hunting-field. But in the night the soul of the poet, tongue-tied so long and tongue-tied still, woke up and cried. And Powder and Patch never knew.

III

So the Honourable was again a widower—a shrunken, played-out, broken-down rake and widower, ready to trust to Hymen again. But—

He came, white and palsied and breathless with haste, into the reporter's office.

"I—this is some trick!" he wheezed furiously. "I—my wife made me settle my all on her! She said—never mind what she said. You know all about it!—She has willed everything to you!"

"To me!" The reporter started to his feet aghast.

"Yes, to you! But I—I shall contest the will, damme! I—she—this is a swindle. I"—

But the poet had come back to the reporter, and together they two saw the soul of Eva and heard the music of its call through the dark, high above the hoarse wheeze of this miserable thing in the shape of a man.

Then the reporter looked into the face of the Honourable, and his eyes were stern, almost fierce.

"Contest the will and be — to you!" he said. "There's not a judge in England with a spark of manhood in him would lend an ear to you. You paid your price. The money was hers, poor child—poor child! I will make you an allowance sufficient for your needs. It was your misfortune ever to have more. Go now and spend your last few days in decency!"

He pointed his finger to the door; but the miserable, quaking sinner had taken a chair instead, and silently seated himself in the arms of Death. The devil had come by his own at last!

The reporter wrote an account of this tragedy also, in his well-known vivid style. He wrote no more descriptions, after that, of baby falls and brilliant weddings and shocking deaths. For he knew now that it was no fancy of his that a soul had looked out of that gaily-painted prison of clay, and he turned and gave all to the Muse who had helped him to seek and to find it.

Gerda Grass.

CREDO

ONCE a drear silence
A Voice tremendous broke.
It was God who spoke.

Once a huge darkness
A Glory put to flight.
God was that great Light.

In the beginning was Nothing ;
Now there are millions of suns.
God made those shining ones.

Once my heart was empty ;
Now your nest is there, my dove.
Truly God is love.

Frank Freeman.

“DUST HATH CLOSED HELEN’S EYE ”

I HAVE been lately to a little group of houses, not many enough to be called a village, in the barony of Kiltartan in County Galway, whose name, Baile-laoi, is known through all the west of Ireland. There is the old square castle, Baile-laoi, inhabited by a farmer and his wife, and a cottage where their daughter and their son-in-law live, and a little mill with an old miller, and old ash trees throwing green shadows upon a little river and great stepping-stones. I went there two or three times last year to talk to the miller about Biddy Early, a wise woman that lived in Clare some years ago, and about her saying, “There is a cure for all evil between the two mill wheels of Baile-laoi,” and to find out from him or another whether she meant the moss between the running waters or some other herb. I have been there this summer, and I shall be there again before it is autumn, because Mary Hynes, a beautiful woman whose name is still a wonder by turf fires, died there sixty years ago ; for our feet would linger where beauty has lived its life of sorrow to make us understand that it is not of the world. An old man brought me a little way from the mill and the castle, and down a long narrow breen that was nearly lost in brambles and sloe bushes, and he said, “That is the little old foundation of the house, but the most of it is taken for building walls, and the goats have ate those bushes that are growing over it till they’ve got cranky and they won’t grow any more. They say she was the handsomest girl in Ireland, her skin was like dribbled snow—he meant driven snow, perhaps,—and she had blushes in her cheeks. She had five handsome brothers, but all are gone now ! I talked to him about a poem in Irish, Raftery, a famous poet, made about her, and how it said “there is a strong cellar in Baile-laoi.” He said the strong cellar was the great hole

where the river sank under ground, and he brought me to a deep pool, where an otter hurried away under a grey boulder, and told me that many fish came up out of the dark water at early morning "to taste the fresh water coming down from the hills."

I first heard of the poem from an old woman who lives about two miles further up the river, and who remembers Raftery and Mary Hynes. She says, "I never saw anybody so handsome as she was, and I never will till I die," and that he was nearly blind, and had "no way of living but to go round and to mark some house to go to, and then all the neighbours would gather to hear. If you treated him well he'd praise you, but if you did not, he'd fault you in Irish. He was the greatest poet in Ireland, and he'd make a song about that bush if he chanced to stand under it. There was a bush he stood under from the rain, and he made verses praising it, and then when the water came through he made verses dispraising it." She sang the poem to a friend and to myself in Irish, and every word was audible and expressive, as the words in a song were always, as I think, before music grew too proud to be the garment of words, flowing and changing with the flowing and changing of their energies. The poem is not as natural as the Irish poetry of the last century, for the thoughts are arranged in a too obviously traditional form, so that the old poor half blind man who made it, has to speak as if he were a rich farmer offering the best of everything to the woman he loves, but it has naïve and tender phrases. The friend that was with me has made some of the translation, but some of it has been made by the country people themselves. I think it has more of the simplicity of the Irish verses than one finds in most translations.

Going to Mass by the will of God,
The day came wet and the wind rose ;
I met Mary Hynes at the cross of Kiltartan,
And I fell in love with her then and there.

I spoke to her kind and mannerly,
As by report was her own way ;
And she said, Raftery, my mind is easy,
You may come to-day to Baile-laoi.

When I heard her offer I did not linger,
When her talk went to my heart my heart rose.

We had only to go across the three fields,
We had daylight with us to Baile-laoi.

The table was laid with glasses and a quart measure;
She had fair hair and she sitting beside me;
And she said, "Drink, Raftery, and a hundred welcomes,
There is a strong cellar in Baile-laoi."

O star of light and O sun in harvest,
O amber hair, O my share of the world,
Will you come with me upon Sunday
Till we agree together before all the people?

I would not grudge you a song every Sunday evening,
Punch on the table or wine if you would drink it.
But O King of Glory, dry the roads before me,
Till I find the way to Baile-laoi.

There is sweet air on the side of the hill
When you are looking down upon Baile-laoi;
When you are walking in the valley picking nuts and blackberries,
There is music of the birds in it and music of the Sidhe.

What is the worth of greatness till you have the light
Of the flower of the branch that is by your side?
There is no good to deny it or to try and hide it,
She is the sun in the heavens who wounded my heart.

There was no part of Ireland I did not travel,
From the rivers to the tops of the mountains,
To the edge of Lough Greine whose mouth is hidden,
And I saw no beauty but was behind hers.

Her hair was shining and her brows were shining too;
Her face was like herself, her mouth pleasant and sweet.
She is the pride, and I give her the branch,
She is the shining flower of Baile-laoi.

It is Mary Hynes, the calm and easy woman,
Has beauty in her mind and in her face.
If a hundred clerks were gathered together,
They could not write down a half of her ways.

An old weaver, whose son is supposed to go away among
the Sidhe (the fairies) at night, says:—"Mary Hynes was the most
beautiful thing ever made. My mother used to tell me about her,
for she'd be at every hurling, and wherever she was she was

dressed in white. As many as eleven men asked her in marriage in one day, but she wouldn't have any of them. There was a lot of men up beyond Kilbecanty one night sitting together, drinking and talking of her, and one of them got up and set out to go to Baile-laoi and see her, but Cloon bog was open then, and when he came to it he fell into the water, and they found him dead there in the morning. She died of the fever that was before the famine." Another old man says he was only a child when he saw her, but he remembered that "the strongest man that was among us, one John Madden, got his death on the head of her, cold he got, crossing rivers in the night time to get to Baile-laoi." This is perhaps the man the other remembered, for tradition gives the one thing many shapes. There is an old woman who remembers her, at Derrybrien among the Echtge hills, a vast desolate place, which has changed little since the old poem said "the stag upon the cold summit of Echtge hears the cry of the wolves," but still mindful of many poems and of the dignity of ancient speech. She says, "The sun and the moon never shone on anybody so handsome, and her skin was so white that it looked blue and she had two little blushes on her cheeks." And an old wrinkled woman who lives close by Baile-laoi and has told me many tales of the Sidhe, says, "I often saw Mary Hynes, she was handsome indeed. She had two bunches of curls beside her cheeks, and they were the colour of silver. I saw Mary Molloy that was drowned in the river beyond, and Mary Guthrie that was in Ardahan, but she took the sway of them both, a very comely creature. I was at her wake too—she had seen too much of the world. She was a kind creature. One day I was coming home through that field beyond, and I was tired, and who should come out but the *Poisin Glegeal* (the shining flower), and she gave me a glass of new milk." This old woman meant no more than some beautiful bright colour by the colour of silver, for though I knew an old man, he is dead now, who thought she might know "the cure for all the evils in the world," that the Sidhe know she has seen too little gold to know its colour. But a man by the shore at Kinvara, who is too young to remember Mary Hynes, says, "Everybody says there is no one at all to be seen now so handsome, it is said she had beautiful hair the colour of gold. She was poor, but her clothes every day were the same as Sunday, she had such neatness.

And if she went to any kind of a meeting, they would all be killing one another for a sight of her, and there was a great many in love with her, but she died young. It is said that no one that has a song made about them will ever live long."

Those who are much admired are, it is held, taken by the *Sidhe*, who can use ungoverned feeling for their own ends, so that a father, as an old herb doctor told me once, may give his child into their hands, or a husband his wife. The admired and desired are only safe if one says "God bless them" when one's eyes are upon them. The old woman that sang the song thinks too that Mary Hynes was "taken," as the phrase is, "for they have taken many that are not handsome, and why would they not take her, and people came from all parts to look at her, and maybe there were some that did not say God bless her." An old man, who lives by the sea at Duras, has as little doubt that she was taken, "for there are some living yet can remember her coming to the pattern there beyond, and she was said to be the handsomest girl in Ireland." She died young because the gods loved her, for the *Sidhe* are the gods, and it may be that the old saying, which we forget to understand literally, meant her manner of death in old times. These poor countrymen and countrywomen in their beliefs and in their emotions are many years nearer to that old Greek world, that set beauty beside the fountain of things, than are our men of learning. She "had seen too much of the world," but these old men and women when they tell of her blame another and not her, and though they can be hard they grow gentle as the old men of Troy grew gentle when Helen passed by on the walls.

The poet who helped her to so much fame has himself a great fame throughout the west of Ireland. Some think that Raftery was half blind, and say, "I saw Raftery, a dark man, but he had sight enough to see her," or the like, but some think he was wholly blind, as he may have been at the end of his life. Fable makes all things perfect in their kind, and her blind people must never look on the world and the sun. I asked a man I met one day, when I was looking for a pool *na mna Sidhe* where women of faery have been seen, how Raftery could have admired Mary Hynes so much if he had been altogether blind. He said, "I think Raftery was altogether blind, but those that are blind have a way of seeing things, and have the power to know more, and to feel more, and to

do more, and to guess more than those that have their sight, and a certain wit and a certain wisdom is given to them." Everybody indeed will tell you that he was very wise, for was he not only blind but a poet? The weaver whose words about Mary Hynes I have already given, says, "His poetry was the gift of the Almighty, for there are three things that are the gift of the Almighty, poetry and dancing and principles. That is why in the old times an ignorant man coming down from the hillside would be better behaved and have better learning than a man with education you'd meet now, for they got it from God"; and a man at Coole says "when he put his finger to one part of his head everything would come to him as if it was written in a book"; and an old pensioner at Kiltartan says "he was standing under a bush one time and he talked to it and it answered him back in Irish. Some say it was the bush that spoke, but it must have been an enchanted voice in it, and it gave him the knowledge of all the things of the world. The bush withered up afterwards, and it is to be seen on the roadside now, between this and Rahasane." There is a poem of his about a bush, which I have never seen, and it may have come out of the cauldron of fable in this shape. A friend of mine met a man once who had been with him when he died, but the people say that he died alone, and one Maurteen Gillane told Dr. Hyde that all night long a light was seen streaming up to heaven from the roof of the house where he lay, and "that was the angels who were with him"; and all night long there was a great light in the hovel, "and that was the angels who were waking him. They gave that honour to him because he was so good a poet and sang such religious songs." It may be that in a few years Fable, who changes mortalities to immortalities in her cauldron, will have changed Mary Hynes and Raftery to perfect symbols of the sorrow of beauty and of the magnificence and penury of dreams.

W. B. Yeats.

A SONG OF APPLE-GATHERING

HARVEST is over in mist and moist moonlight,
Drenched are the hedgerows that droop overgrown;
Only the apple-garth broods on the sunlight,
Swift Summer spent on its blossom far-blown:
Spring's deep fulfilment now wavers and lessens—
O, as the fruit falls from slim sprays up-tossed,
Falls the last stave of the song of green seasons,
Bloomful and fruitful and hopeful and lost.

Twilight to twilight has changed muted greenly,
While we have wrought in the branches on high;
Night-dews are stirring the hidden leaves thinly,
Ere on our brown feet the dawn-dews are dry.
Mounded for cider, the green fruit and golden
Pales in the green light that shivers to grey. . . .
Listen, in cool tones long-falling, long-holden,
Moonset-faint voices call "Come . . . come away. . . ."

Lift then the frails heaped with gold fruit and sanguid,
Bend down the dim boughs that sweep down our hair;
Over our slow feet the aftermath languid
Trails and then parts, sighing starless and sere.
Out from dusk tree-tops low summer-far noises,
Autumn's last dove-songs, 'mid leaf-fallings, come,
Slow as the voices, O soft as the voices,
Sweet as the voices a-calling us home.

Sleep-time is soon when the land makes us weary,
While in the sleep-light the garden lies still,
Ruined and passionless, sodden and dreary,
Rain-ruffled roses and windblossoms chill.
Sleep-ripe we loiter and linger and hearken,
Sad for the scents and the sounds well-nigh passed,
Sad with the thought how the fair world shall darken
Joy-worn and grave to its sleep-time at last.

Gordon Bottomley.

THE SEAL

I WALKED in pleasant villages,
The rural sights to see,
And underneath some shady trees
An old man spoke to me:

A seal I brought from waters bright
Around the boreal pole,
For in my youth I hid from sight
The pity of my soul.

Over the gunwale gazed this fish,
In harbour safely brought,
And in its lustrous eyes a wish,
And in its head a thought.

I felt some sudden inward loss,
Nor with my child could play,
So sold the seal for silver dross,
And drank the dross away.

Thereafter came my deep disgrace,
Far worse than I can tell:
They showed the creature in this place
For money in a shell.

I saw it pine, I saw it swing
Its round head in the cart,
And I could neither laugh nor sing
For what was in my heart.

THE DOME

I heard my Righteous Judge proclaim :
A caitiff here I find.
Man is not Man by man-like frame,
But by the generous mind.

Then on the darkness of my brain
Shone Mercy's gentle sun ;
I bought the dying fish again,
And shot it with my gun.

And so whenever I come nigh
These trees, I long anew
To tell my story. Therefore I
Confess my sin to you.

E. Willmore.

LOVE, DEATH, AND JUDGMENT

I

PALE stranger, with the uplifted face
That steals its looks at me,
Come you to fill the empty place
Where love was wont to be?

In your dull heart without alarms,
If any love abide,
Reach up and take me in your arms,
And draw me to your side!

Or else, by what deep purpose stayed,
To what diviner end,
Grows this defeat, where fate hath made
A stranger of my friend?

For I am like a withered brook
Which water flows not through,
Since Death hath laid a dear rebuke
On all my thoughts of you.

II

Now round you spreads and flows a rest
From which no word can come.
Whom have you there for secret guest,
Now that your lips are dumb?

Death holds the heart that used to beat
For me; he holds your breath;
He has you fast from face to feet,
Ah, would that I were Death!

III

WHY dream for you, dear vanished friend,
The peace on earth denied,
Since life, to gain a broken end,
Has torn you from my side?

The ramparts of the house of Death
Love cannot pierce or scale,
To know with what a thirst for breath
The silent captives ail.

In that fixed prison-house of form,
All locked and barred about,
Perchance your living will is warm,
And battles to be out!

IV

THE Soul bereaved, the Flesh defiled,
Made strife with Love, and said,
"Lord, is not mine the living child?
And is not hers the dead?"

And while with piteous plea the two
At hard contention warred,
To search the holier anguish through,
Up glanced the dreadful sword.

Then the sad Flesh, the far-defiled,
Caught at Love's feet, and said,
"Give her, give her the living child!
And give me back the dead!"

"Dost thou believe the dead can rise?
Then see, behold thy son!"—
Love spake: and to her opening eyes
Living and dead were one!

Laurence Housman.

HOW LITTLE DUKE JARL SAVED THE CASTLE

DUKE JARL had found a good roost for himself when his work of expelling the invader was ended. Seawards and below the town, in the mouth of the river, stood a rock, thrusting out like a great tusk greedy to rip up any armed vessel that sought passage that way. On the top of this he had built himself a castle, and its roots went deep, deep down into the solid stone. No man knew how deep the deepest of the foundations went ; but wherever they were, just there was old Duke Jarl's sleeping-chamber. Thither he had gone to sleep when the work no longer needed him ; and he had not yet returned.

That was three hundred years ago ; and still the solid rock vaulted the old warrior's slumber, and over his head men talked of him, and said that he was reserving his strength in old age till his country should again have need of him.

The need seemed to have come now ; for his descendant, little Duke Jarl the ninth, was but a child : and, being in no fear of him, the foe had flocked back, and the castle stood besieged. Also, farther than the eye could see from the topmost tower, the land lay over-run, its richness laid waste by armed bands, who gathered in its harvest by the sword, and the town lay under tribute. From the tower one could see the quays busy, and the enemy loading his ships with merchandise.

Allowed up there for play, little Duke Jarl could not keep his red head from peering over the parapet ; he began making fierce faces at the enemy,—he was still too young to fight : and quick a grey goose-shaft came and sang its shrill scream at his ear. So close had it gone that a little ducal blood trickled out over his

collar. His face worked with rage: leaning far out over the barrier, he began shouting, "I will tell Duke Jarl of you!" till an attendant ran up and snatched him away from danger.

Things were going badly: the castle was cut off from the land, and on the sea side the foe had built themselves a great mole, within which their war-ships could ride at anchor safe from the reach of any storm. Thus there was no way left by which help or provender could come.

Little Duke Jarl saw men round him growing more gaunt and thin day by day, but he did not understand why, till he chanced once upon a soldier gnawing a fowl bone for the stray bits of meat that clung to it; then he found that all except himself in the castle had been put upon quarter-rations, though the fighting had become more hard than ever.

So that day he flung downstairs the white bread and savouries which were brought to him, telling the cook that the day he really became Duke he would have his head off if he dared to send him anything again but the common fare. Hearing of it, the old castle-Constable picked up little master ninth Duke between great finger and thumb, and laughed, holding him in air, "With you alive," said he, "we shall not have to wake Old Jarl after all!" The little Duke asked when he would let him have a sword, and the Constable clapped his cheeks and ran back cheerfully at a call from the palisades.

But others carried heavy looks, thinking, "Long before his fair promise can come to anything, our larders will be empty and our walls gone!"

It was no great time after this that the Duke's Constable was the only man who saw reason in holding out. That became known all through the castle; and the cook, honest fellow, brought up little Jarl's dinner one day, with tears in his eyes. He set down his load of dainties: "It is no use!" said he; "you may as well eat to-day, since to-morrow we give up the castle."

"Who is 'we'?" cried little Jarl, springing to his feet.

"All but the Constable," said the cook; "and they meet in the council-hall now, trying to make him see reason: whether or no, they will not let him hold on."

Little Jarl found the doors of the great hall barred to the thunderings of his small fist: for, in truth, these men could not

bear to look in the face of one who had in his veins the blood of old Duke Jarl, when they were about to give up his stronghold to the enemy.

So little Jarl made his way up to the bowery, where was a minstrel's window looking down into the hall. Sticking out his head so that he might see down to where the council was sitting, "If you give up the castle, I will tell Duke Jarl!" he cried. Hearing his young master's voice, the Constable raised his eyes; but not able to see him for tears in them, called out: "Tell him quick, for here it is all against one! Only for one day more have they promised to hold out at my bidding, and keep the carrion crows from coming to Jarl's nest."

And even as he spoke came renewed tumult of attack, and the answering cry of "Jarl, Jarl!" from the defenders on the walls. Then all leapt up, overturning the council-board, and ran out to the battlements to carry on with what courage was left to them a hopeless contest for one more day.

Little Duke Jarl was left like a beating heart in the great empty castle. He ran wildly from room to room, calling with rage and madness on old Jarl to return and fight. From roof to basement he ran, commanding the spirit of his ancestor to appear, till at last he found himself in the deepest cellars of all. Down there he could hear but faintly the sound of the fighting; yet it seemed to him that through the stone he could hear the slow booming of the sea; and as he went deeper into the castle's foundations the louder had grown its note. "Does the sea come in all the way under the castle?" he wondered. "Oh, that it would breach the foundations and sink castle and all, rather than let them give up old Jarl's stronghold to his enemies!"

All was quite dark here, where the castle stood embedded; but now and then little Duke Jarl could feel a puff of wind on his face; and presently he was noticing how it came as if timed to the booming of the sea underneath: whenever came the sound of a breaking wave, with it came a draught of air. He wondered if, so low down, there might not be some secret way to some sea-cave. Groping in the direction of the gusts, his feet came upon stairs. So low and narrow was the entrance, he had to turn sideways and stoop; but when he had burrowed through a thickness of wall he was able to stand upright, and again found stairs indicating a path.

Down: these led down. He had never been so low before. And what a storm there must be outside! against these walls the echoes of the sea grew so loud, he could no longer hear the tramp of his own feet descending.

And now the wind came at him in great gusts: first came the great boom of the sea, and then the blast of air. The way twisted and circled, making his head giddy for a fall; his feet slipped on the steepness and slime of the descent, and at each turn the sound grew more appalling, and the driving force of the wind more like the felling blow of a man's fist.

Presently the shock of it threw him from his standing, so that he had to lie down and slide feet foremost, clinging with his eyelids and nails to break the violence of his speed. And now the air was so full of thunder that his teeth shook in their sockets, and his bones jarred in his flesh. The darkness growled and roared; soon the wind began lifting him backwards,—the force of it seemed to be flaying the skin off his face; and still he went on, throwing his full weight against the air ahead.

Then, for a moment, he felt himself letting go altogether: solid walls slipping harshly past him in the darkness; he fell, and came, crashed and bruised, to a headlong standstill.

First stars flew through the back of his brain; then, raising himself, he saw a dim blue light falling through a long low vault. At the end of it sat old Jarl like adamant in slumber. His head was down on his breast, buried in a vast burning bush of hair and beard; his hands were gripping the sides of his great bronze chair; and the weight of his feet where they rested had hollowed a socket in the stone floor for them to sink into.

With his hair and his armour he shone like a red and blue flame; and the light of him struck the vaulting and the floors. Over against his seat a dark tunnel, piercing the wall and advancing through solid rock, reached up a hollow throat seawards. But it was not by that way that came the wind and the sound of the sea; but from old Jarl, breathing peacefully in his sleep, waiting until the hour which should call his strength back to life.

Young Duke Jarl ran across the chamber, and struck old Jarl's knees, crying, "Wake, Jarl! or the castle will be taken!" but the sleeper did not stir. Then he climbed the bars of the bronze chair, and, reaching high, caught hold of the red beard. "Fore-

father!" he cried, "wake; the castle is being betrayed!" But still old Jarl snored a drowsy hurricane.

Then little Jarl sprang upon his knee, and, seizing him by the head, pulled to move its dead weight, and, finding he could not, struck him full on the mouth, crying, "Jarl, Jarl! old thunderbolt! wake, or you will be betraying the castle!"

At that old Jarl hitched himself in his seat, and drew up a deep breath. In rushed the wind whistling from the tunnel toward the sea, and down rushed the wind whistling from the way by which little Jarl had come: like the wings of cranes flying homewards in spring, so it whistled when old Jarl drew in his breath.

Off his knee dropped little ninth Jarl, buffeted speechless to earth. And old Jarl, letting go one breath, settled himself back to slumber.

Far up over-head, at the darkening-in of night, the besiegers saw the eyes of the castle flash red for an instant, and shut again: then they heard the Castle-rock blow out like a great trumpet its blast of defiance; and they trembled, crying, "That is old Jarl's war-horn; he is awake out of slumber!"

They had reason enough to fear, for suddenly upon their ships of war there crashed, as though out of the bowels of the earth, a black wind and sandblast: and coming, it took the reefed sails and rigging, and snapped the masts and broke every vessel from its anchoring, and drove all to wreck and ruin against the great mole that had been built to shelter them. And away inland, beyond the palisades and under the camp of the besiegers, the ground pitched and rocked, so that every tent fell grovelling; and wherever the ground gaped, captains and men-at-arms were swallowed down in detachments.

Hardly had the call of old Jarl's war-horn ceased, before the Constable ordered the castle-gates to be thrown open, and out he came, leading a gaunt and hungry band of Jarl-folk warriors; for over in the enemy's camp they had scent of a hot supper which must be cooked and eaten before dawn. And in a little while, when the cooking was at its height, young Duke Jarl stuck his red head out over the battlements and laughed gloriously.

So this has told how old Duke Jarl once turned in his sleep and breathed; but to tell of the waking of old Jarl will be another story.

Laurence Housman.

THE PENMAN

HAROLD MELHUIISH had just finished fastening strips of old flannel over the crevices of the bedroom window to keep the draught out. It was a bleak, wet morning early in March. The gusts of wind harassed and swayed the small trees in the front-gardens of the suburban side-street, and the rain sometimes pattered plaintively and sometimes beat angrily on the panes. A fire was burning in the grate. As Melhuish turned towards it after tapping in the last tintack, the flames were blown outward, and a puff of smoke escaped into the room and spread slowly, adding to the prickly taste which was already strong in the air.

Melhuish hurried across the room and stirred the fire; then he seized a sheet of brown paper which was lying beside the fender and held it across the fireplace, as he had done earlier in the morning, till the increased draught brought the dull red glow of the embers to a roaring flame. Then he dropped the paper and turned towards the bed, and the look of mere worry which his face had worn changed to an expression of extreme anxiety.

His wife was lying in the bed. She was evidently ill and very weak. Her face, in its frame of soft and abundant dark hair, was pretty and sweet in spite of the disfiguring strain of sickness, but it was flushed and haggard. She was rolling her head from side to side; her thin hands lay nervelessly on the white coverlet. Nellie Melhuish had caught cold during her convalescence after influenza; the result was a dangerous relapse. Both lungs were affected, and the critical time was not yet past. Her husband while he looked at her was not sure whether she was fully awake; if so, her mind might be clear or it might be confused, owing to

her weakness and feverishness, as it had been when he had roused her to take her medicine.

"I wish I could stay with you and look after you myself," Melhuish said softly, "instead of going to the City to-day. But they've complained of my absence already, and I'm so afraid it might mean losing my berth. The doctor says, with warmth and care you ought to pull through."

The sick woman evidently noticed what was said; for she rolled her head more emphatically from side to side, as if in sign of negation. Her husband came and knelt at the bedside, and took one of her hands.

"Would you like me to stay, darling?" he asked.

His wife stopped the feverish movement of her head, and looked at him, smiling sweetly with her eyes and faintly with her lips. His face was kind and gentle, but it showed weakness of character, in spite of the intelligence which animated it.

"No, I don't want you to stay," Nellie murmured. "It would be dangerous. I shall get on all right. Aunt Joan will look after me."

"Does this smoke bother you much?" Melhuish asked. "I've done everything I can to abate it."

"Oh no," his wife answered, smiling at him again with her eyes, and pressing his fingers slightly to reassure him. "I hardly notice it."

"And is Aunt Joan kind to you, really?"

"Oh yes; she'd do anything for me."

"I'm afraid of her putting her fads in practice," her husband resumed.

His wife, wearied by the effort to converse, shook her head faintly by way of reply, and then began to roll it from side to side again.

"I must run to the train. I believe you're pulling through, and you will be better by the time I get down this evening," he said, with an affectation of cheerfulness intended to encourage her.

He kissed her tenderly on the cheek; then he knelt beside the bed again for a moment and gazed anxiously at her, still clasping her hand. Her head was still now, but she did not open her eyes. He left the room softly.

He descended the narrow stairs of the little suburban house,

and peeped into his tiny square dining-room. Aunt Joan was sitting before the fire there. She rose when she heard her nephew open the door. Aunt Joan was a tall woman with a stiff figure. Her hair was brown, and instead of a fringe she wore a curious row of tight ringlets across her high, square forehead. Her brown eyes were hard but vivacious, and not devoid of intelligence. Her mouth was grim, and bore an expression of set determination.

"I'm off to work, Auntie Joan," said Melhuish. "Keep her warm and snug, won't you? And stick to the doctor's orders precisely." He emphasised the words.

"You can trust me to know what I'm here for," replied Aunt Joan. "Don't you run away with the idea that you've anything to teach me, Harry. It's high time you started if you mean to be punctual," she added sharply.

Melhuish, after a moment's hesitation, left the room.

He put on his overcoat hurriedly, turned up the collar of it, then snatched his hat from a peg, caught up his umbrella, and stepped out into the rain, shutting the door very quickly behind him to check the rush of cold air into the house. As he hastened to the railway station, his mind was racked with anxiety. He was not sure that he ought to have entrusted his sick wife to the keeping of Aunt Joan. But he was not able to afford a trained nurse, and his aunt had expressed in very kind words her willingness to come from the country town in which she lived to nurse her niece-by-marriage; and when Melhuish had expressed his gratitude to her on her arrival, she had said, "Nay, nay, no thanks are due to me for doing my clear duty." He did not doubt her good intentions, but she was very opinionated, especially in all that concerned the treatment of the sick. Her ideas on that subject were of the strangest. Harold Melhuish knew them well. He had been left an orphan early in life, and Joan Melhuish, his maiden aunt, had taken him into her primly comfortable home and had made provision for him. She had nursed the hundred pounds which his father had left him, till the interest alone had accumulated sufficiently to procure for him the instruction in shorthand and typewriting by which he now earned his living. According to Joan Melhuish, all illnesses were the direct result of lapses of moral energy. If anybody had a cold, it was because he or she had been afraid of the wholesome fresh air. If anybody could not

sleep, it was because of lying abed too late in the morning. If anyone lost appetite, that was a sure sign that the person affected had been eating too much. It was useless to argue with Aunt Joan on this subject.

When Melhuish arrived at the office where he worked, he went to the senior partner's room and prepared to take his shorthand notes as usual. It was some time before the senior partner arrived, and Melhuish spent the interval in putting the letters ready. When Mr. Shanderby, the head of the firm of Shanderby & Wicks, at length entered the room, Melhuish greeted him deferentially. Mr. Shanderby was a big, burly man with a florid face. His heavy, ruddy moustache was not yet flecked with grey, though his bushy whiskers, which were darker than his moustache, and his short hair, which was darker than his whiskers, were grizzled. His grey eyes were bright and keen, but hard. He paid no heed to Melhuish's salutation, but after he had sat down and opened one or two of the letters, he said to the young man, "So you've got back. I hope this means resuming your duties permanently."

"I hope so, sir," said Melhuish.

Mr. Shanderby continued to open the letters, and frowned rather heavily, but did not allude further to the subject.

"Sit down," he said to Melhuish, "and get your notebook ready."

Harold Melhuish's habit of diligence stood him in good stead, and he did his work satisfactorily. But his mind was away in the little suburban house, except when it was occupied with memories. His wife was the great happiness and the great wonder of his life. She was at the seaside when he first met her. Her father and mother had brought her to the boarding-house at which Melhuish was spending his short holiday. He became acquainted with her father, and so the young people were put on speaking terms. Melhuish had fallen in love with the girl the first time he saw her; she did not deny him her friendship, and within a week they knew what perfect concordance existed between their minds. The acquaintance was continued in London, and Melhuish soon learned, to his wonder and delight, that the woman he worshipped had given him her love. She had for some time earned a little income of sixty-five pounds a year as secretary to a lady novelist, who took an interest in her, and Melhuish had settled employment.

The lady novelist promoted the match, and promised her pretty little secretary permanent work. So no obstacles arose, and the young people became engaged and were married. Their home was fairyland to them, and the happiness of their life was unbroken. Melhuish, who had looked forward to a span of dull drudgery between youth and old age, to such a lot as makes living a mere weary burden, found himself in paradise.

During the day the rain cleared off, and the sun shone brilliantly, though the wind was biting cold. Melhuish left the office between half-past six and seven. When he reached his home he shut the front door quietly behind him, and went into the little dining-room. The table was laid for supper, and Aunt Joan was sitting in a stiff attitude before the fire.

"Well, Aunt Joan," said the young man, "how is she?"

"She's a great deal better," replied Aunt Joan.

"Has the doctor been?" asked Melhuish.

"Yes, he came early this morning. He says, the same treatment, and she'll pull through." Aunt Joan pursed her lips.

"Is she asleep now, or can I go up?" inquired Melhuish.

"She's asleep," replied Aunt Joan, "I think she'll have a good, refreshing sleep. You'd better have your supper, Harry."

Later, when Melhuish crept softly upstairs and entered the sickroom, it did not seem to him that his wife was better. She was lying with her face turned upward, and her breath was quick and short. One of her hands was resting on the counterpane. Her husband touched it very softly; it was hot, and the fingers twitched now and then. Melhuish came downstairs again and spoke to Aunt Joan.

"Do you think she really is better?" he asked.

"Yes, much better. The doctor said she was."

"She seems to me feverish, and she's breathing badly, I think."

"What she wants is a good long wholesome sleep. That'll refresh her more than anything. If she isn't disturbed, she'll have taken a turn by the morning."

Melhuish stood in the doorway hesitating.

"Perhaps I'd better get the doctor round again?" he said.

Aunt Joan rose angrily.

"What's the good of such a fool's act, I should like to know,"

she cried,—“except to waste money? The man’s been here once to-day, and he could only say the same thing. And now, mark my words, Harry, either I’ve got the invalid or I haven’t, and I’m older than you. I’ve got her into a nice sleep at last, and if you go and fetch the doctor and rouse her and spoil it all, I’ll leave this house to-morrow; for I’m not a woman to be put upon, and I won’t treat the case at all if I’m interfered with. Now, which is it to be?”

“Of course, I want you to stop.”

“Well, I’m glad you do, and I should think you might be grateful. However, I’ve no right to ask for thanks where I’m only doing my duty. The doctor will come to-morrow. In the meantime we’ll see what a good sleep will do for her.”

“Oh, well,—provided you haven’t done anything against the doctor’s rules.”

For answer Aunt Joan pursed her lips. Melhuish wandered up to the sickroom and sat before the fire; his wife’s condition had not changed. A folding bedstead had been prepared in that room for Aunt Joan, and in an hour’s time she came upstairs.

Melhuish bent over his wife and kissed her forehead and her cheek softly and tenderly; the action did not rouse her. Then he slowly withdrew from her, and said good-night to Aunt Joan. He went to the little room which had been fitted for his temporary occupation. When he lay down in bed he meant to get up later in the night and look at the invalid again. But anxiety had tired him; he fell asleep, and slept till the early morning. When he awoke his bedroom was already full of grey light. He hurried out of bed, wrapped his dressing-gown round him, and stole into the sick chamber. Aunt Joan was sleeping soundly. He crossed to where his wife lay. The open, glazed eyes, the jaw that had dropped, the dreadful stillness of the form in the grey light that enfolded the coverlet, told him the truth at once. He shook Aunt Joan out of her sleep, and made her understand his surmise by half a dozen words. Then he hurried on his clothes and rushed to the doctor’s house. In less than half an hour the doctor was by the bedside.

“Yes, it is all over,” he said in a low voice to Aunt Joan. “Yesterday she seemed better, but she had very little strength.”

When the doctor had left the house, Aunt Joan drew her nephew into the dining-room.

"I'm not a woman to keep anything on my conscience that people might think I was afraid to tell," she said. "I gave the poor dear girl upstairs the best chance I could in spite of everything. I opened the window yesterday when the sun shone."

Melhuish stared at her, but made no reply. After a moment he turned and went upstairs. He looked at his wife, then he knelt down and kissed her hand. He did not weep. He rose and went to one of the cupboards in the room. He took a revolver from it, put the hammer at full cock, and passed into his own temporary bedroom. He looked straight before him as he walked, yet he was conscious of seeing the familiar walls and the patterns of the wall-papers that were around him swimmingly. His face was white with terror at the act he was about to do; he did not want to do it, but he knew that he must, for there was nothing left for him all through life but the loss of *her* day after day, day after day. Still white with horror, he put the muzzle to his side near his heart, and then he pressed the trigger hard.

Aunt Joan won admiration from an unwilling neighbourhood by her conduct in overwhelming circumstances. She was respectful yet assured, resigned yet properly afflicted. She kept back nothing—except the detail of the opened window. That was her own concern; for it was merely the outward sign of her private opinion. But she was sure it had been for the best. "Harry married a poor weed of a girl," she whispered to herself, "and it was bound to be."

In view of the pending inquest, the bodies were laid out in different rooms. The woman who performed the last offices for both, after the doctor and the police-sergeant had left the house, was invited by Aunt Joan to drink a glass of sherry in the kitchen, because of the shock which her work in this instance might cause to her. The woman in question had a sentimental vein.

"It do seem a pity we can't lay 'em out side by side, Ma'am," she remarked. "The pore young folks—it 'ud a' been a pretty sight to see 'em."

"Ah, but we must remember," said Annt Joan, "that there's no marrying nor giving in marriage in the blessed place where she's gone,—if she was a good Christian girl, as I believe she was. And as for him,—I never was one to 'abituat myself to blink the truth,—and where he is, with that sin on his head, he won't trouble

himself much about what happens to his poor body. So it's more seemly for 'em to be apart."

Aunt Joan made a most favourable impression at the inquest, and no one asked whether young Mrs. Melhuish's window had been open or shut during the last day of her life. Nobody thought about such a thing.

"I'm sorry we told poor Melhuish he must come back to his duties," said young Mr. Wicks to old Mr. Shanderby when he read of the catastrophe. "I believe he had an idea that if he could nurse his wife himself he'd bring her through."

"Well, it's a sad occurrence," replied Mr. Shanderby, "but I don't see that we're to blame in any way. He was absent close on ten days as it was, and it was all paid time. If we were more indulgent than that, every clerk's wife would have the influenza, or else their mothers or their sisters would. No, no; they must look out for themselves. It isn't business to let them stop away. Besides, God bless my soul, many a man would have been glad to get rid of his wife like that. And anyhow, it can't be helped now."

Godfrey Burchett.

A CHANGE OF VIEW.

THEY came slowly out of the pinewoods on to a stretch of parched grass, whose high distant edge broke abruptly against the blue of the sea. The woods behind them exuded the hot strong scent of pines, intense and overpowering, while from the sea breathed the faintest of winds, crisping the heavy air with salt.

"I am sorry," she said softly.

"It is good of you to say that." His tone was restrained, yet without bitterness.

"No, not at all. You must feel it could not be. We know each other too well; we've grown up together—besides, nothing ever happens as one wants it to." Her voice fell away suddenly.

"Oh, it's all right. Don't bother about me. . . . Those beastly pines! they used to give even old Cosham the blues: how is he?"

The girl pulled her big hat further over her face and turned slightly aside, but he saw the warm blood rush to her cheeks at the sudden question. Her black hair, rippling away from a comely sun-tanned cheek aflame against the white of her hat and gown, quickened his pain, for his wound was new, and the thought of such a weakling for a rival scorched it like fire. Her voice was calm as she answered, "I believe he is still alive."

"He has nine lives—ninety-nine loves."

"How do you know anything of the pines—and him?"

Miriam's pause and the pronoun were tell-tale. She knew it, and faced him boldly. Crediton smiled faintly in return, and answered, "He certainly said so to me."

"Then to which of us did he tell the truth? He told me he loved nothing better than the pines."

"Except you."

"Oh!" She switched the grass angrily with her sunshade.

"Can I be sorry that I am more truthful than Cosham? Did you really care for him, Miriam?"

He stood before her with a desperate face. To ignore him was impossible, but at bay she was white and breathless, save for three words :

"I hate him." And she turned towards the woods.

"Let me come with you." He was bewildered and humbled.

"No." She had already begun to move away.

Miriam sped along the dim sun-shot paths of the woods for some distance before breaking into an overgrown thicket, whose heart was a small deep pool, so walled and secluded in undergrowth that it might have been undisturbed since the pines first began to spring. At the end, where a small stream flowed into it, two large flat stones made a preposterous harbour-mouth for the tiny rivulet, scarcely more than a trickle of lazy water in a pebbly bed. The sun pierced to the pool only in the centre, where it shone in a round of reflected light. Miriam crouched on one of the big stones, and, dropping her hands among the pebbles, teased the bewildered stream into new channels. It was soothing to be cruel. Had not she herself been cruelly treated? Crediton's words had startled her into a new consciousness. Her friends believed that she loved Henry Cosham. Cosham! The name and the memory were equally hateful. Had he not wilfully wronged her by a wrong overwhelming to her, though her circle, if they listened, would smile unbelievably or call her mad?

Certainly they had justification in thinking that she cared for him. Did not the poignant, hateful smell of the pines recall him at every breath? How often they had wandered together along the soft narrow paths, strewn with pine-needles like the spears on a Liliputian battle-field! It was then he had stolen. Till she had met him he was nothing but "poor old Cosham," a "good-hearted chap," but one who could never "lay hold of his brains" according to Richard Crediton's view; according to her own, a dreamer, an idler, impracticable. She had blown her life into his clay; his mind had inhaled the best and rarest from hers. From what new flower was he now sucking the sweetness? And this night-grown fame of his—how long would it last?

"He is a charlatan," she whispered to herself, "and yet he took my chance. . . I would not have been a charlatan."

In a flash of thought his face came back to her. It seemed to

smile up from the sun-space in the centre of the pool—the hair that fell heavily to one side leaving the most deceptive of broad brows, and the slightly cynical turn of the full lips. He was not handsome, but the face had a fascination. Miriam threw a stone impatiently into the pool. It broke into quick ripples, the backwash welled into the harbour of the rivulet, and the illusion fled. She would not have cared so much, she reasoned, if he had not been a charlatan. To have had her richest thoughts and most original conceptions taken, as it were, wholesale, even to the smallest of scraps, would not have mattered much if the man had been an artist. He would have been welcome to all she had to give, for he would have so enriched or stripped it that the last result would have been himself, not a poor counterpart of herself, wrought out through the frank intercourse of friendship and the common means of imitation and memory. Miriam knew that she was not a genius, but she felt that her soul had been absorbed by a lower soul than her own, who had trafficked with it openly, under his own name, and for his own greed of popularity. She would never have climbed among the immortals, but she was a woman high above the army of mediocre talents, and when Cosham and she had talked together she had been unsparing of her best.

"Of course," she sighed, "if I had been supremely original I suppose I could have stood it. But that he should absorb me like a sponge—my own peculiar gifts"

She knew that Cosham had not merely accepted her ideas and modes of thought, but his style and matter were hers—not even hers through his own, but hers naked and unashamed. Moreover, what he had appropriated so slavishly had been turned to the poorer use, to gain a second-rate popularity. Undoubtedly he was a charlatan. Even Crediton, with his slightly stolid mind, had felt that. To Crediton he was still only "poor old Cosham," and he had wondered vaguely why all this fuss was being made over him. Another thought came to Miriam.

"If he had been my son, in whom I had willingly relinquished my personality; to whom I had given life and mind and purpose, whom I had inspired and cherished and guarded and guided—then at least" She broke off bitterly as vistas of the future opened before her. Supposing she went on writing year after year in her own way—for she could write in none but her own—to

what good would it be? Cosham had the start. He was already a popular novelist of the day, he had already written what she had to write, said what she had to say, and said it in her way; for he had had the keenness to see that it was a very good one, and much better than he could hope ever to reach himself. Though she might live it down in time, might even after many years find herself anew in some unexpected manner, she shuddered at the thought of the long years that it would take to erase the impression that she was a mere imitator, a follower of the well-known writer, Henry Cosham, one of his innumerable "school." She might have founded that school. She would have sown the seeds of its literature in a good and wealthy soil; but Cosham had abused the opportunity. He had been mainly concerned with making some sort of a name for himself. Yes, he had taken her chance.

Miriam rose suddenly. The pool was ruffled by a breeze, and its golden heart crinkled in the wind. She stood a moment sadly.

"That pool is my life; he is the little shine in the centre. How greedily he drinks up the light. It is all dark outside."

The breeze, stronger now and fresh from the sea, tossed the heaving trees together; the air under their branches was sultry with the odour of the rich pines. Miriam laughed a little lightly, then she flushed under a stinging thought:

"And once I loved him! That will kill my pride for ever, I . . . so duped . . . such a fool."

When she again broke through the undergrowth to the path, she saw Crediton coming towards her. His usually fresh face looked worn, but otherwise, Miriam considered, he had got over the affair very well. He was too frank to be deeply receptive.

"I hope you won't mind," he said, "but I've been hanging round most of the time—met a tramp, rather a queer-looking chap, as I came out of the village. I've been there. This is for you."

Miriam took the letter which he held towards her, and walked away to read it. When she came back her eyes were burning.

"Read it," she said, without a smile. And he read:

MY DEAR MIRIAM,—May I still so call you? You must be surprised to hear from me after so long, but I am not one to deluge my friends with long epistles by every post. Still I do not forget.

The other day I came accidentally upon one of your early—pardon the word—effusions. Every line brought back to me the sweeping, scented pines, the ceaseless roar of the hungry sea. Ah, those days! As I read I thought, "Why should not this girl be made somebody? Surely the world would be the loser if she never blossomed." Come, my child, come out into wider fields and under more genial skies—we need you.

But to be practical. May I not see some of your work? Sketches, poems, anything. What though they be a little amateurish, perhaps? I receive every weary day MSS. which I am implored to criticise, and why may I not be honoured with something of yours? He who has already won his literary spurs may climb the critic's mule. Do not deny me the satisfaction of "discovering" you.

My little butterfly friend, whom I have seen flit down so many fragrant alleys, let the world see the sheen of your wings! In plain English, send me a sketch, or some of those quaint, simple poems at which you were so apt. I assure you that not merely shall I scourge and flay them, but when they have stood the test, as I know they will, I will drop them into some genial editor's pocket. At least let me try; though in this malformed Cosmos, of course, I cannot answer absolutely for the result.—Ever yours sincerely,

HENRY COSHAM.

Miriam watched Crediton's face as he read the letter. He stood gravely in the centre of the path. The sunlight, caught first in the lace-like meshes of the delicate pines, fell brilliantly over trunk and moss till it touched his hair with gleams of gold. His cap, thrust back upon his head, his knitted brows, the evident strenuous effort to understand and realise a life so remote from his own, sent a whimsical smile over Miriam's face. A literary life! the whirl of town and talk and "pose" were nothing to him; they were league upon league from his simple wholesome life. It amazed Miriam to think that he could so live on the outside of what had been to her the only things which really counted. His work, his sport, his small circle of mainly genuine friendships, his natural abundant delight in the prime goods of life, contrasted oddly with all that she had yearned for.

Yet was her ideal life better? If there was one Henry Cosham, might there not be many? Her own experience was small; she

was only on the outer ring of the unknown desired world, yet what pain and disillusionment those few steps had cost her; what unsounded depths of weakness, insincerity, and greed sucked whirlpool-wise in the heart of her rosy dream! After all, was Crediton's wholesome narrow life to be so readily despised? At least he could hold his head high; above all things, he was honourable, and he was content to be entirely natural. As for Cosham—the least thought about him the better. So doing she might yet save a few illusions. Crediton caught her serious gaze.

"What shall you do?" he asked.

"Let him enjoy his conviction that I shall revere this tenderly in rose-leaves and ribbons. Will you give me a match?"

As Crediton found it he said, "You're throwing away a chance, Miriam. You know how keen you've always been on this sort of thing, and Cosham isn't a bad sort. Besides, he's made a name."

The words were quiet, but such magnanimity on Crediton's part was not achieved without a struggle. Perhaps Miriam knew it, although she did not answer. Taking the match, she lit the corner of the sheet, and they both watched the yellow-lipped flame creep across the paper. He remembered how unexpected Miriam always was. Of course that was part of her charm.

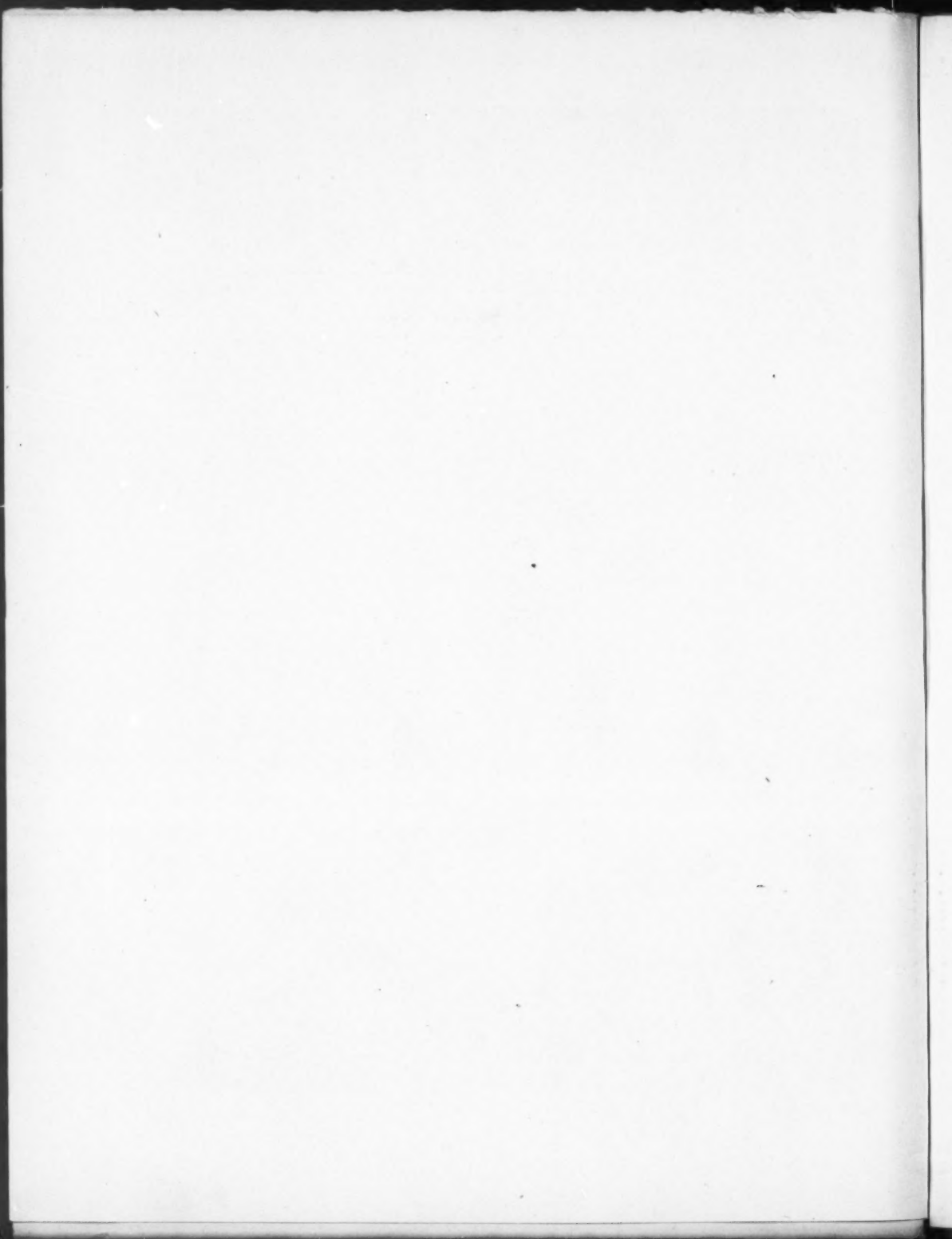
She threw the last burning fragment into the air. "Now I am myself," she cried. "I am one with pines and sun and sea."

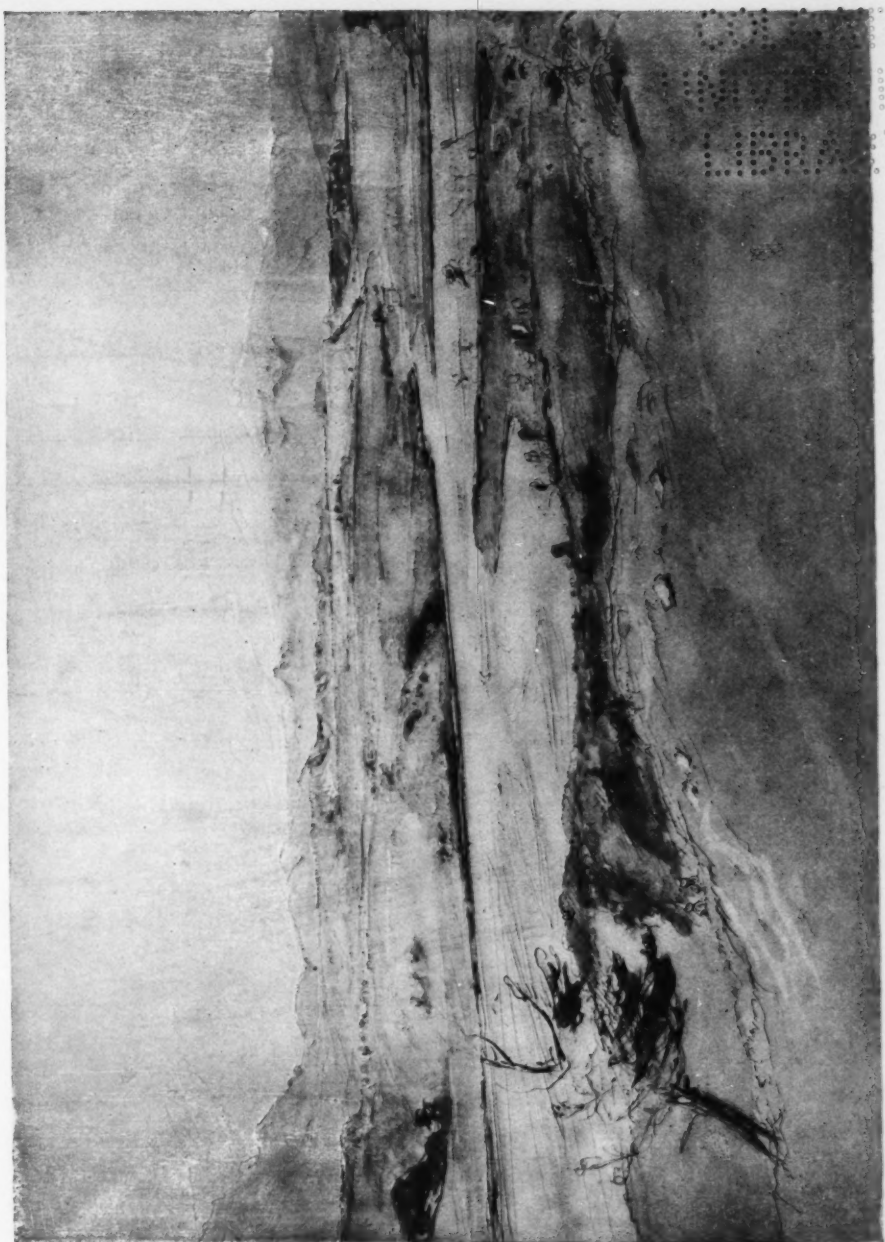
The wind, boisterous now, swept apart the branches of the pines and let down a stream of golden sunlight over her. Caught in its splendour, and gleaming like a snowy bird in the green waves of foliage, she ran light-heartedly along the narrow path. She did not stop till she had reached the parched grass of the cliff. Far out at sea, the water, whipped by the wind, shewed white teeth of foam. The salt fresh gust, scampering madly down the slope to meet her, almost took away her breath. Miriam could scarcely keep her foothold. Instinctively she groped for support; and Crediton's strong fingers closed warmly over the hand which she did not try to take away.

A. Dawson.

SEVEN DRAWINGS AND ETCHINGS
AFTER E. T. DANIELL

1. JUNCTION OF THE MANGYR-TSCHAI WITH THE XANTHUS,
LYCIA.
2. SOURCE OF THE XANTHUS.
3. THEATRE OF MYRA, LYCIA.
4. THE PLAIN AND BAY OF PHINEKA, LYCIA.
5. RHODES FROM THE SEA.
(After Water-colour Drawings in the British Museum.)
6. OLD HOUSES.
(After an Etching in the British Museum.)
7. A RIVER SCENE.
(After a Dry-point in the British Museum.)



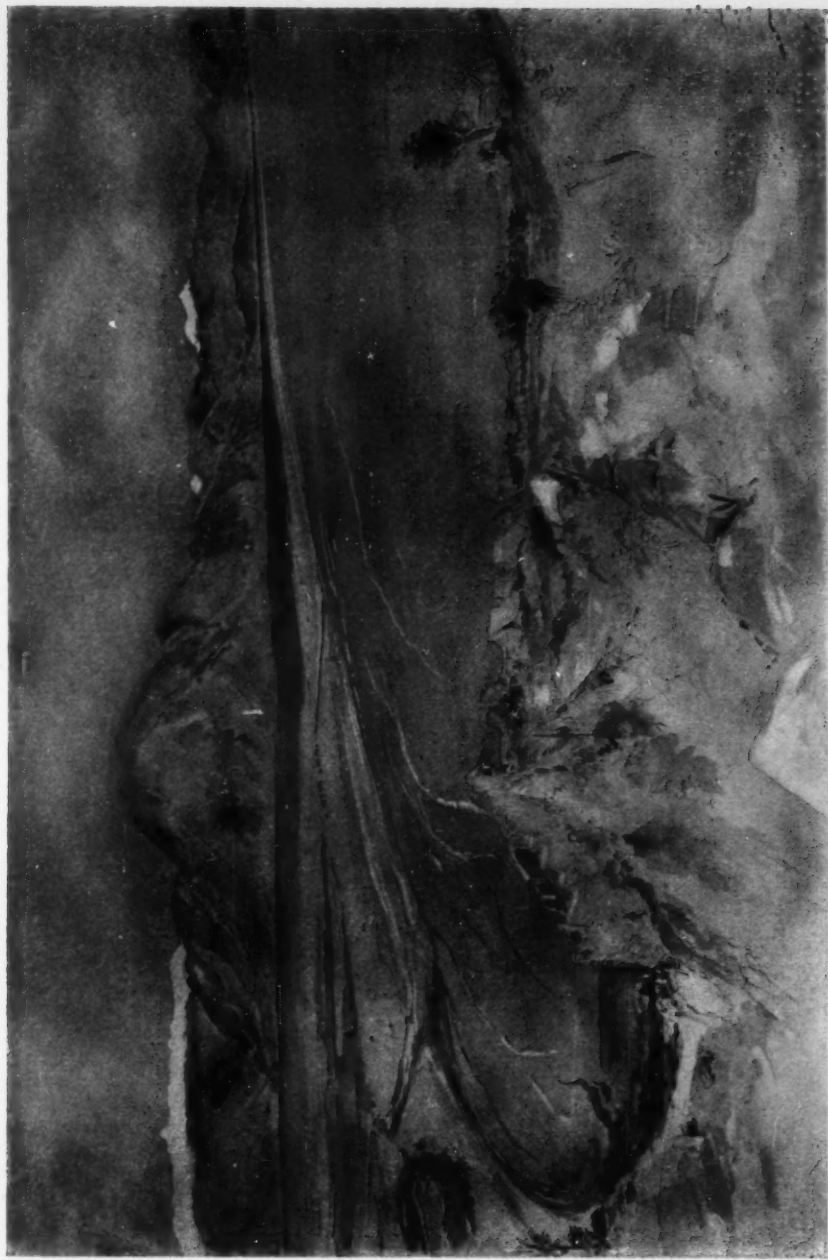




●	●	●	●	●
●	●	●	●	●
●	●	●	●	●
●	●	●	●	●
●	●	●	●	●



Figure 1 displays a sequence of 16 small grayscale images arranged in a 4x4 grid. Each image shows a handwritten digit '4' being formed by a pen. The sequence illustrates the progression of the stroke, from a single vertical line to a complete digit with a horizontal crossbar and a diagonal stroke.



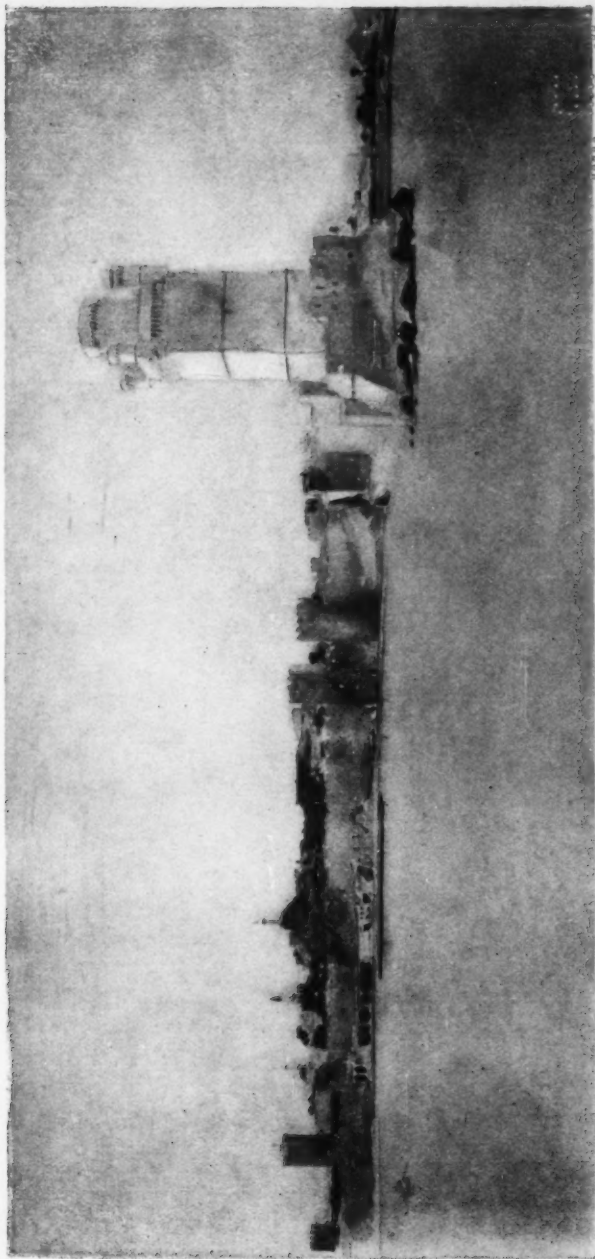
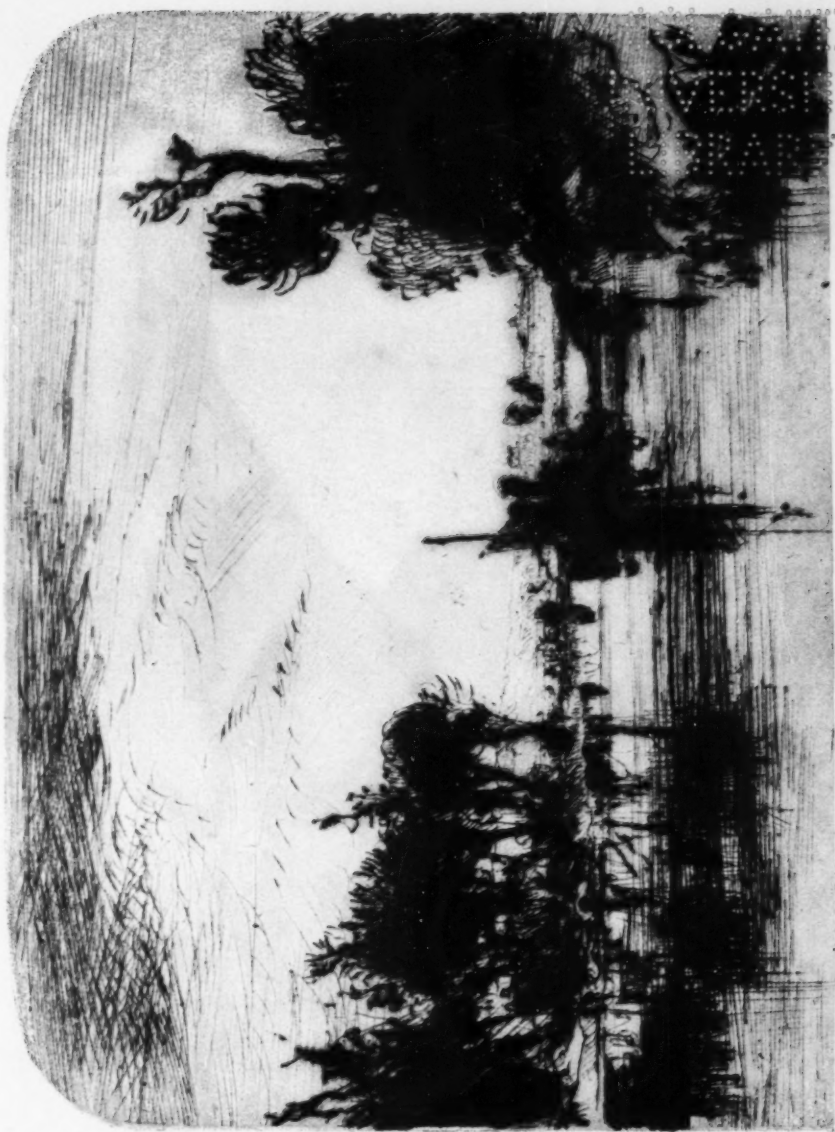


Figure 1 illustrates the progression of a face from a single dot to a full face, organized into a 3x9 grid. The top row shows the formation of a nose from a single dot. The middle row shows the formation of eyes from two dots. The bottom row shows the formation of a full face from multiple dots.

COLGATE
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY







EDWARD THOMAS DANIELL

PAINTER AND ETCHER

THE amateur in art is mostly one who gets more pleasure by his productions than he gives; he is happy, but does not make others happy. There are, however, amateurs and amateurs; and, especially in England, there have been amateurs who deserved the name of artist, who have sought to advance more than merely to adorn the cause of art. Especially in England: for nowhere else has art been esteemed so little as a serious side of life, nowhere has discouragement run so strongly towards an entire devotion to it. Many, therefore, who have had both the impulse and the capacity for taking pains, have been deterred into acquiescence with family and friends, who say "What a pleasant hobby for him!" but never "He must be a painter!" This well-meant chilliness has sometimes fostered a true gift more happily than encouragement. Water-colour painting in England has indeed suffered less from the amateur than from the professor: for the professor must needs turn for a livelihood to the teaching of amateurs or even of unwilling scholars; he is stifled, dulled, and wearied into a languid and mechanical style. Those whose enthusiasm outlives the "series of disgusts" which beset the path of every genuine artist, gain largely by a freedom from circumstances. Among such semi-amateurs few names should be more eminent, though few are as little known, as that of Edward Daniell. Redgrave and Bryan ignore him; even Mr. Leslie Stephen's great Dictionary does not include him in its legion of obscure heroes and faded notorieties. Students of English art know William Daniell's Indian scenes and Samuel Daniell's

studies in South Africa ; but even students have rarely heard of Edward Daniell, who does not seem to have been in any way connected with the family of these other Daniells, and who is a much more original and interesting artist than either.

Daniell is in fact one of the most original and interesting artists of the Norwich school, if we are to class him with that school. In a brief notice like the present I can only give the mere outline of a biography : the facts are taken from a privately printed memoir by Mr. F. R. Beecheno, which for its piety of care and thoroughness is a model. Born in London of a Norfolk family, Daniell was bred in Norwich, and Crome taught him drawing at the Norwich grammar school. Some of his early etchings recall those of Crome ; but his mind soon came far more powerfully under the influence of an art with which his own affinities were much stronger, the art of Turner. Apart from this influence, he remained singularly independent ; and if by race he must be grouped with the Norwich men, his art holds really a quite solitary position.

In 1823, Daniell went up to Balliol. While at Oxford, or before, he became the friend of John Linnell, at that time the chief of the little band of venerating disciples who cheered and supported the last years of Blake. Daniell caught his friend's enthusiasm ; the sight of the *Inventions to the Book of Job* threw him into a "violent fit" of admiration ; and he persuaded Parker, the Oxford publisher, to take a copy,—I fear with no result.

After leaving Oxford, he travelled, etched, and painted. In 1832 he was ordained, and for a year and a half was curate at Banham, a Norfolk village. In 1834 he was appointed to a curacy in London. But art continued to be his real vocation : his house became a resort of painters ; not only Linnell, but Turner, David Roberts, Dyce, and Stanfield were his friends. It does not seem to be known how Daniell made Turner's acquaintance ; but Turner seems to have shown a warmth and geniality, even a cordial attachment, for him, such as was not often felt by that strange and solitary nature. Had Daniell lived, Turner intended to have entrusted his law affairs to him. He expressed also an admiration of his work. It was in Daniell's house that Linnell studied Turner's face for a portrait which Daniell had commissioned him to paint. The two artists often dined with their friend ; they

were placed opposite each other at table; and Linnell thus procured unconscious sittings.

While commissioning this and other pictures from Linnell, Daniell was not himself idle. He exhibited a certain number of pictures—scenes in Italy, Switzerland, and France. Two of these are now in the Gallery of the Norwich Museum, which the judgment and fine taste of Mr. Reeve, the Curator, and the noble bequests of Mr. Colman, are combining to make a really representative gallery. These oil paintings show the same sense for spacious light and air, the same independence of vision, as the water-colours.

David Roberts has been mentioned as one of Daniell's circle. In 1838 he had been to Egypt and Syria, and he brought back sketches which kindled Daniell's imagination, filled him with an irresistible desire to see the East. Sometime in 1840 he set out; was in Greece at the end of the year, crossed to Egypt early in 1841, travelled up the Nile to Nubia, then from Egypt to Palestine, and so to Syria, reaching Beyrout in October. A little later he was at Smyrna; and here he fell in with an English party on board H.M.S. *Beacon* sent out by Government to Lycia to bring home the antiquities discovered by Sir Charles Fellows at Xanthus, for the British Museum.

Ardent in the cause of scholarship as of art, Daniell resolved to join the expedition. He stayed the winter at Xanthus; and when Fellows left in March, Daniell remained behind to make a more thorough survey of the country, in company with Spratt, a lieutenant in the Navy, and Forbes, a naturalist.

The country which the three traversed must be one of the most fascinating regions in the world. This south-western corner of Asia Minor kept, even in ancient times, a certain isolation: commerce did not swell its cities; war visited it only in rumours, except now and again for the meteoric irruption of an Alexander; and for us, Lycia stirs few associations later than the tale of Troy, and the death of the demigod Sarpedon. The Lycians seem to have preserved the shy and mysterious character of dwellers in an uttermost coast land, neither merged in the main current of Greek history, nor making any great noise in the world on their own account. The landscape which presented itself to our artist from the deck of the *Beacon*, as it anchored in the bay of Makri, has an

aspect of beauty, mystery, and loneliness aptly expressive of its silent story. Vast rose-red slopes; scarped hills, honeycombed with numberless tombs excavated and sculptured in the rock; spacious valleys, with scattered bushes on the shores of solitary streams; distant crowding ridges, with the snows of Taurus on the extreme horizon;—of such majestic elements is the scenery composed. And impressed with loneliness as it is, there is besides that sort of intangible perfume which clings to a peopled country, now deserted. All over this wild, rich-coloured region are sprinkled the fragments of old cities, marble amphitheatres, arches, aqueducts, temple-columns, crested tombs; nestling sometimes in the lap of mountains, or clustered and shining far off on some isolated vast pinnacle in a valley; and named with wonderful names that seem familiar yet are not, Telmessus and Termessus, Myra and Candyba, Acalissus, Araxa, Gagæ, Corydalla! names whose remote and mysterious charm seems to resound from some page of Milton, forgotten or yet undiscovered. Such an atmosphere liberates the imagination, instead of overpowering it, as Rome overpowers it with interminable vistas of concrete history.

Here, then, if anywhere, was a land to stimulate a painter's ardour. Daniell rose to the height of his subject. The series of sixty-four drawings, now in the British Museum, picture the wanderings of the travellers from day to day. They are all on tinted paper, some of a brownish or yellowish, some of a bluish tone; the colours are broadly washed, while the outlines are defined and details kept exact by a pen. What strikes one most at first is the astonishing air of space and magnitude conveyed, the fluid wash of sunlight in these towering gorges and open valleys. Those who have been to Lycia say that the colour of the country is admirably given; better, indeed, than in the sketches of the same scenes by William Müller, who accompanied the Government expedition, and many of whose Lycian drawings are also in the Museum. Müller was one of the most brilliant and accomplished sketchers who ever lived; yet I find in Daniell, to whom painting was a far more arduous thing than to Müller, certain qualities that the other lacks; the artist in him is more finely fibred, he is more exclusively concerned with the essential things; his eye sees in a more interesting way. There is absolutely nothing of the drawing-

master in him, of the formula maker, the composition manufacturer. His compositions scarcely seem to be premeditated, yet are often most inventive and new. He has a fondness for vast prospects from great heights; subjects which scarcely anyone else except Turner would ever have ventured. One drawing, "The Ruins of Marmora," shows a crag rising from a gorge, with tombs scattered on the steep slopes, and beyond, a whole region of peaks and valleys, crowned in the highest distance with a blue bay of the Pamphylian coast—so far away, it looks at first like the sky—and, further and higher still, a range of phantom mountains. The Japanese have accustomed us to upright landscapes of this type; but European painters have been too often content with the common points of view. In looking at the reproductions, one must remember that they are from actual sketches made on the spot, not finished drawings. Daniell was prevented by a thunderstorm from completing one of the most remarkable of the upright landscapes; and many others which are grand in conception, are not carried out sufficiently to gain their due effect, or suffer from haste. Such is the wonderful view of the Valley of Kassabar with its great ruined mediæval cathedral far below on the deserted sands, stretching for miles towards the distant stormy ridges, while near us a towering peak plunges down in an enormous slope sprinkled with tiny monuments. Fine in conception, too, is the precipitous glen of the Chimæra, that fabulous and dreaded monster, which has now, alas! shed wings, and claws, and body, and dwindled to a jet of inflammable gas upon the mountain side; prosaic Turks roast coffee on the harmless flame.

But many of the sketches are as fine in execution as in idea, like the spacious prospect of the Plain of Phineka with its two blue rivers winding through wide sands to the shipless sea, and the snowy ranges beyond. Or again, the view of the harbour of Antiphellus from the road far above, looking down on the little modern port and the clustered ancient ruins, and the sleeping bay, pale under the high noonday sun, and the basking island of Castelorizo. One very wonderful subject, which Daniell sketches suggestively, would have made a fine picture, the springs of the Xanthus river, born among green boughs and boulders a full-grown foaming torrent.

Daniell was destined to die a victim to his enthusiasm. Return-

ing again from Rhodes, where he left his two companions, he caught a fever; he recovered, but rashly undertook a solitary expedition in Pamphylia and Pisidia at the hottest season of the year; and, carried into imprudence by his ardour, fell ill again at Adalia, and died there, September 24, 1842. He was thirty-eight. I have little space left to speak of Daniell's etchings. Yet these are, from an historical point of view, the most remarkable of his works. With the exception of Geddes, Wilkie, Crome, and D. C. Read, a Salisbury schoolmaster who attracted the notice of Goethe, no one had so early in the century practised etching in the true etcher's spirit. Wilkie's plates are very few, Crome's are few of them really successful as etchings, and Read's are not important as works of art. But Daniell may claim, equally with Geddes, the honour of anticipating the revival of etching, associated with the names of Seymour-Haden and Whistler. The accompanying reproductions, necessarily imperfect, may give some idea of Daniell's work both with acid and with dry-point. A portrait of Daniell, by his friend Linnell, is prefixed to Mr. Beecheno's memoir. The face is what one might preconceive from his life: very English in its features, it is the face of a strong and healthy nature, refined by ardent thought, with full lips and keen, vivacious eyes.

Laurence Binyon.

FOUR DRAWINGS AND A WOODCUT

1. THE SURF-NET. After a Drawing by CHARLES PEARS.
2. THE STAR IN THE EAST. An Original Wood Engraving by
BERNARD SLEIGH.
3. THE FISHERMAN AND THE RAINBOW. After a Drawing by
PHILIP CONNARD.
4. THE MEETING OF OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA IN CYPRUS.
After a Sketch by PHILIP CONNARD.
5. MUSIC. After a Drawing by G. M. ELLWOOD.

The first of these is the fact that the
 the second is the fact that the
 the third is the fact that the
 the fourth is the fact that the
 the fifth is the fact that the
 the sixth is the fact that the
 the seventh is the fact that the
 the eighth is the fact that the
 the ninth is the fact that the
 the tenth is the fact that the
 the eleventh is the fact that the
 the twelfth is the fact that the
 the thirteenth is the fact that the
 the fourteenth is the fact that the
 the fifteenth is the fact that the
 the sixteenth is the fact that the
 the seventeenth is the fact that the
 the eighteenth is the fact that the
 the nineteenth is the fact that the
 the twentieth is the fact that the
 the twenty-first is the fact that the
 the twenty-second is the fact that the
 the twenty-third is the fact that the
 the twenty-fourth is the fact that the
 the twenty-fifth is the fact that the
 the twenty-sixth is the fact that the
 the twenty-seventh is the fact that the
 the twenty-eighth is the fact that the
 the twenty-ninth is the fact that the
 the thirtieth is the fact that the
 the thirty-first is the fact that the
 the thirty-second is the fact that the
 the thirty-third is the fact that the
 the thirty-fourth is the fact that the
 the thirty-fifth is the fact that the
 the thirty-sixth is the fact that the
 the thirty-seventh is the fact that the
 the thirty-eighth is the fact that the
 the thirty-ninth is the fact that the
 the fortieth is the fact that the
 the forty-first is the fact that the
 the forty-second is the fact that the
 the forty-third is the fact that the
 the forty-fourth is the fact that the
 the forty-fifth is the fact that the
 the forty-sixth is the fact that the
 the forty-seventh is the fact that the
 the forty-eighth is the fact that the
 the forty-ninth is the fact that the
 the fiftieth is the fact that the
 the fifty-first is the fact that the
 the fifty-second is the fact that the
 the fifty-third is the fact that the
 the fifty-fourth is the fact that the
 the fifty-fifth is the fact that the
 the fifty-sixth is the fact that the
 the fifty-seventh is the fact that the
 the fifty-eighth is the fact that the
 the fifty-ninth is the fact that the
 the sixtieth is the fact that the
 the sixty-first is the fact that the
 the sixty-second is the fact that the
 the sixty-third is the fact that the
 the sixty-fourth is the fact that the
 the sixty-fifth is the fact that the
 the sixty-sixth is the fact that the
 the sixty-seventh is the fact that the
 the sixty-eighth is the fact that the
 the sixty-ninth is the fact that the
 the seventieth is the fact that the
 the seventy-first is the fact that the
 the seventy-second is the fact that the
 the seventy-third is the fact that the
 the seventy-fourth is the fact that the
 the seventy-fifth is the fact that the
 the seventy-sixth is the fact that the
 the seventy-seventh is the fact that the
 the seventy-eighth is the fact that the
 the seventy-ninth is the fact that the
 the eightieth is the fact that the
 the eighty-first is the fact that the
 the eighty-second is the fact that the
 the eighty-third is the fact that the
 the eighty-fourth is the fact that the
 the eighty-fifth is the fact that the
 the eighty-sixth is the fact that the
 the eighty-seventh is the fact that the
 the eighty-eighth is the fact that the
 the eighty-ninth is the fact that the
 the ninetieth is the fact that the
 the ninety-first is the fact that the
 the ninety-second is the fact that the
 the ninety-third is the fact that the
 the ninety-fourth is the fact that the
 the ninety-fifth is the fact that the
 the ninety-sixth is the fact that the
 the ninety-seventh is the fact that the
 the ninety-eighth is the fact that the
 the ninety-ninth is the fact that the
 the hundredth is the fact that the







THE
STAR
IN
THE
EAST

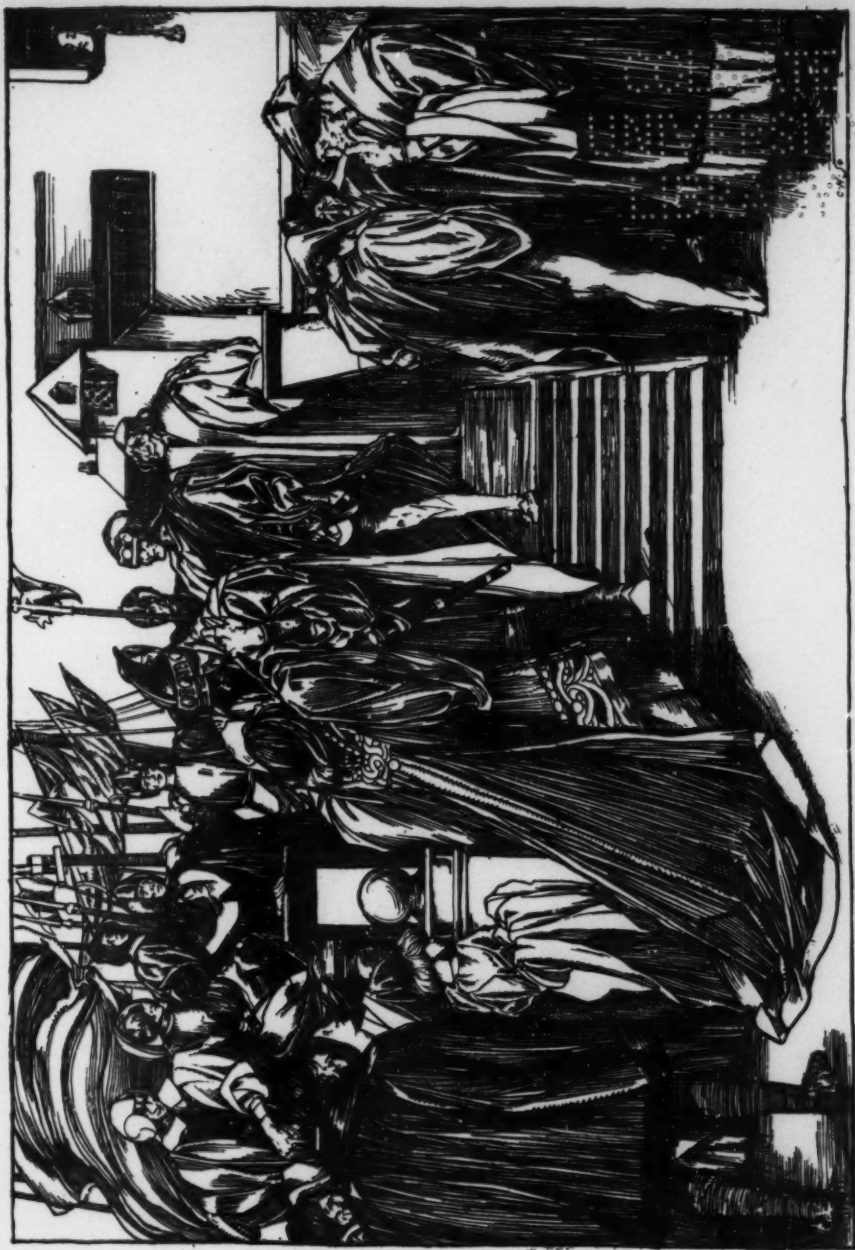
RECEIVED
JAN 10 1900
U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE
BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY
WASHINGTON, D. C.





THE
IV
V

COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY





MUSIC



SPIRIT-SHAPES THAT DWELL IN
 SOUND, WHICH THE MIND'S
 EYE SEETH ONLY.
 WHEN THE MUSIC'S SPELL IS
 ON IT, TO WHICH THESE
 HAVE DANCED THEIR DAY,
 IN THE TWILIGHT, OR THE
 MOONLIGHT, WHEN THE SOUL
 SITS HIGH & LONELY,
 AND WITH DREAMY VISION
 GAZEETH DOWN THE
 BYGONE'S SHADOWY
 WAY.

MORLEY.

MADE
IN
AMERICA



THEY ARE THE ONLY
ONE WHO CAN
GIVE THE WORLD
A NEW
IDEA
AND
THEY ARE THE ONLY
ONE WHO CAN
GIVE THE WORLD
A NEW
IDEA

MADE
IN
AMERICA

CHOPIN

CHOPIN is the most intimate of the pet composers. So sympathetic and subjective is he, that he will mirror any complex mood, shot like silk with opalescent, incompatible emotions, of that strange thing which is assuredly not the soul, decidedly not the heart, above all not the mind. He belongs to the interpretative order of creative artists. He is an exquisitely sensitive psychological magnifying-glass through which the dilettante in emotion may study the almost invisible microbes that eat the poet's heart—that infinitesimal delicatessen of pain and of passion for which the blunt majority has no eyes. To interpret Chopin, one must be a virtuoso in passion. Yet Chopin is no sentimentalist in the accepted term; he is too exquisite for sentimentality, which has for me a Teutonic ring, a suggestion of homeliness, of Schumann or even of Mendelssohn—in short, an inextricable element of slowness, impossible to lyric grace. Chopin's fiery Slavonic blood saved him from sentimentality; he is a tiny tiger rather than a pussy cat. Consider the delicious savagery that informs his violent, splendid Polonaises, or the idealistically *mordente affetuoso* feeling in his fifth *Chant polonais*, so kindly set for the piano by Liszt. But Chopin misses the amiable sentimentalism with which he is popularly accredited, chiefly by reason of his impersonality. For he was not a conscious Will, but rather a medium through which all the polite passions expressed themselves in delicate inevitable art of a sugary femininity, a polished soul-mirror that reflected fine emotional phases with a dainty, unerring instinct for selection of the prettiest. None but Chopin could be so elemental in miniature. In his music is pictured a whole wild little world of poetised passions in curiously dramatic scenes, each vivid or nebulous dream perfect in its incompleteness. He was essentially

a tone painter, not a tone poet. For which reason he does not demand intellect of his exponents so much as a fine sense of colour. His own colour instinct was miraculous. Through the cool white medium of the piano he produced tone colours of infinite variety and intensity, of a quite jewelled brilliancy—clear, sharp, and delicate. His chaste devotion to the piano kept him of necessity narrow and limited of resource in regard to effect, but he left no recess of the piano's possibilities unexplored; he was the Nansen of the arctic, glittering piano.

He had a quite feminine love of musical embroidery and ornament. All his more fanciful tone pictures are decorated with leaping, fantastic arabesques of ethereal Jack-in-the-box-like runs—pearled lightning, magic-strung, with a kind of radiant spray of grace notes, a brilliant affectation which creates an atmosphere of fairyland. Chopin's music is ever ideally elfish and remote. And there is in it a certain ecstatic quality, a faint insistent intoxication which never fails. This one feels most in the Nocturnes. Those warm dark nocturnes, fitfully moonlit or starlit, are like the transcribed dreams of an inspired opium-eater. Each is a tone picture wrought with a kind of enchantment; the whole series is under an occult spell. Curiously elemental in feeling, those nocturnes give windless trees and shining water and the summer night, lime-scented, with such a velvet languor that they can hypnotise a winter afternoon into softness. To me, the E_b nocturne always suggests Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale." The F_# nocturne is quite Persian in style: it paints the palm and the cypress and the rose thicket, and the great stars burning low in the Southern sky. Needless to say, Chopin is intensely Oriental in feeling. His most expressive and individual music has a perfumed gorgeousness, an exotic grace, and a multiplicity of modulations that breathe of a subtler notation and of a glowing tropical climate. Yet he can be *semplice* in the extreme: many of his tone pictures are wrought with slight vigorous strokes; but this impressionism results from sheer refinement of style, and is the outcome of centuries of elaboration—indeed, it is merely the disrobing of a melody which we are wont to see go in tissue of gold. Chopin was a master of detail, but he was saved from pettiness by that fundamental Slav impetuosity and ferocity which no French polish could smooth entirely away.

Barbarism and civilisation war even more piquantly in Chopin than in Tschaikowsky. It is this lion-and-unicorn struggle for the mastery in his nature that gives such keen life to his music; without it, indeed, he might easily have drifted into a William Morris-like meandering among lovely cadences, a dallying with delicious chords. As it is, he only "moons" adorably in unearthly music of Keats-like beauty of tone-diction (for this once permitting him to be a tone poet). And yet they say that Chopin is like Shelley. When he is thoroughly awake he may be, but contrast the sustained swiftness of Shelley's lyric flight, alert as a humming-bird's, with the dreamful motion of Chopin, who falls trancedly asleep with the casual ease of the Dormouse at the Hatter's tea-party. There is the vivid fire of life at first hand, spite of all the hysterical idealism, in Shelley's strenuous verse: all the life in Chopin's music is a reflection, idealised, devitalised as a Burne Jones picture. Chopin's motto is the dreamer's motto:—"Jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day." And especially jam yesterday! the maddening memory overshadows the intangible hope. Jam yesterday, a dim, strange yesterday, transcending limits of mere mortal time. You may read this legend in the G minor Ballade, and in the first movement of the B minor sonata, as also in the F minor concerto. Chopin revels in the luxury of sorrow; his dreams die gorgeously as ashes of sunset into a velvet night of gloom,—and they take an unconscionable time a-dying! Sometimes the starry articulated notes of his melody seem to float like water-lilies on a rhythmic tide of harmonies that loses itself in a sea of delicious sadness. That section in the G \flat which comes just before the Funeral March in B \flat minor sonata suggested this to me.

One of Chopin's compositions has never ceased to puzzle me. Under what alien influence did he write it—the Ballade in A \flat ? It is so peculiarly unlike himself in its boyish swagger and its gallant light-heartedness; it is so young, so cocksure, and so successful, drawing to a logical happy close instead of ceasing gloomily in the customary manner. The other three Ballades are perfectly, even markedly, Chopinesque; this one is a cuckoo, a bold, jolly cuckoo in the nest. Moreover, it is most gaily masculine: while nearly all Chopin's works incline to be feminine,

as indeed he was himself. Witness his Berceuse, a little wrought ivory piece of exquisiteness, just sufficiently trivial, which is, however, so delicately and ecstatically amorous that it misses its mark as a cradle-song. Indeed, Chopin never contrives to be anything but amorous, whether in his dances, his sonatas, or his nocturnes. His love (of course he had none) was certainly his whole existence. And, like every true Platonist, he had the instinct of passion for publication. Of what use is Love but as a soul for Art? Love should ever move to measure of music in delicate fetters of rhyme. Chopin thoroughly understands the value of passion for publication; he sorrows in beautifully rounded periods. And he has created a passionate tradition of his own, a sweet individual note of passion—a cobra without the poison, Heine without the irony. This tradition is, strictly speaking, a little bit rococo; in the grasp of an old-fashioned pianist it can even be Victorian. But nothing is easier than to bring it up to date by encouraging the tigerish element that sleeps so sweetly under its surface sentiment—a charming savage instinct which is both ineradicable and irresistible. We may not like it, we may not choose but love it. In Chopin's music this semi-barbaric instinct is the phoenix undying, refined, spiritualised. While people continue to have hearts and senses and tempers, Chopin will never be outworn; for he is too deeply elemental, spite of all his misleading graces, to be ever out of touch with the *Zeitgeist*, which is after all merely a phoenix. Indeed, so splendidly can Chopin keep up the pace, that in skilful hands he runs neck and neck with Tschaikowsky in the expression of our more exquisite and degenerate humanity of to-day.

So poignant a voice is his, that everyone has heard it, or at least heard of it. He is the gracious catchword of the unmusical. Though Rubinstein might be a Rhine wine, and Grieg a cheese, Chopin is without doubt a musician. How rudely his delicate self-centred romanticism has been misinterpreted by mediocrity! Mediocrity loves Chopin—sincerely, I think. His leading traits are so obvious and easily grasped, that the meanest musical intelligence can detect at once which end his head is (so to speak)—a case widely different from that of the hedgehog Brahms, or of the Skye-terrier Schumann. This surface lucidity is his misfortune. It insures his being taken *au bîed de la lettre*, and that is fatal:

for the curious mocking *arrière pensée* which it is the sacred duty of his interpreter to find in him, whether it be there or not, is the crown of Chopin. Personally, I think it is not there. For his seemingly too luscious sentiment is never quite overripe, never maliciously sweetened; it always takes itself seriously. Wherefore he requires an exponent with a sense of humour, one who can add the touch of malice, which is indispensable to his feminine charm, inasmuch as it puts a little sharp edge on his sweetness, and makes him "sweet as civet"; one who can mingle laughter with tears for yesterday's jam, and modify the conclusion of the whole matter—So far from having lost my illusions, illusions are all that remain to me.

Israfel.

PORTRAIT OF CHOPIN

(Reproduced by arrangement with Mr. AUGUSTIN RISCHGITZ.)

The Portrait of Chopin on the next page is after a Drawing from life, made in Paris, by F. WINTERHALTER, in May 1847,—that is to say, when Chopin was thirty-seven, and only two years before his death. The Drawing was given by Chopin to his pupil Gutmann, by whom it was bequeathed to its present owner.

0000
0000
0000



A NOTE ON CHOPIN

HALF of criticism and nearly all of biography are preserved for us, not in "Lives and Letters," or Monographs or Appreciations, but in Anecdote. A cross-examination of the Man in the Street would prove that his notions of the great derive in almost every case from about half a dozen more or less characteristic and trustworthy stories ; and it cannot be denied that their sudden and genial light often reveals to him a truer picture than that which critical processes illuminate for the painstaking historian. Not seldom, indeed, Anecdote grows more precious as criticism when it is discredited as bald history. It is a fact that Colonel Picquart dramatically disavowed the razor and halter of Henry and Lemercier-Picard ; and it is not a fact that the Duke of Wellington, at Waterloo, cried, "Up, guards, and at 'em !" but for purposes of spiritual biography the one story is as good as the other.

A tribute must be paid in passing to the beautiful unselfishness of some contemporary writers, who, with a fine consideration for their biographers-to-be,—play each a fervid Boswell to his own Johnson. No doubt it requires a great effort on their part to face possible charges of taking themselves too seriously ; but, recognising the truth of what has just been stated (including Anecdote's independence of Fact), they rise nobly to the occasion, so that the personal columns of the dailies and weeklies teem with stirring proofs of the decay of mock-modesty and the revival of moral courage. Thus A—— (we have it on his own authority) records for us all how the lyric which himself at least has heard of was first scribbled on his shirt-cuff, and nearly lost to the world in the wash ; while a bosom friend of B——'s, the rising Rutland dramatist, swears to it that B—— will, in (or rather "under") no circum-

stances whatever, stand him oysters on a Friday, especially when it falls on the thirteenth of the month.

Anecdote has kept many a memory green, and it has not been least kind to the musician. *Virtuosi* indeed generally live for posterity in anecdote alone. Who knows more than what a few little tales contain about Malibran, or about Paganini? It is probable that an irreverent story of a Bond Street barber will perpetuate for succeeding generations the name of M. Paderewski, that musical Samson of the Eighteen-nineties, whose strength is in his hair. And as for the creative musicians, they owe to Anecdote, despite the continued existence and occasional performance of their works, only less than the *virtuosi*. Schumann, who himself told many pretty little anecdotes of about forty-eight bars each, is certainly endeared to the public by the charming tale of Clara Wieck, and the Stern Parent Outwitted. None of us finally makes up his mind about the *Songs without Words* till he learns how the excellent young Mendelssohn wooed his young bride with such admirable discretion that the gossips matched him with her mamma instead. It is by his wig, his big dinners, his threat to throw a prima-donna out of window, and his shockingly irreverent refusal of a musical degree, that Handel lives in the hearts of Englishmen, even of those who would embrace the degree with tears of gratitude, and pay for it like honest men.

But, in the instance of Chopin, Anecdote is less a light than a mist. His chamber, where he played to poets and beautiful women by firelight and candlelight; his sojourn with the woman he loved in a ruined monastery on a romantic island; his words to the Countess Potocka, when she sang to him on his deathbed the beautiful *Pieta Signore*, which is said to have saved Stradella (another favourite of Anecdote) from the daggers of assassins; his request to be buried in the clothes he had worn at his recitals; his low tones, blue eyes, and soft fair hair,—all these are probably matters of fact. They are even facts of unusually exquisite appropriateness. But none the less are they facts of just the kind for cheap romance to batten on. The very names which bestrew the records of his life seem made for the cheap romancer's delight—Majorca, the Countess Delphine, Prince Radziwill, Lucrezia Floriani, Salvator Albani, Prince Karol, for examples. And cheap romance has made the most of its opportunity. There is still quite

an eager demand for a very bad engraving with the Countess sweetly singing and Chopin sweetly dying. Indeed, many people would seem to believe that Chopin spent his life dying, with the composition of his own funeral march by way of recreation. At his best and healthiest, they conceive him as an adorable invalid, an anæmic sentimentalist. Therefore it is always a Chopin's nocturne that the moony women of second-rate fiction "dream over" at black pianos in great dim rooms with French windows. Ere long the minor novelist will hear of Tschaikowsky, and fall to exploiting the Pathetic (blessed word!) Symphony. Then Chopin may emerge again from the mist of Anecdote at the upper end, and the Russian may succeed the Pole as the Mr. B. W. Leader of suburban pianofortes.

It is often assumed that, in Art, the Man of Feeling is necessarily an amateur. Much gold flowed into the pockets of the Kailyarders because the public believed that such tender-heartedness was impossible to the hardened professional, basely scribbling for money. Bach, so long as he is played in the traditional three-cornered manner, must be for many people a man without feeling; but, as his greatness requires explaining, they explain it as the consummate musicianship of an amazingly competent professional. But when we begin to consider the musicianship, the technical accomplishment of Chopin, we immediately excite surprise and even resentment. To discuss his knowledge of harmony and counterpoint and orchestration is thought not less absurd than to criticise the grammar of lovers' cooings or the pronunciation of a mother's baby-talk. What had Chopin to do with harmony and counterpoint or any other dry theoretical subject? Was he not a Man of Feeling, caring only to give beautiful expression to beautiful moods and emotions? This was the attitude towards him during his lifetime, and it persists now that he has been dead fifty years. His works were regarded as the compositions of a highly gifted and sincere amateur; and it is still felt that, though his was one of the most indisputable musical temperaments ever known, he scarcely stands among the great composers.

This slowness to recognise Chopin's greatness as well as his emotional spell seen in people who reckon Verdi and Spohr, and even Donizetti and Bellini and Meyerbeer, among the giants of music, arises not only from the common error expressed in the

phrase "mere technique" (which assumes that you can arrive somewhere without going there); and from the false delicacy which would detain the poet of passion among the amateurs; but also from the fact that Chopin did not express himself in the conventionally grand forms. In popular thinking about music, Bach is associated with fugues, Handel with oratorios, Mozart with operas, Beethoven with symphonies, and Wagner with *Three Days and a Fore-Evening*. Mendelssohn and Gounod and even Schumann are linked with works demanding armies of singers and players for their performance. Now fugue and oratorio and opera and symphony and trilogy are fine words; and although any Kapellmeister may write his Mass in B flat, his tragic opera, his Kingly March, his Symphony in D minor, and be as much a Kapellmeister as ever, or more, the public is dazzled by these titles. The public may not be so foolish as to think that everyone who writes a Mass, or a Stabat Mater, or a grand opera, is necessarily a great composer; but it is convinced that every great composer must necessarily write in one or more of these ceremonious forms. Chopin wrote no mass, no oratorio; no symphony, no opera. His attempts to write for the orchestra were failures. He was a man of one instrument—in the minds of most people a domestic instrument—the piano; and he got out of it and provided for it more than any other has done before or since his day. He was like Méryon, who, striving and starving in the same Paris, achieved no showy work with the brush, but triumphed greatly with the etcher's needle. Chopin had all Méryon's wonderful power of building up little highly-finished bits into a whole that is nevertheless large and clear. But he was a much greater man than Méryon, and much greater than many so-called "great composers," who have got far less out of imposing choruses and orchestras than Chopin habitually gets out of the intimate piano.

In discussing his place among composers, the question therefore is, not how badly he wrote for the orchestra, but how well he wrote for the piano; and no one, not even a student to whom their sentiment is distasteful, can rise from a perusal of Chopin's scores with a doubt of his musicianship. His forms, it is true, are often mere dance-forms or march-forms with a melodious or tumultuous middle section rather conventionally contrasted with the preceding and succeeding matter. Instead of development, he

is often satisfied with repetition—though he varies the ornamentation or accompaniments with such unfailing freshness and cleverness as to dispel all sense of monotony. But his designs, despite all this, are hardly ever commonplace or petty or mechanical.

As for harmony and counterpoint, he had assimilated so perfectly everything in the practice of his forerunners that could ever be of any use to him, that he never staggered under a load of science, but went straight and surely to his mark. It is still thought by many otherwise intelligent people, that a composer first invents a melody (possibly with one finger on the piano), then "harmonises" it, with a watchful eye on consecutive fifths, or sets it, according to what he has learnt of an imaginary, heaven-born counterpoint, against other melodies separately devised; and that after this, if he be a writer of orchestral music, he arranges it for a band. Even trained musicians sometimes fall into this error, though not of course into the more ludicrous depths of it. There are those who will gravely say that this or that is good or bad harmony or counterpoint, careless whether the composition in question is an Allegro for the piano or an Adagio Religioso for the organ. They would seem to believe that composers painfully square their work to musical grammar, like a schoolboy writing Latin verses, rather than that they freely produce the musical literature from which the grammar is derived. But the great musician no more works by the method of belarding a tune with harmony and orchestration, than the great painter adds after-thoughts of colour to an outline drawing. Chopin is not the most signal instance of full-orbed musical conception, but the unity of his thought or feeling with his expression is complete enough to produce developments of counterpoint rich and varied beyond all the text-books and all the theorists. He understands that certain notes may clash and clang together in a headlong passage which could not be sustained together without causing torture to the hearers; just as the fleet feet of persecuted Innocence in fairy-stories glance unscathed over the red-hot upturned knives which punish with a hundred burns and gashes the heavy tread of guilt. I once lived, or rather nearly died, next door to an amateur who played all his Chopin slowly. It was then thought of this, and of a great deal besides.

Though the two things are not necessarily always independent, it

is certain that Chopin wrote supremely well for the piano because he also played it supremely well; and it is a thousand pities that his school is without representatives to-day. Now that we have got the pitch of pianofortes dealt with by the manufacturers, the time has come to convert the *virtuosi*. Except when a *virtuoso* is announcing with exaggerated breadth the subject of a slow movement, he feels called upon to give the public their half guinea's worth of nimble fingers and strong wrists, and therefore ordinary passages are played with a speed and loudness which demand piano-smashing when a fortissimo is reached. This insistent speed and loudness account for the exhaustion or irritation with which one generally leaves a pianoforte recital, while equally long performances on the spinet or harpsichord at worst produce satiety. In ordinary passages Chopin played softly, and his *ff* did not need, therefore, to be louder than the *mf* of modern players. After all, the marks indicating loudness and softness are of merely relative significance. Chopin loved the intimate hearth in the house of sound, while his successors prefer to racket over the tiles. There is no reason other than ugliness and vulgarity, which have not been deterrents up to now, why ordinary passages should not be played in the future as fortissimo passages are played at the present time. We may even have Mr. Sandow as Minister of Musical Studies, and all our pianos made at boiler-works. Then, perhaps, a few pupils will steal back into Chopin's school.

I have omitted to say that the occasion of this article is the Fiftieth Anniversary of Chopin's death, which occurs on the 17th of October—a Tuesday, like 17th October 1849. To honour him in an article is not the most grateful of tasks, for in writing about him one is almost forced to irritate the reader by a superior air. The crowd which adores and misunderstands him has to be pushed aside before the real Chopin can be seen, and pushing always looks a little rude. But one finds justification, if not full relief, in the fact that Chopin himself knew how many moths would beset his flame, and purposely hid his light under the bushel of few and high-priced recitals. It is therefore not very easy to set it once more upon a candlestick.

L. A. Corbeille.

VOLUME INDEX

No. I

	PAGE
Haegon the King—A Story by Nigel Tourneur	1
Still Life—A Story by Mary Hargrave .	10
The Breadwinner—A Story by H. J. Essex	13
Moreen the Musician—A Story by C. Kennett Burrow	24
Six Original Woodcuts by Bernard Sleight—	
1. The King's Lesson	37
2. Springtide	39
3. Chevy Chase	41
4. A Friar of Orders Grey	43
5. Edom o' Gordon	45
6. The Milestone	45
The Harbour Gate—After a Drawing by Will G. Mein	49
Part of a Frieze—After Benjamin Creswick	51
La Rue Grenier sur l'eau—After an Etching by A. Hugh Fisher	55
Gray's Inn (Christmas)—After an Etching by A. Hugh Fisher	57
City Belfry—After a Drawing by H. W. Brewer	59
August Noons—After Four Drawings by W. T. Horton—	
1. Where the Bee Sucks	63
2. The Edge of the Wood	65
3. The Canal	65
4. The Seven Trees	67
A View of Temples—After a Colour-Print by Hiroshige, with a Note	69
Three Songs in Exile—By Laurence Housman	73

	PAGE
Henry Wood—An Irresponsibility by "Israfel"	76

No. II

Amasis—An Ode by Laurence Binyon	79
"Les Sonneurs" of Gaston La Touche—A Sonnet by Gordon Bottomley	84
Plague in the West Country—A Poem by A. Hugh Fisher	85
Shadows: A Triptych—A Story by A. H. Holmes	87
Shut In—A Story by Charles Weekes	102
The Children of Charles I.—After a Painting by Van Dyck	111
Caspar Gevarts—After a Drawing by Van Dyck	113
His Own Portrait—After an Etching by Van Dyck	115
A Landscape—After a Drawing by Van Dyck	117
Cornelius Van der Geest—After a Painting by Van Dyck	119
A Landscape—After a Drawing by Van Dyck	121
Lucas Vorsterman—After an Etching by Van Dyck	123
Henricus Liberti—After a Drawing by Van Dyck	125
Van Dyck, the Master of Style—A Note by C. J. Holmes	127
The Cat—An Appreciation by "Israfel"	135
Some Examples of Plain-song—With Notes by S. Gregory Ould	139
Bayreuth: Notes on Wagner—By Arthur Symons	145

Eva—A Story by Gerda Grass . . .	PAGE 150
Credo—A Poem by Frank Freeman . . .	160

No. III

"Dust hath closed Helen's Eye"—A Note by W. B. Yeats . . .	161
A Song of Apple-Gathering—A Poem by Gordon Bottomley . . .	167
The Seal—A Song by E. Willmore . . .	169
Love, Death, and Judgment— Four Poems by Laurence Housman . . .	171
How Little Duke Jarl saved the Castle —A Story by Laurence Housman . . .	174
The Penman — A Story by Godfrey Burchett . . .	179
A Change of View—A Story by A. Dawson . . .	187
Seven Drawings and Etchings—After: E. T. Daniell—	
1. Junction of the Mangyr - Tschai with the Xanthus, Lycia . . .	195
2. Source of the Xanthus . . .	197
3. Theatre of Myra, Lycia . . .	199
4. The Plain and Bay of Phineka, Lycia . . .	201
5. Rhodes from the Sea . . .	203
After Water-colour Drawings in the British Museum.	

After E. T. Daniell,— <i>continued</i> —	PAGE
6. Old Houses—After an Etching in the British Museum . . .	205
7. A River Scene—After a Dry- point in the British Museum . . .	207
Edward Thomas Daniell, Painter and Etcher—By Laurence Binyon . . .	209
Four Drawings and a Woodcut—	
1. The Surf-Net—After a Drawing by Charles Pears . . .	217
2. The Star in the East — An Original Wood Engraving by Bernard Sleigh . . .	221
3. The Fisherman and the Rainbow —After a Drawing by Philip Connard . . .	223
4. The Meeting of Othello and Desdemona in Cyprus—After a Sketch by Philip Connard . . .	225
5. Music—After a Drawing by G. M. Ellwood . . .	227
Chopin—By "Israfel" . . .	229
Portrait of Chopin—After F. Winter- halter . . .	235
A Note on Chopin—By L. A. Corbeille . . .	237

